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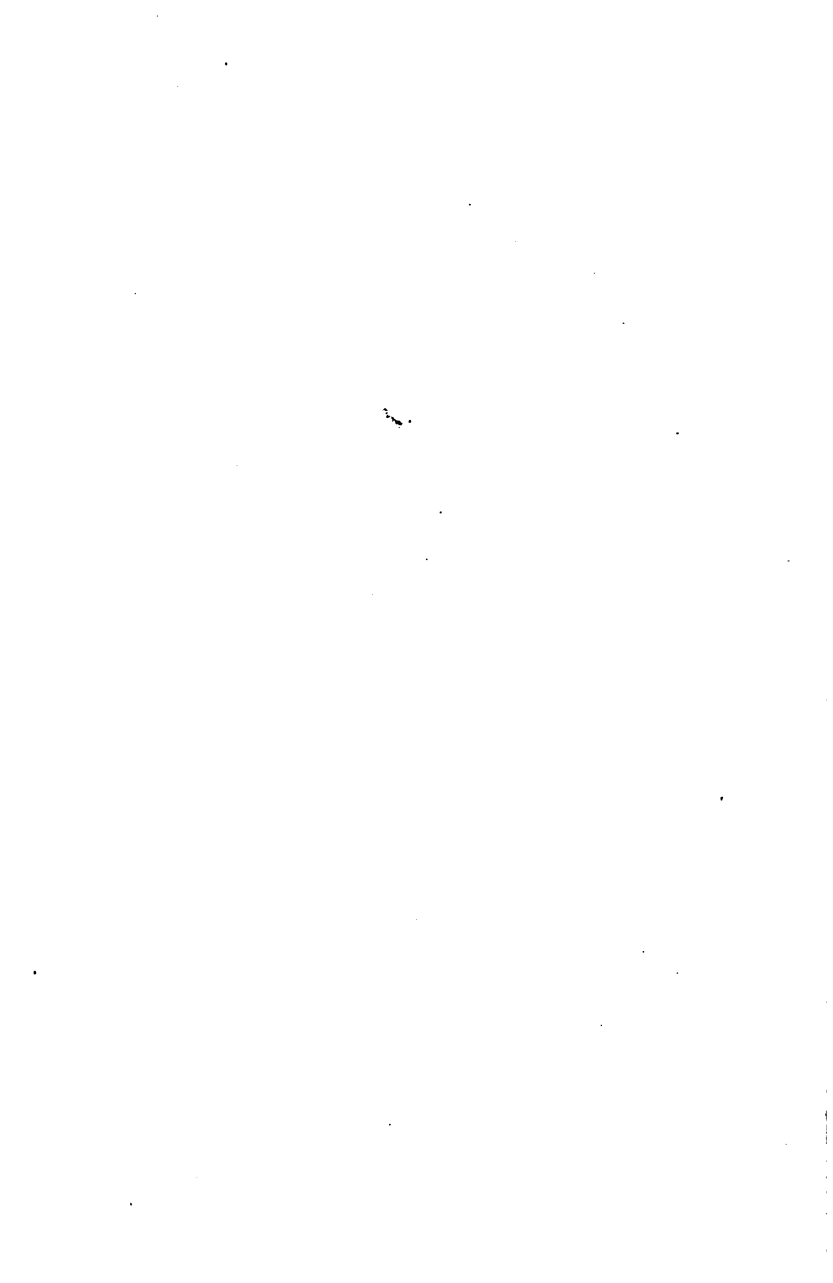


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# AMERICAN POEMS.

LONGFELLOW: WHITTIER: BRYANT:  
HOLMES: LOWELL: EMERSON.

WITH  
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND NOTES  
BY HORACE E. SCUDDER.



BOSTON:  
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY,  
11 EAST SEVENTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.  
*The Riverside Press, Cambridge.*



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## PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

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THE general use which has followed the first publication of *American Poems* confirms the editor in his belief that such a book has a real place in our educational system, and he is gratified by the wide and cordial recognition which it has received. The few criticisms which have been offered seem mainly to have sprung from a hasty consideration of its intention. It does not profess to be a representative volume of American poetry, nor, in a comprehensive way, of the poets whose works are included in it, but, because the poems are of themselves worthy and the group is American in origin and tone, the book has a significance which justifies its title. The brief sketches of the authors contained in it were necessarily limited to the main facts of their literary life, but the editor, in reviewing his work under the more favorable conditions of a completed book and lapse of time, perceives with renewed and stronger feeling how pure and admirable is the spirit in which these American poets have wrought, how high an ideal has been before them, and with what grace and beauty their lives have reinforced their poems! Surely, the

poets have given America no greater gift than their own characters and lofty lives.

Scarcely any attempt at criticism was made of our writers in this volume; in the companion volume of *American Prose*, where all but one of the poets appear again, the opportunity has been taken to call attention more specifically to the art, as here to the biographic details. The two volumes will be found to complement each other.

JANUARY, 1880.

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## PREFACE.

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THIS volume of *American Poems* has been prepared with special reference to the interests of young people, both at school and at home. Reading-books and popular collections of poetry contain many of the shorter and well-known poems of the authors represented in this book, but the scope of such collections does not generally permit the introduction of the longer poems. It is these poems, and, with a slight exception, these only, that make up this volume. The power to read and enjoy poetry is one of the finest results of education, but it cannot be attained by exclusive at-

## PREFACE.

v

tention to short poems; there is involved in this power the capacity for sustained attention, the remaining with the poet upon a long flight of imagination, the exercise of the mind in bolder sweep of thought. Moreover, the familiarity with long poems produces greater power of appreciation when the shorter ones are taken up. It is much to take deep breaths of the upper air, to fill the lungs with a good draught of poetry, and unless one accompanies the poet in his longer reaches, he fails to know what poetry can give him.

In making the selection for this volume a very simple principle has been followed. It was desired to make the book an agreeable introduction to the pleasures of poetry, and, by confining it to American poetry of the highest order, to give young people in America the most natural acquaintance with literature. These poets are our interpreters. All but one are still living, so that the poetry is contemporaneous and appeals through familiar forms; as far as possible narrative poems have been chosen, and, in the arrangement of authors, regard has been had to degrees of difficulty, the more involved and subtle forms of poetry following the simpler and more direct. Throughout, the book has been conceived in a spirit which welcomes poetry as a noble delight, not as a grammatical exercise or elocutionary task.

With the same intention the critical apparatus has been treated in a literary rather than in a pedagogical way. The editor has imagined himself reading aloud, and stopping now and then to explain a phrase, to clear an allusion, or to give a suggestion as to similar forms in literature. Since several of the poems are semi-historical in character, the historic basis has been carefully pointed out, and hints given for further pursuit of the subjects treated. Words, though obsolete or archaic, are not explained when the dictionary account is sufficient. A brief sketch of the author precedes each section.

It is strongly hoped that the book will be accepted by schools as a contribution to that very important work in which teachers are engaged, of giving to their pupils an interest in the best literature, a love for pure and engaging forms of art. If, with all our drill and practice in reading during the years of school-life, children leave their schools with no taste for good reading, and no familiarity with those higher forms of literature that have grown out of the very life which they are living, it must be questioned whether the time given to reading has been most wisely employed.

AUGUST, 1879.

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# HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

**H**ENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. He was a classmate of Hawthorne at Bowdoin College, graduating there in the class of 1825. He began the study of law in the office of his father, Hon. Stephen Longfellow; but receiving shortly the appointment of professor of modern languages at Bowdoin, he devoted himself after that to literature, and to teaching in connection with literature. Before beginning his work at Bowdoin he increased his qualifications by travel and study in Europe, where he stayed three years. Upon his return he gave his lectures on modern languages and literature at the college, and wrote occasionally for the *North American Review* and other periodicals. The first volume which he published was an *Essay on the Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain*, accompanied by translations from Spanish verse. This was issued in 1833, but has not been kept in print as a separate work. It appears as a chapter in *Outre-Mer*, a reflection of his Euro-



pean life and travel, the first of his prose-writings. In 1835 he was invited to succeed Mr. George Ticknor as professor of modern languages and literature at Harvard College, and again went to Europe for preparatory study, giving especial attention to Switzerland and the Scandinavian countries. He held his professorship until 1854, but continued to live in Cambridge until his death, March 24, 1882, occupying a house known from a former occupant as the Craigie House, and also as Washington's headquarters, that general having so used it while organizing the army that held Boston in siege at the beginning of the Revolution. Everett, Sparks, and Worcester, the lexicographer, at one time or another lived in this house, and here Longfellow wrote most of his works. In 1839 appeared *Hyperion, a Romance*, which, with more narrative form than *Outre-Mer*, like that gave the results of a poet's entrance into the riches of the Old World life. In the same year was published *Voices of the Night*, a little volume containing chiefly poems and translations which had been printed separately in periodicals. *The Psalm of Life*, perhaps the best known of Longfellow's short poems, was in this volume, and here too were *The Beleaguered City* and *Footsteps of Angels*. *Ballads, and other Poems* and *Poems on Slavery* appeared in 1842; *The Spanish Student*, a play in three acts, in 1843; *The Belfry of Bruges and other Poems* in 1846; *Evangeline* in 1847; *Kavanagh, A Tale*, in prose, in 1849. Beside the various volumes com-

prising short poems, the list of Mr. Longfellow's works includes *The Golden Legend*, *The Song of Hiawatha*, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, *The New England Tragedies*, and a translation of Dante's *Divina Commedia*. Mr. Longfellow's literary life began in his college days, and he wrote poems almost to the day of his death. A classification of his poems and longer works would be an interesting task, and would help to disclose the wide range of his sympathy and taste; a collection of the metres which he has used would show the versatility of his art, and similar studies would lead one to discover the many countries and ages to which he would go for subjects. It would not be difficult to gather from the volume of Longfellow's poems hints of personal experience, that biography of the heart which is of more worth to us than any record, however full, of external change and adventure. Such hints may be found, for example, in the early lines, *To the River Charles*, which may be compared with his recent *Three Friends of Mine*, IV., V.; in *A Gleam of Sunshine*, *To a Child*, *The Day is Done*, *The Fire of Driftwood*, *Resignation*, *The Open Window*, *The Ladder of St. Augustine*, *My Lost Youth*, *The Children's Hour*, *Weariness*, and other poems, not that we are to take all sentiments and statements made in the first person as the poet's, for often the form of the poem is so far dramatic that the poet is assuming a character not necessarily his own, but the recurrence of certain strains, joined with personal

allusions, helps one to penetrate the slight veil with which the poet, here as elsewhere, half conceals and half reveals himself. The friendly associations of the poet may also be discovered in several poems directly addressed to persons or distinctly allusive of them, and the reader will find it pleasant to construct the companionship of the poet out of such poems as *The Herons of Elmwood*, *To William E. Channing*, *The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz*, *To Charles Sumner*, the *Prelude to Tales of a Wayside Inn*, *Hawthorne*, and other poems. An interesting study of Mr. Longfellow's writings will be found in a paper by W. D. Howells, in the *North American Review*, vol. civ.

## I.

### EVANGELINE: A TALE OF ACADIE.

#### HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

[THE country now known as Nova Scotia, and called formerly Acadie by the French, was in the hands of the French and English by turns until the year 1713, when, by the Peace of Utrecht, it was ceded by France to Great Britain, and has ever since remained in the possession of the English. But in 1713 the inhabitants of the peninsula were mostly French farmers and fishermen, living about Minas Basin and on Annapolis River, and the English government exercised only a nominal control over them. . It was not until 1749 that the English themselves began to make settlements in the country, and that year they laid the foundations of the town of Halifax. A jealousy soon sprang up between the English and French settlers, which was deepened by the great conflict which was impending between the two mother countries; for the treaty of peace at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, which confirmed the English title to Nova Scotia, was scarcely more than a truce between the two powers which had been struggling for ascendancy since the beginning of the century. The French engaged in a long controversy with the English respecting the

boundaries of Acadie, which had been defined by the treaties in somewhat general terms, and intrigues were carried on with the Indians, who were generally in sympathy with the French, for the annoyance of the English settlers. The Acadians were allied to the French by blood and by religion, but they claimed to have the rights of neutrals, and that these rights had been granted to them by previous English officers of the crown. The one point of special dispute was the oath of allegiance demanded of the Acadians by the English. This they refused to take, except in a form modified to excuse them from bearing arms against the French. The demand was repeatedly made, and evaded with constant ingenuity and persistency. Most of the Acadians were probably simple-minded and peaceful people who desired only to live undisturbed upon their farms; but there were some restless spirits, especially among the young men, who compromised the reputation of the community, and all were very much under the influence of their priests, some of whom made no secret of their bitter hostility to the English, and of their determination to use every means to be rid of them.

As the English interests grew and the critical relations between the two countries approached open warfare, the question of how to deal with the Acadian problem became the commanding one of the colony. There were some who coveted the rich farms of the Acadians; there were some who were inspired by religious hatred; but the prevailing

spirit was one of fear for themselves from the near presence of a community which, calling itself neutral, might at any time offer a convenient ground for hostile attack. Yet to require these people to withdraw to Canada or Louisburg would be to strengthen the hands of the French, and make these neutrals determined enemies. The colony finally resolved, without consulting the home government, to remove the Acadians to other parts of North America, distributing them through the colonies in such a way as to preclude any concert amongst the scattered families by which they should return to Acadia. To do this required quick and secret preparations. There were at the service of the English governor a number of New England troops, brought thither for the capture of the forts lying in the debatable land about the head of the Bay of Fundy. These were under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel John Winslow, of Massachusetts, a great-grandson of Governor Edward Winslow of Plymouth, and to this gentleman and Captain Alexander Murray was intrusted the task of removal. They were instructed to use stratagem, if possible, to bring together the various families, but to prevent any from escaping to the woods. On the 2d of September, 1755, Winslow issued a written order, addressed to the inhabitants of Grand-Pré, Minas, River Canard, etc., "as well ancient as young men and lads," — a proclamation summoning all the males to attend him in the church at Grand-Pré on the 5th instant, to hear a

communication which the governor had sent. As there had been negotiations respecting the oath of allegiance, and much discussion as to the withdrawal of the Acadians from the country, though none as to their removal and dispersal, it was understood that this was an important meeting, and upon the day named four hundred and eighteen men and boys assembled in the church. Winslow, attended by his officers and men caused a guard to be placed round the church, and then announced to the people his majesty's decision that they were to be removed with their families out of the country. The church became at once a guard-house, and all the prisoners were under strict surveillance. At the same time similar plans had been carried out at Pisiquid under Captain Murray, and less successfully at Chignecto. Meanwhile there were whispers of a rising among the prisoners, and although the transports which had been ordered from Boston had not yet arrived, it was determined to make use of the vessels which had conveyed the troops, and remove the men to these for safer keeping. This was done on the 10th of September, and the men remained on the vessels in the harbor until the arrival of the transports, when these were made use of, and about three thousand souls sent out of the country to North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts. In the haste and confusion of sending them off, — a haste which was increased by the anxiety of the officers to be rid of the distasteful

business, and a confusion which was greater from the difference of tongues, — many families were separated, and some at least never came together again. The story of *Evangeline* is the story of such a separation. The removal of the Acadians was a blot upon the government of Nova Scotia and upon that of Great Britain, which never disowned the deed, although it was probably done without direct permission or command from England. It proved to be unnecessary, but it must also be remembered that to many men at that time the English power seemed trembling before France, and that the colony at Halifax regarded the act as one of self-preservation.

The authorities for a historical inquiry into this subject are best seen in a volume published by the government of Nova Scotia at Halifax in 1869, entitled, *Selections from the Public Documents of the Province of Nova Scotia*; edited by Thomas B. Akins, D. C. L., Commissioner of Public Records; and in a manuscript journal kept by Colonel Winslow, now in the cabinet of the Massachusetts Historical Society in Boston. At the State House in Boston are two volumes of records, entitled *French Neutrals*, which contain voluminous papers relating to the treatment of the Acadians who were sent to Massachusetts. Probably the work used by the poet in writing *Evangeline* was *An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia*, by Thomas C. Haliburton, who is best known as the author of *The Clock-Maker*; or *The*



*Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville.* a book which, written apparently to prick the Nova Scotians into more enterprise, was for a long while the chief representative of Yankee smartness. Judge Haliburton's history was published in 1829. A later history, which takes advantage more freely of historical documents, is *A History of Nova Scotia, or Acadie*, by Beamish Murdock, Esq., Q. C., Halifax, 1866. Still more recent is a smaller, well written work, entitled *The History of Acadia from its First Discovery to its Surrender to England by the Treaty of Paris*, by James Hannay, St. John, N. B., 1879. W. J. Anderson published a paper in the transactions of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, New Series, part 7, 1870, entitled *Evangeline and the Archives of Nova Scotia*, in which he examines the poem by the light of the volume of Nova Scotia Archives, edited by T. B. Akins. The sketches of travellers in Nova Scotia, as *Acadia, or a Month among the Blue Noses*, by F. S. Cozzens, and *Baddeck*, by C. D. Warner, give the present appearance of the country and inhabitants.

The measure of *Evangeline* is what is commonly known as English dactylic hexameter. The hexameter is the measure used by Homer in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and by Virgil in the *Æneid*, but the difference between the English language and the Latin or Greek is so great, especially when we consider that in English poetry every word must

be accented according to its customary pronunciation, while in scanning Greek and Latin verse accent follows the quantity of the vowels, that in applying this term of hexameter to *Evangeline* it must not be supposed by the reader that he is getting the effect of Greek hexameters. It is the Greek hexameter translated into English use, and some have maintained that the verse of the *Iliad* is better represented in the English by the trochaic measure of fifteen syllables, of which an excellent illustration is in Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*; others have compared the Greek hexameter to the ballad metre of fourteen syllables, used notably by Chapman in his translation of Homer's *Iliad*. The measure adopted by Mr. Longfellow has never become very popular in English poetry, but has repeatedly been attempted by other poets. The reader will find the subject of hexameters discussed by Matthew Arnold in his lectures *On Translating Homer*; by James Spedding in *English Hexameters*, in his recent volume, *Reviews and Discussions, Literary, Political and Historical, not relating to Bacon*; and by John Stuart Blackie in *Remarks on English Hexameters*, contained in his volume, *Horæ Hellenicæ*.

The measure lends itself easily to the lingering melancholy which marks the greater part of the poem, and the poet's fine sense of harmony between subject and form is rarely better shown than in this poem. The fall of the verse at the end of the line and the sharp recovery at the beginning of the next will be snares to the reader, who must beware of

a jerking style of delivery. The voice naturally seeks a rest in the middle of the line, and this rest, or cæsural pause, should be carefully regarded ; a little practice will enable one to acquire that habit of reading the hexameter, which we may liken, roughly, to the climbing of a hill, resting a moment on the summit, and then descending the other side. The charm in reading *Evangeline* aloud, after a clear understanding of the sense, which is the essential in all good reading, is found in this gentle labor of the former half of the line, and gentle acceleration of the latter half.]

---

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring  
pines and the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct  
in the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on  
their bosoms.

1. A primeval forest is, strictly speaking, one which has never been disturbed by the axe.

3. *Druids* were priests of the Celtic inhabitants of ancient Gaul and Britain. The name was probably of Celtic origin, but its form may have been determined by the Greek word *drūs*, an oak, since their places of worship were consecrated groves of oak. Perhaps the choice of the image was governed by the analogy of a religion and tribe that were to disappear before a stronger power.

4. A poetical description of an ancient harper will be found in the *Introduction to the Lay of the Last Minstrel*, by Sir Walter Scott.

- 5 Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced  
neighboring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the  
wail of the forest.

- This is the forest primeval; but where are the  
hearts that beneath it  
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the wood-  
land the voice of the huntsman?  
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of  
Acadian farmers, —  
10 Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water  
the woodlands,  
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an  
image of heaven?  
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers  
forever departed!  
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty  
blasts of October  
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle  
them far o'er the ocean.  
15 Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful vil-  
lage of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and en-  
dures, and is patient,  
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of  
woman's devotion,  
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the  
pines of the forest ;  
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the  
happy.

8. Observe how the tragedy of the story is anticipated by this  
picture of the startled roe.

19. In the earliest records *Acadie* is called *Cadie*; it after-

## PART THE FIRST.

## I.

20 IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin  
 of Minas,  
 Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-  
 Pré  
 Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched  
 to the eastward,  
 Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks  
 without number.  
 Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised  
 with labor incessant,

wards was called Arcadia, Accadia or L'Acadie. The name is probably a French adaptation of a word common among the Micmac Indians living there, signifying place or region, and used as an affix to other words as indicating the place where various things, as cranberries, eels, seals, were found in abundance. The French turned this Indian term into Cadie or Acadie; the English into Quoddy, in which form it remains when applied to the Quoddy Indians, to Quoddy Head, the last point of the United States next to Acadia, and in the compound Passamaquoddy, or Pollock-Ground.

21. Compare, for effect, the first line of Goldsmith's *The Traveller*. Grand-Pré will be found on the map as part of the township of Horton.

24. The people of Acadia are mainly the descendants of the colonists who were brought out to La Have and Port Royal by Isaac de Razilly and Charnisay between the years 1633 and 1638. These colonists came from Rochelle, Saintonge, and Poitou, so that they were drawn from a very limited area on the west coast of France, covered by the modern departments of Vendée and Charente Inférieure. This circumstance had some influence on their mode of settling the lands of Acadia, for they came from a country of marshes, where the sea was kept out by artificial dikes, and they found in Acadia similar marshes, which they dealt with in the same way that they had been accustomed to practice in France. Hannay's *History of Acadia*, pp. 282

- 25 Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons  
the flood-gates  
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will  
o'er the meadows.  
West and south there were fields of flax, and  
orchards and cornfields  
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and  
away to the northward  
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on  
the mountains
- 30 Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the  
mighty Atlantic  
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their  
station descended.  
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Aca-  
dian village.  
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak  
and of hemlock,  
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the  
reign of the Henries.
- 35 Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows ;  
and gables projecting  
Over the basement below protected and shaded  
the doorway.

283. An excellent account of dikes and the flooding of low lands, as practised in Holland, may be found in *A Farmer's Vacation*, by George E. Waring, Jr.

29. *Blomidon* is a mountainous headland of red sandstone, surmounted by a perpendicular wall of basaltic trap, the whole about four hundred feet in height, at the entrance of the Basin of Minas.

34. The characteristics of a Normandy village may be further learned by reference to a pleasant little sketch-book, published a few years since, called *Normandy Picturesque*, by Henry Blackburn, and to *Through Normandy*, by Katharine S. Macquoid.

- There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when  
    brightly the sunset  
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on  
    the chimneys,  
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and  
    in kirtles
- 40 Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning  
    the golden  
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles  
    within doors  
Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels  
    and the songs of the maidens.  
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest,  
    and the children  
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended  
    to bless them.
- 45 Reverend walked he among them; and up rose  
    matrons and maidens,  
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.  
Then came the laborers home from the field, and  
    serenely the sun sank  
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon  
    from the belfry  
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of  
    the village

39. The term *kirtle* was sometimes applied to the jacket only, sometimes to the train or upper petticoat attached to it. A full kirtle was always both; a half-kirtle was a term applied to either. A man's jacket was sometimes called a kirtle; here the reference is apparently to the full kirtle worn by women.

49. *Angelus Domini* is the full name given to the bell which, at morning, noon, and night, called the people to prayer, in commemoration of the visit of the angel of the Lord to the Virgin Mary. It was introduced into France in its modern form in the sixteenth century.

- 50 Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,  
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.  
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers, —  
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from  
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
- 55 Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;  
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;  
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

- Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,  
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
- 60 Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,  
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.  
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;  
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;  
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.
- 65 Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers;  
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,



Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the  
brown shade of her tresses !

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that  
feed in the meadows.

When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers  
at noontide

70 Flagon of home-brewed ale, ah ! fair in sooth  
was the maiden.

Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the  
bell from its turret

Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest  
with his hyssop

Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings  
upon them,

Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet  
of beads and her missal,

75 Wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue,  
and the ear-rings

Brought in the olden time from France. and since,  
as an heirloom,

Handed down from mother to child, through long  
generations.

But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal  
beauty —

Shone on her face and encircled her form, when,  
after confession,

80 Homeward serenely she walked with God's bene-  
diction upon her.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing  
of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of  
the farmer

Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea  
and a shady

- Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine  
wreathing around it.
- 85 Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath;  
and a footpath  
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in  
the meadow.
- Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by  
a penthouse,  
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the  
roadside,  
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image  
of Mary.
- 90 Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the  
well with its moss-grown  
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough  
for the horses.
- Shielding the house from storms, on the north,  
were the barns and the farm-yard.
- There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the an-  
tique ploughs and the harrows;  
There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in  
his feathered seraglio,
- 95 Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock,  
with the selfsame  
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent  
Peter.
- Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a  
village. In each one  
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and  
a staircase,  
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous  
corn-loft.

93. The accent is on the first syllable of *antique*, where it remains in the form *antic*, which once had the same general meaning.

99. *Odorous*. The accent here, as well as in line 403, is upon

100 There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and  
 innocent inmates  
 Murmuring ever of love; while above in the vari-  
 ant breezes  
 Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang  
 of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the  
 farmer of Grand-Pré  
 Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline gov-  
 erned his household.  
 105 Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and  
 opened his missal,  
 Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deep-  
 est devotion;  
 Happy was he who might touch her hand or the  
 hem of her garment!  
 Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness  
 befriended,  
 And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound  
 of her footsteps,  
 110 Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the  
 knocker of iron;  
 Or, at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the  
 village,  
 Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance  
 as he whispered

the first syllable, where it is commonly placed; but Milton, who  
 of all poets had the most refined ear, writes

“ So from the root  
 Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves  
 More airy, last the bright consummate flower  
 Spirits odorous breathes.”

*Par. Lost*, Book V., lines 479-482.

But he also uses the more familiar accent in other passages, as  
 “ An amber scent, of odorous perfume.”

*Samson Agonistes*, 720

Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.

But among all who came young Gabriel only was welcome;

115 Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,

Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;

For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,

Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.

Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood

120 Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,

Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters

Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.

But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,

Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.

125 There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him

Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,

Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel

Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.

Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness

122 The *plain-song* is a monotonic recitative of the collects.

- 130 Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through  
every cranny and crevice,  
Warm by the forge within they watched the la-  
boring bellows,  
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired  
in the ashes,  
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going  
into the chapel.  
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of  
the eagle,  
135 Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er  
the meadow.  
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous  
nests on the rafters,  
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone,  
which the swallow  
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the  
sight of its fledglings;  
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of  
the swallow !  
140 Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer  
were children.  
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face  
of the morning,  
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened  
thought into action.  
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes  
of a woman.

133. The French have another saying similar to this, that they were guests going into the wedding.

139. In Pluquet's *Contes Populaires* we are told that if one of a swallow's young is blind the mother bird seeks on the shore of the ocean a little stone, with which she restores its sight; and he adds, "He who is fortunate enough to find that stone in a swallow's nest holds a wonderful remedy." Pluquet's book treats of Norman superstitions and popular traits.

- “Sunshine of Saint Eulalie” was she called; for  
that was the sunshine  
145 Which, as the farmers believed, would load their  
orchards with apples;  
She too would bring to her husband’s house de-  
light and abundance,  
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of chil-  
dren.

## II.

- Now had the season returned, when the nights  
grow colder and longer,  
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion  
enters.  
150 Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air,  
from the ice-bound,  
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical  
islands.  
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the  
winds of September  
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old  
with the angel.  
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.  
155 Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded  
their honey  
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters  
asserted  
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of  
the foxes.

144. Pluquet also gives this proverbial saying: —

“Si le soleil rit le jour Sainte-Eulalie,  
Il y aura pommes et cidre à folie.”

(If the sun smiles on Saint Eulalie’s day, there will be plenty  
of apples, and cider enough.)

Saint Eulalie’s day is the 12th of February.

- Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed  
 that beautiful season,  
 Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer  
 of All-Saints!
- 160 Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical  
 light; and the landscape  
 Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of child-  
 hood.
- Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the rest-  
 less heart of the ocean  
 Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in  
 harmony blended.
- Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in  
 the farm-yards,
- 165 Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing  
 of pigeons,  
 All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love,  
 and the great sun  
 Looked with the eye of love through the golden  
 vapors around him;  
 While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet  
 and yellow,  
 Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering  
 tree of the forest
- 170 Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned  
 with mantles and jewels.

159 The Summer of All-Saints is our Indian Summer, All Saints Day being November 1st. The French also give this season the name of St. Martin's Summer, St. Martin's Day being November 11th.

170. Herodotus, in his account of Xerxes' expedition against Greece, tells of a beautiful plane-tree which Xerxes found, and was so enamored with that he dressed it as one might a woman and placed it under the care of a guardsman (vii. 31). Another writer, Ælian, improving on this, says he adorned it with a necklace and bracelets.

- Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.  
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending  
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.  
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,  
175 And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.  
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,  
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,  
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.  
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the seaside,  
180 Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,  
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,  
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly  
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;  
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector,  
185 When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves howled.  
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,  
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.  
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,



While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and  
ponderous saddles,  
190 Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,  
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.  
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders  
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence  
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.  
195 Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard,  
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;  
• Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,  
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer  
200 Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths  
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,  
Nodding and mocking along the wall with gestures fantastic,  
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.

193. There is a charming milkmaid's song in Tennyson's drama of *Queen Mary*, Act III., Scene 5, where the streaming of the milk into the sounding pails is caught in the tinkling of such lines as

"When you came and kissed me milking the cows."

- Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his  
arm-chair  
205 Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter  
plates on the dresser  
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of ar-  
mies the sunshine.  
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of  
Christmas,  
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers be-  
fore him  
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Bur-  
gundian vineyards.  
210 Close at her father's side was the gentle Evange-  
line seated,  
Spinning flax for the loom that stood in the cor-  
ner behind her.  
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its dil-  
igent shuttle,  
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like  
the drone of a bagpipe,  
Followed the old man's song, and united the frag-  
ments together.  
215 As in a church, when the chant of the choir at in-  
tervals ceases,  
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the  
priest at the altar,  
So, in each pause of the song, with measured mo-  
tion the clock clicked.

- Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard,  
and, suddenly lifted,  
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung  
back on its hinges.  
220 Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Ba-  
sil the blacksmith,

And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who  
was with him.

"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their  
footsteps paused on the threshold,

"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy  
place on the settle

Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty  
without thee;

225 Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the  
box of tobacco;

Never so much thyself art thou as when, through  
the curling

Smoke of the pipe or the forge, thy friendly and  
jovial face gleams

Round and red as the harvest moon through the  
mist of the marshes."

Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Ba-  
sil the blacksmith,

230 Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the  
fireside :—

"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest  
and thy ballad!

Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others  
are filled with

Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before  
them.

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked  
up a horseshoe."

235 Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evange-  
line brought him,

And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he  
slowly continued :—

"Four days now are passed since the English  
ships at their anchors

Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon  
pointed against us.

What their design may be is unknown; but all are  
commanded

240 On the morrow to meet in the church, where his  
Majesty's mandate

Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in  
the mean time

Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the peo-  
ple."

Then made answer the farmer: — " Perhaps some  
friendlier purpose

Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the  
harvests in England

245 By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been  
blighted,

And from our bursting barns they would feed  
their cattle and children."

"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said  
warmly the blacksmith,

Shaking his head as in doubt; then, heaving a  
sigh, he continued: —

"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor  
Port Royal.

239. The text of Colonel Winslow's proclamation will be  
found in *Haliburton*, i. 175.

249. Louisburg, on Cape Breton, was built by the French as  
a military and naval station early in the eighteenth century,  
but was taken by an expedition from Massachusetts under Gen-  
eral Pepperell in 1745. It was restored by England to France in  
the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, and recaptured by the English in  
1757. Beau Séjour was a French fort upon the neck of land  
connecting Acadia with the main-land which had just been cap-  
tured by Winslow's forces. Port Royal, afterward called Annapo-  
lis Royal, at the outlet of Annapolis River into the Bay of Fundy,  
had been disputed ground, being occupied alternately by French

- 250 Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on  
its outskirts,  
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of  
to-morrow.  
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weap-  
ons of all kinds;  
Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the  
scythe of the mower."
- Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jo-  
vial farmer :—
- 255 " Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks  
and our cornfields,  
Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the  
ocean,  
Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the ene-  
my's cannon.  
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no  
shadow of sorrow  
Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night  
of the contract.
- 260 Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads  
of the village  
Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking  
the glebe round about them,  
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food  
for a twelvemonth.  
René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers  
and inkhorn.  
Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy  
of our children? "
- 265 As apart by the window she stood, with her hand  
in her lover's,

and English, but in 1710 was attacked by an expedition from  
New England, and after that held by the English government  
and made a fortified place.

Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her  
father had spoken,  
And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary  
entered.

## III.

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of  
the ocean,  
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the  
notary public ;  
270 Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the  
maize, hung  
Over his shoulders ; his forehead was high ; and  
glasses with horn bows  
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom  
supernal.  
Father of twenty children was he, and more than  
a hundred  
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard  
his great watch tick.  
275 Four long years in the times of the war had he  
languished a captive,  
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend  
of the English.

267. A *notary* is an officer authorized to attest contracts or writings of any kind. His authority varies in different countries; in France he is the necessary maker of all contracts where the subject-matter exceeds 150 francs, and his instruments, which are preserved and registered by himself, are the originals, the parties preserving only copies.

275. King George's War, which broke out in 1744 in Cape Breton, in an attack by the French upon an English garrison, and closed with the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748; or, the reference may possibly be to Queen Anne's war, 1702-1713, when the French aided the Indians in their warfare with the colonists.

Now, though warier grown, without all guile or  
suspicion,

Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple,  
and childlike.

He was beloved by all, and most of all by the  
children;

280 For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the  
forest,

And of the goblin that came in the night to water  
the horses,

And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child  
who unchristened

Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the cham-  
bers of children ;

And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the  
stable,

285 And how the fever was cured by a spider shut  
up in a nutshell,

And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved  
clover and horseshoes,

With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the  
village.

280. The *Loup-garou*, or were-wolf, is, according to an old superstition especially prevalent in France, a man with power to turn himself into a wolf, which he does that he may devour children. In later times the superstition passed into the more innocent one of men having a power to charm wolves.

282. Pluquet relates this superstition, and conjectures that the white, fleet ermine gave rise to it.

284. A belief still lingers among the peasantry of England, as well as on the continent, that at midnight, on Christmas eve, the cattle in the stalls fall down on their knees in adoration of the infant Saviour, as the old legend says was done in the stable at Bethlehem.

285. In like manner a popular superstition prevailed in England that ague could be cured by sealing a spider in a goose-quill and hanging it about the neck.

Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil  
the blacksmith,  
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,  
290 "Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast  
heard the talk in the village,  
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these  
ships and their errand."  
Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public, —  
"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am  
never the wiser;  
And what their errand may be I know no better  
than others.  
295 Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention  
Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why  
then molest us?"  
"God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat  
irascible blacksmith;  
"Must we in all things look for the how, and the  
why, and the wherefore?  
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of  
the strongest!"  
300 But, without heeding his warmth, continued the  
notary public, —  
"Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice  
Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often  
consoled me,  
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at  
Port Royal."

302. This is an old Florentine story; in an altered form it is the theme of Rossini's opera of *La Gazza Ladra*.



- This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved  
to repeat it
- 305 When his neighbors complained that any injustice  
was done them.
- " Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer  
remember,  
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Jus-  
tice  
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in  
its left hand,  
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that jus-  
tice presided
- 310 Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and  
homes of the people.  
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales  
of the balance,  
Hāving no fear of the sword that flashed in the  
sunshine above them.  
But in the course of time the laws of the land  
were corrupted;  
Might took the place of right, and the weak were  
oppressed, and the mighty
- 315 Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a  
nobleman's palace  
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a  
suspicion  
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the  
household.  
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the  
scaffold,  
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue  
of Justice.
- 320 As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit  
ascended,

- Lol o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of  
the thunder  
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath  
from its left hand  
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales  
of the balance,  
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a  
magpie,  
325 Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls  
was inwoven."
- Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was  
ended, the blacksmith  
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but find-  
eth no language;  
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his  
face, as the vapors  
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes  
in the winter.
- 330 Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on  
the table,  
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with  
home-brewed  
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in  
the village of Grand-Pré;  
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers  
and inkhorn,  
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of  
the parties,  
335 Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep  
and in cattle.  
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and wel'  
were completed,  
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun  
on the margin.

- Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw  
on the table  
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of  
silver;  
340 And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and  
the bridegroom,  
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their  
welfare.  
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed  
and departed,  
While in silence the others sat and mused by the  
fireside,  
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of  
its corner.  
345 Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention  
the old men  
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful ma-  
nœuvre,  
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach  
was made in the king-row.  
Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a win-  
dow's embrasure,  
Sat the lovers and whispered together, beholding  
the moon rise  
350 Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the  
meadows.  
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of  
heaven,  
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of  
the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell  
from the belfry

344. The word *draughts* is derived from the circumstance of  
drawing the men from one square to another.

- Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and  
straightway  
355 Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned  
in the household.  
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on  
the door-step  
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it  
with gladness.  
Carefully then were covered the embers that  
glowed on the hearth-stone,  
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of  
the farmer.  
360 Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline  
followed.  
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the  
darkness,  
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of  
the maiden.  
Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the  
door of her chamber.  
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of  
white, and its clothes-press  
365 Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were  
carefully folded  
Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evange-  
line woven.

354. *Curfew* is a corruption of *couvre-feu*, or cover fire. In the Middle Ages, when police patrol at night was almost unknown, it was attempted to lessen the chances of crime by making it an offence against the laws to be found in the streets in the night, and the curfew bell was tolled, at various hours, according to the custom of the place, from seven to nine o'clock in the evening. It warned honest people to lock their doors, cover their fires, and go to bed. The custom still lingers in many places, even in America, of ringing a oel at nine o'clock in the evening.

- This was the precious dower she would bring to  
her husband in marriage,  
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her  
skill as a housewife.  
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow  
and radiant moonlight  
370 Streamed through the windows, and lighted the  
room, till the heart of the maiden  
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous  
tides of the ocean.  
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she  
stood with  
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of  
her chamber!  
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of  
the orchard,  
375 Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of  
her lamp and her shadow.  
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feel-  
ing of sadness  
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds  
in the moonlight  
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for  
a moment.  
And, as she gazed from the window, she saw  
serenely the moon pass  
380 Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star  
follow her footsteps,  
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered  
with Hagar!

## IV.

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the vil-  
lage of Grand-Pré,  
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin  
of Minas.

- Where the ships, with their wavering shadows,  
were riding at anchor.
- 385 Life had long been astir in the village, and  
clamorous labor  
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden  
gates of the morning.
- Now from the country around, from the farms and  
neighboring hamlets,  
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian  
peasants.
- Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from  
the young folk
- 390 Made the bright air brighter, as up from the  
numerous meadows,  
Where no path could be seen but the track of  
wheels in the greensward,  
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed  
on the highway.
- Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor  
were silenced.
- Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy  
groups at the house-doors
- 395 Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped  
together.
- Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed  
and feasted;

396. "Real misery was wholly unknown, and benevolence anticipated the demands of poverty. Every misfortune was relieved as it were before it could be felt, without ostentation on the one hand, and without meanness on the other. It was, in short, a society of brethren, every individual of which was equally ready to give and to receive what he thought the common right of mankind." From the Abbé Raynal's account of the Acadians. The Abbé Guillaume Thomas Francis Raynal was a French writer (1711-1796) who published *A Philosophical History of the Settlements and Trade of the Europeans in the*

For with this simple people, who lived like  
brothers together,  
All things were held in common, and what one  
had was another's.  
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more  
abundant:  
400 For Evangeline stood among the guests of her  
father;  
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of  
welcome and gladness  
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup  
as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the  
orchard,  
Striped of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of  
betrothal.  
405 There in the shade of the porch were the priest  
and the notary seated;  
'There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the  
blacksmith.  
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press  
and the beehives,  
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of  
hearts and of waistcoats.  
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately  
played on his snow-white  
410 Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face  
of the fiddler  
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown  
from the embers.

*East and West Indies* in which he included also some account  
of Canada and Nova Scotia. His picture of life among the  
Acadians, somewhat highly colored, is the source from which  
after writers have drawn their knowledge of Acadian manners.

Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of  
his fiddle,

*Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres*, and *Le Carillon de  
Dunkerque*,

And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the  
music.

415 Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzy-  
ing dances

Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the  
meadows;

Old folk and young together, and children mingled  
among them.

418. *Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres* was a song written by  
Ducauroi, *maître de chapelle* of Henri IV., the words of which  
are:—

Vous connaissez Cybèle,  
Qui sut fixer le Temps;  
On la disait fort belle,  
Même dans ses vieux ans.

## CHORUS.

Cette divinité, quoique déjà grand' mère,  
Avait les yeux doux, le teint frais  
Avait même certains attraits  
Fermes comme la Terre.

*Le Carillon de Dunkerque* was a popular song to a tune  
played on the Dunkirk chimes. The words are:—

Imprudent, téméraire  
A l'instant, je l'espère  
Dans mon juste courroux,  
Tu vas tomber sous mes coups!  
— Je brave ta menace  
— Être moi ! quelle audace !  
Avance donc, poltron !  
Tu trembles ? non, non, non  
— J'étouffe de colère !  
— Je ris de ta colère.

The music to which the old man sang these songs will be found  
in *La Clé du Caveau*, by Pierre Capelle, Nos. 564 and 739.  
Paris: A. Cotelle.



Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Bene-  
dict's daughter!

Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the  
blacksmith!

420 So passed the morning away. And lo! with a  
summons sonorous

Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the  
meadows a drum beat.

Thronged ere long was the church with men.  
Without, in the churchyard,

Waited the women. They stood by the graves,  
and hung on the headstones

Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh  
from the forest.

425 Then came the guard from the ships, and march-  
ing proudly among them

Entered the sacred portal. With loud and disso-  
nant clangor

Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceil-  
ing and casement, —

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous  
portal

Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will  
of the soldiers.

430 Then uprose their commander, and spake from  
the steps of the altar,

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the  
royal commission.

“You are convened this day,” he said, “by his  
Majesty's orders.

432. Colonel Winslow has preserved in his Diary the speech  
which he delivered to the assembled Acadians, and it is copied  
by Haliburton in his *History of Nova Scotia*, i. 166, 167.

- Clement and kind has he been ; but how you have  
answered his kindness  
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make  
and my temper
- 435 Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must  
be grievous.  
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of  
our monarch:  
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and  
cattle of all kinds  
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you your-  
selves from this province  
Be transported to other lands. God grant you  
may dwell there
- 440 Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable  
people!  
Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his Majes-  
ty's pleasure!"  
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of  
summer,  
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of  
the hailstones  
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field, and  
shatters his windows,
- 445 Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with  
thatch from the house-roofs,  
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their  
enclosures;  
So on the hearts of the people descended the words  
of the speaker.  
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder,  
and then rose  
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and  
anger,
- 450 And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to  
the door-way.

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce  
imprecations

Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er  
the heads of the others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil  
the blacksmith,

As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the bil-  
lows.

455 Flushed was his face and distorted with passion;  
and wildly he shouted, —

“Down with the tyrants of England! we never  
have sworn them allegiance!

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our  
homes and our harvests!”

More he fain would have said, but the merciless  
hand of a soldier

Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him  
down to the pavement.

460 In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry  
contention,

Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father  
Felician

Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the  
steps of the altar.

Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he  
awed into silence

All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to  
his people;

465 Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents meas-  
ured and mournful

Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly  
the clock strikes.

“What is this that ye do, my children? what mad-  
ness has seized you?”

- Forty years of my life have I labored among you,  
and taught you,  
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one  
another!
- 470 Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and  
prayers and privations?  
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and  
forgiveness?  
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and  
would you profane it  
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing  
with hatred?  
Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is  
gazing upon you!
- 475 See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and  
holy compassion!  
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O  
Father, forgive them!'  
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the  
wicked assail us,  
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive  
them!''
- Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the  
hearts of his people
- 480 Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the  
passionate outbreak,  
While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O  
Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers  
gleamed from the altar;  
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and  
the people responded,  
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and  
the Ave Maria

485 Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls,  
with devotion translated,  
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending  
to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings  
of ill, and on all sides  
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the  
women and children.  
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with  
her right hand  
490 Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun,  
that, descending,  
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor,  
and roofed each  
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and embla-  
zoned its windows.  
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth  
on the table;  
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fra-  
grant with wild-flowers;  
495 There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese  
fresh brought from the dairy;  
And at the head of the board the great arm-chair  
of the farmer.  
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as  
the sunset  
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad  
ambrosial meadows.  
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had  
fallen,  
500 And from the fields of her soul a fragrance cele-  
stial ascended, —

492. To emblazon is literally to adorn anything with ensigns  
armorial. It was often the custom to work these ensigns into  
the design of painted windows.

Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgive-  
ness, and patience!  
Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the  
village,  
Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts  
of the women,  
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps  
they departed,  
505 Urged by their household cares, and the weary  
feet of their children.  
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden,  
glimmering vapors  
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet de-  
scending from Sinai.  
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus  
sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church  
Evangeline lingered.  
510 All was silent within; and in vain at the door and  
the windows  
Stood she, and listened and looked, until, over-  
come by emotion,  
“Gabriel!” cried she aloud with tremulous voice;  
but no answer  
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloom-  
ier grave of the living.  
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless  
house of her father.  
515 Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board  
was the supper untasted,  
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted  
with phantoms of terror.  
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of  
her chamber.

In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain fall

Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.

520 Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder

Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he created!

Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of Heaven;

Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

## v.

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day

525 Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-house.

Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,

Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,

Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore,

Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,

530 Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.

Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,

While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried and there on the sea-beach

- Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the  
peasants.
- 535 All day long between the shore and the ships did  
the boats ply;  
All day long the wains came laboring down from  
the village.  
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to  
his setting,  
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums  
from the churchyard.  
Thither the women and children thronged. On a  
sudden the church-doors
- 540 Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching  
in gloomy procession  
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Aca-  
dian farmers.  
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their  
homes and their country,  
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are  
weary and wayworn,  
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants  
descended
- 545 Down from the church to the shore, amid their  
wives and their daughters.  
Foremost the young men came; and, raising to-  
gether their voices,  
Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic  
Missions :—  
“ Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible  
fountain!  
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submis-  
sion and patience ! ”
- 550 Then the old men, as they marched, and the  
women that stood by the wayside



Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the  
sunshine above them  
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spir-  
its departed.

- Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited  
in silence,  
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour  
of affliction, —
- 555 Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession  
approached her,  
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with  
emotion.  
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running  
to meet him,  
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his  
shoulder, and whispered, —  
“ Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one  
another
- 560 Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mis-  
chances may happen! ”  
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly  
paused, for her father  
Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed  
was his aspect!  
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire  
from his eye, and his footstep  
Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy  
heart in his bosom.
- 565 But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck  
and embraced him,  
Speaking words of endearment where words of  
comfort availed not.  
Thus to the Gaspereau’s mouth moved on that  
mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and  
stir of embarking.

Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion

570 Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers,  
too late, saw their children

Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest  
entreaties.

So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel  
carried,

While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood  
with her father.

Half the task was not done when the sun went  
down, and the twilight

575 Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the  
refluent ocean

Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the  
sand-beach

Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the  
slippery sea-weed.

Farther back in the midst of the household goods  
and the wagons,

Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,

580 All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels  
near them,

Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian  
farmers.

Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing  
ocean,

Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles,  
and leaving

Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of  
the sailors.

585 Then, as the night descended, the herds returned  
from their pastures;

Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk  
from their udders;  
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known  
bars of the farm-yard, —  
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the  
hand of the milkmaid.  
Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no  
Angelus sounded.  
590 Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no  
lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires  
had been kindled,  
Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from  
wrecks in the tempest.  
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces  
were gathered,  
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the  
crying of children.  
595 Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth  
in his parish,  
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing  
and cheering,  
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate  
sea-shore.  
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline  
sat with her father,  
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the  
old man,  
600 Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either  
thought or emotion,  
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands  
have been taken.  
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses  
to cheer him,

Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he  
looked not, he spake not,  
But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flicker-  
ing fire-light.

605 "*Benedicite!*" murmured the priest, in tones of  
compassion.

More he fain would have said, but his heart was  
full, and his accents

Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a  
child on a threshold,

Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful  
presence of sorrow.

Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head  
of the maiden,

610 Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that  
above them

Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs  
and sorrows of mortals.

Then sat he down at her side, and they wept to-  
gether in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in au-  
tumn the blood-red

Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er  
the horizon

615 Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mount-  
ain and meadow,

Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge  
shadows together.

618. The Titans were giant deities in Greek mythology who attempted to deprive Saturn of the sovereignty of heaven, and were driven down into Tartarus by Jupiter the son of Saturn, who hurled thunderbolts at them. Briareus, the hundred-handed giant, was in mythology of the same parentage as the Titans, but was not classed with them.

Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs  
of the village,

Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships  
that lay in the roadstead.

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of  
flame were

620 Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like  
the quivering hands of a martyr.

Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burn-  
ing thatch, and, uplifting,

Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from  
a hundred house-tops

Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame  
intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the  
shore and on shipboard.

625 Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in  
their anguish,

"We shall behold no more our homes in the vil-  
lage of Grand-Pré!"

Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the  
farm-yards,

Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the low-  
ing of cattle

621. *Gleeds.* Hot, burning coals; a Chaucerian word:

"And wafres viping hoot out of the gleeds."

*Canterbury Tales*, l. 3379.

The burning of the houses was in accordance with the instructions of the Governor to Colonel Winslow, in case he should fail in collecting all the inhabitants: "You must proceed by the most vigorous measures possible, not only in compelling them to embark, but in depriving those who shall escape of all means of shelter or support by burning their houses, and by destroying everything that may afford them the means of subsistence in the country."

Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of  
dogs interrupted.

630 Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the  
sleeping encampments

Far in the western prairies of forests that skirt  
the Nebraska,

When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with  
the speed of the whirlwind,

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to  
the river.

Such was the sound that arose on the night, as  
the herds and the horses

635 Broke through their folds and fences, and madly  
rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless,  
the priest and the maiden

Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and  
widened before them;

And as they turned at length to speak to their  
silent companion,

Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched  
abroad on the sea-shore

640 Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had  
departed.

Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and  
the maiden

Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in  
her terror.

Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head  
on his bosom.

Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious  
slumber;

645 And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a  
multitude near her.

Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully  
gazing upon her,  
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest  
compassion.  
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined  
the landscape,  
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the  
faces around her,  
650 And like the day of doom it seemed to her waver-  
ing senses.  
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the  
people, —  
“ Let us bury him here by the sea. When a  
happier season  
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown  
land of our exile,  
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the  
churchyard.”  
655 Such were the words of the priest. And there in  
haste by the sea-side,  
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral  
torches,  
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer  
of Grand-Pré.  
And as the voice of the priest repeated the serv-  
ice of sorrow,  
Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast  
congregation,  
660 Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar  
with the dirges.  
'T was the returning tide, that afar from the  
waste of the ocean,

657. The bell was tolled to mark the passage of the soul into the other world; the book was the service book. The phrase “bell, book, or candle” was used in referring to excommunication.

With the first dawn of the day, came heaving  
and hurrying landward.  
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise  
of embarking;  
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out  
of the harbor,  
665 Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and  
the village in ruins.

## PART THE SECOND.

## I.

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning  
of Grand-Pré,  
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels de  
parted,  
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into  
exile,  
Exile without an end, and without an example in  
story.  
670 Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians  
landed;  
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when  
the wind from the northeast  
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the  
Banks of Newfoundland.  
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered  
from city to city,  
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry South-  
ern savannas,—  
675 From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands  
where the Father of Waters  
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them  
down to the ocean,



- Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of  
the mammoth.  
Friends they sought and homes; and many, de-  
spairing, heart-broken,  
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a  
friend nor a fireside.
- 680 Written their history stands on tablets of stone in  
the churchyards.  
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited  
and wandered,  
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering  
all things.  
Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her  
extended,  
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with  
its pathway
- 685 Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed  
and suffered before her,  
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead  
and abandoned,  
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is  
marked by  
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach  
in the sunshine.  
Something there was in her life incomplete, im-  
perfect, unfinished;
- 690 As if a morning of June, with all its music and  
sunshine,  
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly  
descended

677. Bones of the mastodon, or mammoth, have been found scattered all over the territory of the United States and Canada, but the greatest number have been collected in the Salt Licks of Kentucky, and in the States of Ohio, Mississippi, Missouri, and Alabama.

- Into the east again, from whence it late had  
arisen.  
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by  
the fever within her,  
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst  
of the spirit,  
595 She would commence again her endless search and  
endeavor;  
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on  
the crosses and tombstones,  
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that  
perhaps in its bosom  
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber  
beside him.  
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate  
whisper,  
700 Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her  
forward.  
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her  
beloved and known him,  
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or for-  
gotten.  
“Gabriel Lajeunesse!” they said; “Oh, yes! we  
have seen him.  
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have  
gone to the prairies;  
705 Coureurs-des-bois are they, and famous hunters  
and trappers.”

699. Observe the diminution in this line, by which one is led  
to the *airy hand* in the next.

705. The *coureurs-des-bois* formed a class of men very early in  
Canadian history, produced by the exigencies of the fur-trade.  
They were French by birth, but by long affiliation with the  
Indians and adoption of their customs had become half-civilized  
vagrants, whose chief vocation was conducting the canoes of  
the traders along the lakes and rivers of the interior. Bush-

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "Oh, yes!  
we have seen him.

He is a Voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana."

Then would they say, "Dear child! why dream  
and wait for him longer?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel?  
others

710 Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits  
as loyal?

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who  
has loved thee

Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand  
and be happy!

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's  
tresses.

Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but  
sadly, "I cannot!

715 Whither my heart has gone, there follows my  
hand, and not elsewhere.

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and  
illuminates the pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden  
in darkness."

Thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,

rangers is the English equivalent. They played an important part in the Indian wars, but were nearly as lawless as the Indians themselves. The reader will find them frequently referred to in Parkman's histories, especially in *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, *The Discovery of the Great West*, and *Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.*

707. A *voyageur* is a river boatman, and is a term applied usually to Canadians.

713. St. Catherine of Alexandria and St. Catherine of Siena were both celebrated for their vows of virginity. Hence the saying to braid St. Catherine's tresses, of one devoted to a single life.

Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus  
speaketh within thee!

720 Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was  
wasted;

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters,  
returning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill  
them full of refreshment;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again  
to the fountain.

Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy  
work of affection!

725 Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient en-  
durance is godlike.

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the  
heart is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered  
more worthy of heaven!"

Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline  
labored and waited.

Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of  
the ocean,

730 But with its sound there was mingled a voice that  
whispered, "Despair not!"

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheer-  
less discomfort,

Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns  
of existence.

Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's  
footsteps;—

Not through each devious path, each changeful  
year of existence;

735 But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course  
through the valley:

Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam  
of its water

Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;  
 Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,  
 Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur;  
 740 Happy, at length, if he find a spot where it reaches an outlet.

## II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,  
 Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,  
 Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,  
 Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.  
 745 It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked  
 Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,  
 Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;  
 Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,  
 Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers  
 750 On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.

741. The Iroquois gave to this river the name of Ohio, or the Beautiful River, and La Salle, who was the first European to discover it, preserved the name so that it very early was transferred to maps.

750. Between the 1st of January and the 13th of May, 1765. about six hundred and fifty Acadians had arrived at New

- With them Evangeline went, and her guide,  
the Father Felician.  
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness  
sombre with forests,  
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent  
river ;  
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped  
on its borders.
- 755 Now through rushing chutes, among green islands,  
where plumelike  
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they  
swept with the current,  
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery  
sand-bars  
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves  
of their margin,  
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of  
pelicans waded.
- 760 Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of  
the river,  
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant  
gardens,  
Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins  
and dove-cots.  
They were approaching the region where reigns  
perpetual summer,

Orleans. Louisiana had been ceded by France to Spain in 1762, but did not really pass under the control of the Spanish until 1769. The existence of a French population attracted the wandering Acadians, and they were sent by the authorities to form settlements in Attakapas and Opelousas. They afterward formed settlements on both sides of the Mississippi from the German Coast up to Baton Rouge, and even as high as Pointe Coupée. Hence the name of Acadian Coast, which a portion of the banks of the river still bears. See Gayarré's *History of Louisiana*; *The French Dominion*, vol. ii.

- Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of  
orange and citron,  
765 Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the  
eastward.  
They, too, swerved from their course; and, enter-  
ing the Bayou of Plaquemine,  
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious  
waters,  
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every  
direction.  
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous  
boughs of the cypress  
770 Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-  
air  
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of an-  
cient cathedrals.  
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save  
by the herons  
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning  
at sunset,  
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with de-  
moniac laughter.  
775 Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed  
on the water,  
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sus-  
taining the arches,  
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as  
through chinks in a ruin.  
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all  
things around them;  
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of  
wonder and sadness, —  
780 Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot  
be compassed.  
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of  
the prairies,

- Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrink-  
ing mimosa,  
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings  
of evil,  
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of  
doom has attained it.
- 785 But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision,  
that faintly  
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on  
through the moonlight.  
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the  
shape of a phantom.  
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wan-  
dered before her,  
And every stroke of the oar now brought him  
nearer and nearer.
- 790 Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose  
one of the oarsmen,  
And, as a signal sound, if others like them perad-  
venture  
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew  
a blast on his bugle.  
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors  
leafy the blast rang,  
Breaking the seal of silence and giving tongues to  
the forest.
- 795 Soundless above them the banners of moss just  
stirred to the music.  
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the dis-  
tance,  
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverber-  
ant branches;  
But not a voice replied ; no answer came from the  
darkness ;



And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of  
pain was the silence.  
800 Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed  
through the midnight,  
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian  
boat-songs,  
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian  
rivers,  
While through the night were heard the mysteri-  
ous sounds of the desert,  
Far off, — indistinct, — as of wave or wind in the  
forest,  
805 Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar  
of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the  
shades ; and before them  
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atcha-  
falaya.  
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight un-  
dulations  
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in  
beauty, the lotus  
810 Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the  
boatmen.  
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of  
magnolia blossoms,  
And with the heat of noon; and numberless syl-  
van islands,  
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming  
hedges of roses,  
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to  
slumber.  
815 Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were  
suspended.

- Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew  
by the margin,  
Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about  
on the greensward,  
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.  
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a  
cedar.
- 820 Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower  
and the grapevine  
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of  
Jacob,  
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending,  
descending,  
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from  
blossom to blossom.  
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered  
beneath it.
- 825 Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of  
an opening heaven  
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions  
celestial.
- Nearer, ever nearer, among the numberless islands,  
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the  
water,  
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters  
and trappers.
- 830 Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the  
bison and beaver.  
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful  
and careworn.  
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow,  
and a sadness

Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.

Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,

835 Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.

Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,

But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos ;

So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows ;

All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers ;

840 Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.

Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.

After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,

As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden

Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, " O Father Felician !

845 Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.

Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition ?

Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit ? "

Then, with a blush, she added, " Alas for my credulous fancy !

Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning. "

850 But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered, —

“Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they  
to me without meaning.

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats  
on the surface

Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the an-  
chor is hidden.

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the  
world calls illusions.

855 Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the  
southward,

On the bands of the Têche, are the towns of St.  
Maur and St. Martin.

There the long-wandering bride shall be given  
again to her bridegroom,

There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and  
his sheepfold.

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests  
of fruit-trees;

860 Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest  
of heavens

Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls  
of the forest.

They who dwell there have named it the Eden of  
Louisiana.”

With these words of cheer they arose and con-  
tinued their journey.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the west-  
ern horizon

865 Like a magician extended his golden wand o’er  
the landscape;

Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and  
forest

Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and  
mingled together.

- Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of  
silver,  
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the  
motionless water.
- 870 Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible  
sweetness.  
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains  
of feeling  
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and  
waters around her.  
Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird,  
wildest of singers,  
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er  
the water,
- 875 Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious  
music,  
That the whole air and the woods and the waves  
seemed silent to listen.  
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then  
soaring to madness  
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied  
Bacchantes.  
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low  
lamentation;
- 880 Till, having gathered them all, he flung them  
abroad in derision,  
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the  
tree-tops  
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower  
on the branches.  
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that  
throbbed with emotion,

878. The Bacchantes were worshippers of the god Bacchus, who in Greek mythology presided over the vine and its fruits. They gave themselves up to all manner of excess and their songs and dances were to wild, intoxicating measures.

Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows  
through the green Opelousas,  
885 And, through the amber air, above the crest of  
the woodland,  
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neigh-  
boring dwelling;—  
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant low-  
ing of cattle.

## III.

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by  
oaks, from whose branches  
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe  
flaunted,  
890 Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets  
at Yule-tide,  
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herds-  
man. A garden  
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant  
blossoms,  
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself  
was of timbers  
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted  
together.  
895 Large and low was the roof; and on slender col-  
umns supported,  
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spa-  
cious veranda,  
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended  
around it.  
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the  
garden,  
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual  
symbol,

900 Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions  
of rivals.

Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow  
and sunshine

Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself  
was in shadow,

And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly  
expanding

Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke  
rose.

905 In the rear of the house, from the garden gate,  
ran a pathway

Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of  
the limitless prairie,

Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly de-  
scending.

Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy  
canvas

Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless  
calm in the tropics,

910 Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of  
grapevines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf  
of the prairie,

Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and  
stirrups,

Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of  
deerskin.

Broad and brown was the face that from under  
the Spanish sombrero

915 Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look  
of its master.

Round about him were numberless herds of kine.  
that were grazing

- Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory  
freshness  
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over  
the landscape.  
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and  
expanding  
920 Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that  
resounded  
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp  
air of the evening.  
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of  
the cattle  
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of  
ocean.  
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed  
o'er the prairie,  
925 And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in  
the distance.  
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house,  
through the gate of the garden  
Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden ad-  
vancing to meet him.  
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amaze-  
ment, and forward  
Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of  
wonder;  
930 When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil  
the blacksmith.  
Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the  
garden.  
There in an arbor of roses with endless question  
and answer  
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their  
friendly embraces,  
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent  
and thoughtful.



- 935 Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark  
doubts and misgivings  
Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, some-  
what embarrassed,  
Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the  
Atchafalaya,  
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's  
boat on the bayous?"  
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a  
shade passed.
- 940 Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a  
tremulous accent,  
"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her  
face on his shoulder,  
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she  
wept and lamented.  
Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew  
blithe as he said it,—  
"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he  
departed.
- 945 Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds  
and my horses.  
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled,  
his spirit  
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet ex-  
istence.  
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful  
ever,  
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
- 950 He at length had become so tedious to men and  
to maidens,  
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought  
me, and sent him  
Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with  
the Spaniards.

Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the  
Ozark Mountains,

Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping  
the beaver.

955 Therefore be of good cheer ; we will follow the  
fugitive lover ;

He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the  
streams are against him.

Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew  
of the morning,

We will follow him fast, and bring him back to  
his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the  
banks of the river,

960 Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Mi-  
chael the fiddler.

Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god  
on Olympus,

Having no other care than dispensing music to  
mortals.

Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his  
fiddle.

"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Aca-  
dian minstrel!"

965 As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession ;  
and straightway

Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greet-  
ing the old man

Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil,  
enraptured,

Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and  
gossips,

Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers  
and daughters.

- 970 Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the  
    ci-devant blacksmith,  
    All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal  
    demeanor;  
    Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil  
    and the climate,  
    And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were  
    his who would take them;  
    Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would  
    go and do likewise.
- 975 Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the  
    breezy veranda,  
    Entered the hall of the house, where already the  
    supper of Basil  
    Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted  
    together.

- Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness de-  
    scended.  
    All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape  
    with silver,
- 980 Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars,  
    but within doors,  
    Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in  
    the glimmering lamplight.  
    Then from his station aloft, at the head of the  
    table, the herdsman  
    Poured forth his heart and his wine together in  
    endless profusion.  
    Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Nat-  
    chitoches tobacco,
- 985 Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and  
    smiled as they listened:—  
    “ Welcome once more, my friends, who long have  
    been friendless and homeless,

Welcome once more to a home, that is better per-  
chance than the old one!

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like  
the rivers;

Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the  
farmer;

990 Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil,  
as a keel through the water.

All the year round the orange-groves are in blos-  
som; and grass grows

More in a single night than a whole Canadian  
summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and un-  
claimed in the prairies;

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and  
forests of timber

995 With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed  
into houses.

After your houses are built, and your fields are  
yellow with harvests,

No King George of England shall drive you away  
from your homesteads,

Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing  
your farms and your cattle."

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud  
from his nostrils,

'000 While his huge, brown hand came thundering  
down on the table,

So that the guests all started; and Father Feli-  
cian, astounded,

Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way  
to his nostrils.

But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were  
milder and gayer, —

"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware  
of the fever!

- 1005 For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,  
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck  
in a nutshell!"
- Then there were voices heard at the door, and  
footsteps approaching  
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the  
breezy veranda.  
It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian  
planters,
- 1010 Who had been summoned all to the house of  
Basil the herdsman.  
Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and  
neighbors:  
Friend clasped friend in his arms ; and they who  
before were as strangers,  
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends  
to each other,  
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country  
together.
- 1015 But in the neighboring hall a strain of music,  
proceeding  
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious  
fiddle,  
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children  
delighted,  
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves  
to the maddening  
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and  
swayed to the music,
- 1020 Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of  
fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the  
priest and the herdsman

Sat, conversing together of past and present and  
future;  
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for  
within her  
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of  
the music  
1025 Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepress-  
ible sadness  
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth  
into the garden.  
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall  
of the forest,  
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon.  
On the river  
Fell here and there through the branches a trem-  
ulous gleam of the moonlight,  
1030 Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened  
and devious spirit.  
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flow-  
ers of the garden  
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their  
prayers and confessions  
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent  
Carthusian.  
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with  
shadows and night-dews,  
1035 Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and  
the magical moonlight

1033. The Carthusians are a monastic order founded in the twelfth century, perhaps the most severe in its rules of all religious societies. Almost perpetual silence is one of the vows; the monks can talk together but once a week; the labor required of them is unremitting and the discipline exceedingly rigid. The first monastery was established at Chartreux near Grenoble in France, and the Latinized form of the name has given us the word Carthusian.

- Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable  
longings,  
As, through the garden gate, and beneath the  
shade of the oak-trees,  
Passed she along the path to the edge of the  
measureless prairie.  
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and  
fire-flies  
1040 Gleaming and floating away in mingled and in-  
finite numbers.  
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in  
the heavens,  
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to  
marvel and worship,  
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls  
of that temple,  
As if a hand had appeared and written upon  
them, "Upharsin."  
1045 And the soul of the maiden, between the stars  
and the fire-flies,  
Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O  
my beloved!  
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot be-  
hold thee?  
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice  
does not reach me?  
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to  
the prairie!  
1050 Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the  
woodlands around me!  
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from  
labor,  
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me  
in thy slumbers!  
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be  
folded about thee?"

Loud and sudden and near the note of a whip-  
poorwill sounded  
1055 Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the  
    neighboring thickets,  
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped  
    into silence.  
"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular  
    caverns of darkness;  
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded,  
    "To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flow-  
    ers of the garden  
1060 Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and  
    anointed his tresses  
With the delicious balm that they bore in their  
    vases of crystal.  
"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the  
    shadowy threshold;  
"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from  
    his fasting and famine,  
And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the  
    bridegroom was coming."  
1065 "Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling,  
    with Basil descended  
Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen al-  
    ready were waiting.  
Thus beginning their journey with morning, and  
    sunshine, and gladness,  
Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was  
    speeding before them,  
Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over  
    the desert.  
1070 Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that  
    succeeded,



Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest  
or river,  
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but  
vague and uncertain  
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild  
and desolate country;  
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of  
Adayes,  
1075 Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from  
the garrulous landlord,  
That on the day before, with horses and guides  
and companions,  
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the  
prairies.

## IV.

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where  
the mountains  
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and lu-  
minous summits.  
1080 Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the  
gorge, like a gateway,  
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emi-  
grant's wagon,  
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway  
and Owyhee.  
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-  
river Mountains,  
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate  
leaps the Nebraska;  
1085 And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and  
the Spanish sierras,  
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the  
wind of the desert,  
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, de-  
scend to the ocean,

Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.

Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,

1090 Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,

Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.

Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck;

Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;

Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;

1095 Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,

Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails

Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,

Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,

By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.

1100 Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders;

Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;

And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,

Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-side,

And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,

1105 Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

- Into this wonderful land, at the base of the  
Ozark Mountains,  
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trap-  
pers behind him.  
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the  
maiden and Basil  
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day  
to o'ertake him.
- 1110 Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the  
smoke of his camp-fire  
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain;  
but at nightfall,  
When they had reached the place, they found  
only embers and ashes.  
And, though their hearts were sad at times and  
their bodies were weary,  
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata  
Morgana
- 1115 Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated  
and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there  
silently entered  
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose  
features  
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as  
great as her sorrow.

1114. The Italian name for a meteoric phenomenon nearly allied to a mirage, witnessed in the Straits of Messina, and less frequently elsewhere, and consisting in the appearance in the air over the sea of the objects which are upon the neighboring coasts. In the southwest of our own country, the mirage is very common, of lakes which stretch before the tired traveller, and the deception is so great that parties have sometimes beckoned to other travellers, who seemed to be wading knee deep, to come over to them where dry land was.

- She was a Shawnee woman returning home to  
her people,  
1120 From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel  
Camanches,  
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des  
Bois, had been murdered.  
Touched were their hearts at her story, and  
warmest and friendliest welcome  
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and  
feasted among them  
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on  
the embers.  
1125 But when their meal was done, and Basil and all  
his companions,  
Worn with the long day's march and the chase  
of the deer and the bison,  
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept  
where the quivering fire-light  
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms  
wrapped up in their blankets,  
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat  
and repeated  
1130 Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of  
her Indian accent,  
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and  
pains, and reverses.  
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know  
that another  
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had  
been disappointed.  
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and  
woman's compassion,  
1135 Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suf-  
fered was near her,  
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.

Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when  
she had ended  
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious  
horror  
Passed through her brain, she spake, and re-  
peated the tale of the Mowis;  
1140 Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and  
wedded a maiden,  
But, when the morning came, arose and passed  
from the wigwam,  
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the  
sunshine,  
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed  
far into the forest.  
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like  
a weird incantation,  
1145 Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was  
wooed by a phantom,  
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge,  
in the hush of the twilight,  
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered  
love to the maiden,  
Till she followed his green and waving plume  
through the forest,  
And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by  
her people.  
1150 Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evan-  
geline listened  
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the re-  
gion around her  
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy  
guest the enchantress.  
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the  
moon rose,

1145. The story of Lilinau and other Indian legends will be  
found in H. R. Schoolcraft's *Algic Researches*.

- Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious  
splendor  
1155 Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and  
filling the woodland.  
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and  
the branches  
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible  
whispers.  
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's  
heart, but a secret,  
Subtle sense crept in of pain and indefinite ter-  
ror,  
1160 As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest  
of the swallow.  
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region  
of spirits  
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt  
for a moment  
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing  
a phantom.  
With this thought she slept, and the fear and the  
phantom had vanished.
- 1165 Early upon the morrow the march was re-  
sumed; and the Shawnee  
Said, as they journeyed along, — " On the west-  
ern slope of these mountains  
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief  
of the Mission.  
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of  
Mary and Jesus;  
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with  
pain, as they hear him."  
1170 Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evange-  
line answered,

"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings  
await us!"

Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a  
spur of the mountains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur  
of voices,

And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank  
of a river,

1175 Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the  
Jesuit Mission.

Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of  
the village,

Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A  
crucifix fastened

High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed  
by grapevines,

Looked with its agonized face on the multitude  
kneeling beneath it.

1180 This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the  
intricate arches

Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their ves-  
pers,

Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and  
sighs of the branches.

Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers,  
nearer approaching,

Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the  
evening devotions.

1185 But when the service was done, and the benedic-  
tion had fallen

Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed  
from the hands of the sower,

Slowly the reverend man advanced to the  
strangers, and bade them

Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled  
with benignant expression,

- Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,  
1190 And, with words of kindness, conducted them into his wigwam.  
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-ear  
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.  
Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:—  
“Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated  
1195 On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,  
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!”  
Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness;  
But on Evangeline’s heart fell his words as in winter the snow-flakes  
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.  
1200 “Far to the north he has gone,” continued the priest; “but in autumn,  
When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission.”  
Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,  
“Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted.”  
So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,  
1205 Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,  
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.



- Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other, —  
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of  
maize that were springing  
Green from the ground when a stranger she  
came, now waving above her,  
1210 Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves inter-  
lacing, and forming  
Cloisters for mendicant crow and granaries  
pillaged by squirrels.  
Then in the golden weather the maize was  
husked, and the maidens  
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened  
a lover,  
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief  
in the corn-field.  
1215 Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought  
not her lover.  
“Patience!” the priest would say; “have faith,  
and thy prayer will be answered!  
Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head  
from the meadow,  
See how its leaves are turned to the north, as  
true as the magnet;  
It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God  
has planted  
1220 Here in the houseless wild, to direct the trav-  
eller’s journey  
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of  
the desert.  
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms  
of passion,

1219. *Silphium laciniatum* or compass-plant is found on the prairies of Michigan and Wisconsin and to the south and west, and is said to present the edges of the lower leaves due north and south.

- Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and  
fuller of fragrance,  
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and  
their odor is deadly.
- 1225 Only this humble plant can guide us here, and  
hereafter  
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet  
with the dews of nepenthe."

- So came the autumn, and passed, and the  
winter, — yet Gabriel came not;  
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of  
the robin and bluebird  
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet  
Gabriel came not.
- 1230 But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor  
was wafted  
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of  
blossom.  
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michi-  
gan forests,  
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the  
Saginaw River.  
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes  
of St. Lawrence,
- 1235 Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the  
Mission.  
When over weary ways, by long and perilous  
marches,

1296. In early Greek poetry the asphodel meadows were  
haunted by the shades of heroes. See Homer's *Odyssey*, xxiv.  
18, where Pope translates : —

"In ever flowering meads of asphodel."

The asphodel is of the lily family and is known also by the  
same king's spear.

She had attained at length the depths of the  
Michigan forests,  
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and  
fallen to ruin!

- Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in  
seasons and places  
1240 Divers and distant far was seen the wandering  
maiden;—  
Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian  
Missions,  
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of  
the army,  
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous  
cities.  
Like a phantom she came, and passed away un-  
remembered.  
1245 Fair was she and young, when in hope began the  
long journey;  
Faded was she and old, when in disappoint-  
ment it ended.  
Each succeeding year stole something away from  
her beauty,  
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the  
gloom and the shadow.  
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of  
gray o'er her forehead,  
1250 Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly  
horizon,  
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of  
the morning.

## V.

In that delightful land which is washed by the  
Delaware's waters,

1241. A rendering of the Moravian Gnadenhütten.

- Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the  
apostle,  
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the  
city he founded.
- 1255 There all the air is balm, and the peach is the  
emblem of beauty,  
And the streets still reëcho the names of the  
trees of the forest,  
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose  
haunts they molested.  
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline  
landed, an exile,  
Finding among the children of Penn a home and  
a country.
- 1260 There old René Leblanc had died; and when he  
departed,  
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred de-  
scendants.  
Something at least there was in the friendly  
streets of the city,  
Something that spake to her heart, and made  
her no longer a stranger;  
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and  
Thou of the Quakers,
- 1265 For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,  
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers  
and sisters.  
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed  
endeavor,  
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, un-  
complaining,  
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her  
thoughts and her footsteps.

1256. The streets of Philadelphia, as is well known, are many of them, especially those running east and west, named for trees, as Chestnut, Walnut, Locust, Spruce, Pine, etc.

- 1270 As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the  
morning  
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape be-  
low us,  
Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and  
hamlets,  
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the  
world far below her,  
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and  
the pathway  
1275 Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and  
fair in the distance.  
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart  
was his image,  
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last  
she beheld him,  
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike sil-  
ence and absence.  
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for  
it was not.  
1280 O'er him years had no power; he was not changed,  
but transfigured;  
He had become to her heart as one who is dead,  
and not absent;  
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to  
others,  
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had  
taught her.  
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odor-  
ous spices,  
1285 Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air  
with aroma.  
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but  
to follow  
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of  
her Saviour.

Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy;  
frequenting  
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes  
of the city,  
1290 Where distress and want concealed themselves  
from the sunlight,  
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished  
neglected.  
Night after night, when the world was asleep, as  
the watchman repeated  
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well  
in the city,  
High at some lonely window he saw the light of  
her taper.  
1295 Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow  
through the suburbs  
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and  
fruits for the market,  
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home  
from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on  
the city,  
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks  
of wild pigeons,  
1300 Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in  
their craws but an acorn.  
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of  
September,  
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a  
lake in the meadow,

1398. The year 1793 was long remembered as the year when  
yellow fever was a terrible pestilence in Philadelphia. Charles  
Brockden Brown made his novel of *Arthur Mervyn* turn largely  
upon the incidents of the plague, which drove Brown away  
from home for a time.

- So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural  
margin,  
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of  
existence.
- 1305 Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to  
charm, the oppressor;  
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his  
anger;—  
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor  
attendants,  
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the  
homeless.  
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of  
meadows and woodlands;—
- 1310 Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gate-  
way and wicket  
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls  
seem to echo  
Softly the words of the Lord:—“The poor ye  
always have with you.”  
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of  
Mercy. The dying  
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to  
behold there
- 1315 Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead  
with splendor,  
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints  
and apostles,  
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a  
distance.

1308. Philadelphians have identified the old Friends' almshouse on Walnut Street, now no longer standing, as that in which Evangeline ministered to Gabriel, and so real was the story, that some even ventured to point out the graves of the two lovers. See Westcott's *The Historic Mansions of Philadelphia* pp. 101, 102.

Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city  
celestial,  
Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits  
would enter.

- 1320 Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets,  
deserted and silent,  
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of  
the almshouse.  
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers  
in the garden,  
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest  
among them,  
That the dying once more might rejoice in their  
fragrance and beauty.
- 1325 Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors,  
cooled by the east-wind,  
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from  
the belfry of Christ Church,  
While, intermingled with these, across the mead-  
ows were wafted  
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes  
in their church at Wicaco.  
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the  
hour on her spirit;
- 1330 Something within her said, "At length thy trials  
are ended;"

1323. The Swedes' church at Wicaco is still standing, the  
oldest in the city of Philadelphia, having been begun in 1698.  
Wicaco is within the city on the banks of the Delaware River.  
An interesting account of the old church and its historic asso-  
ciations will be found in Westcott's book just mentioned, pp.  
56-67. Wilson the ornithologist lies buried in the churchyard  
adjoining the church.



And, with light in her looks, she entered the  
chambers of sickness.  
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful at-  
tendants,  
Moistening the feverish lip, and the áching brow,  
and in silence  
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and con-  
cealing their faces,  
1335 Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of  
snow by the roadside.  
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline  
entered,  
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she  
passed, for her presence  
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the  
walls of a prison.  
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death,  
the consoler,  
1340 Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed  
it forever.  
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the  
night time;  
Vacant their places were, or filled already by  
strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of  
wonder,  
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart,  
while a shudder  
345 Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flow-  
ers dropped from her fingers,  
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and  
bloom of the morning.  
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such  
terrible anguish,

That the dying heard it, and started up from  
their pillows.

On the pallet before her was stretched the form  
of an old man.

1350 Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that  
shaded his temples;

But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for  
a moment

Seemed to assume once more the forms of its  
earlier manhood;

So are wont to be changed the faces of those who  
are dying.

Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of  
the fever,

1355 As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had be-  
sprinkled its portals,

That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and  
pass over.

Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his  
spirit exhausted

Seemed to be sinking down through infinite  
depths in the darkness,

Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking  
and sinking.

360 Then through those realms of shade, in multi-  
plied reverberations,

Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush  
that succeeded

Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and  
saint-like,

“Gabriel! O my beloved!” and died away into  
silence.

Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the  
home of his childhood;

- 1365 Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers  
among them,  
Village, and mountain, and woodlands ; and,  
walking under their shadow,  
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in  
his vision.  
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted  
his eyelids,  
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt  
by his bedside.
- 1370 Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the ac-  
cents unuttered  
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what  
his tongue would have spoken.  
Vainly he strove to rise ; and Evangeline, kneel-  
ing beside him,  
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her  
bosom.  
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly  
sank into darkness,
- 1375 As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind  
at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and  
the sorrow,  
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied  
longing,  
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of  
patience!  
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head  
to her bosom,  
1380 Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured,  
“ Father, I thank thee ! ”

---

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away  
from its shadow,

Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers  
are sleeping.

Under the humble walls of the little Catholic  
churchyard,

In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and  
unnoticed.

1385 Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing be-  
side them,

Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are  
at rest and forever,

Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no  
longer are busy,

Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have  
ceased from their labors,

Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have com-  
pleted their journey!

1390 Still stands the forest primeval; but under the  
shade of its branches

Dwells another race, with other customs and lan-  
guage.

Only along the shore of the mournful and misty  
Atlantic

Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers  
from exile

Wandered back to their native land to die in its  
bosom.

1395 In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are  
still busy;

Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their  
kirtles of homespun,

And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's  
story,

While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced,  
    neighboring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the  
    wail of the forest.

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## II.

## THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

[THIS poem, also written in hexameters, has yet a lighter, quicker movement, due to the more playful character of the narrative. A slight change of accent in the first line prepares one for this livelier pace, and the reader will find that the lights and shades of the story use whatever elasticity there is in the hexameter, crisp, varying lines alternating with the steady pulse of the dactyl. The poet has built upon a slight tradition which has come down to us from the days of the Plymouth settlement, a story which depicts in a succession of scenes the life of the Old Colony. In doing this he has not cared to follow explicitly the succession of events, but has been true to the general history of the time and has in each picture copied faithfully the essential characteristics of the original. He has taken the somewhat dry and unimaginative chronicles of the time and touched them

1399. Observe the recurrence of the phrases with which the poem began. The effect is to impress upon the mind the minor tone of the story, leaving last upon the ear the key-note first struck.

## COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH. 103

with a poetic light and warmth, and the reader of this poem who resumes such a book as Dr. Young's "Chronicles of the Pilgrims," will find the simple story of the early settlers to have gained in beauty. The poem was published in 1858.]

### I.

#### MILES STANDISH.

IN the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land  
of the Pilgrims,  
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive  
dwelling,  
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan  
leather,  
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the  
Puritan Captain.  
5 Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands be-  
hind him, and pausing  
Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of  
warfare,  
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the  
chamber, —

1. The *Old Colony* is the name which has long been applied to that part of Massachusetts which was occupied by the Plymouth colonists whose first settlement was in 1620. Massachusetts Bay was the name by which was known the later collection of settlements made about Boston and Salem.

2. The first houses of the Pilgrims were of logs filled in with mortar and covered with thatch.

3. Cordova in Spain was celebrated for a preparation of goat-skin which took the name of Cordovan. Hence came cordwain, or Spanish tanned goat-skin, and in England shoemakers are still often called cordwainers. In France, too, the same word gave *cordonnier*.

Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword  
of Damascus,

Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical  
Arabic sentence,

- 10 While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece,  
musket, and matchlock.

Short of stature he was, but strongly built and  
athletic,

Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles  
and sinews of iron;

Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard  
was already

Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes  
in November.

8. The corselet was a light breast-plate of armor. One of Standish's grandsons is said to have been in possession of his coat-of-mall. His sword is in the cabinet of the Massachusetts Historical Society. As "the identical sword-blade used by Miles Standish" is also in possession of the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, the antiquary may take his choice between them, or credit Standish with a change of weapons. Damascus blades are swords or cimeters presenting upon their surface a variegated appearance of watering, as white, silvery, or black veins in fine lines and fillets. Such engraved blades were common in the East, and the most famous came from Damascus; the exact secret of the workmanship has never been fully discovered in the West.

10. A *fowling-piece* is a light gun for shooting birds; a *match-lock* was a musket, the lock of which held a match or piece of twisted rope prepared to retain fire. As late as 1687 matchlocks were used instead of flint-locks, which had then come into general use. In Bradford and Winslow's *Journal* (Young's *Chronicles of the Pilgrims*, p. 125), we are told of a party setting out "with every man his musket, sword, and corselet, under the conduct of Captain Miles Standish" That these muskets were matchlocks, appears from another passage in the same journal (p. 142): "Then we lighted all our matches and prepared ourselves, concluding that we were near their dwellings."

- 15 Near him was seated John Alden, his friend, and  
household companion,  
Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by  
the window;  
Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,  
Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty  
thereof, as the captives  
Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not  
Angles but Angels."  
20 Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the  
Mayflower.

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe  
interrupting,

15. Bradford, the historian of the Plymouth Plantation, says that John Alden, who was one of the Mayflower company, "was hired for a cooper, at Southampton, where the ship victualled; and being a hopeful young man, was much desired, but left to his own liking to go or stay when he came here [to Plymouth, that is]; but he stayed and married here." In this picture of Miles Standish and John Alden, some have professed to see a miniature likeness to Oliver Cromwell and John Milton.

18. The story of the first mission to heathen England is referred to here. A monk named Gregory, in the sixth century, passed through the slave-market at Rome, and there amongst other captives he saw three fair-complexioned and fair-haired boys, in striking contrast to the dusky captives about them. He asked whence they came, and was answered, "From Britain," and that they were called *Angli*, which was the Latin form of the name by which they called themselves, and from which Anglo, England. and English are derived. "*Non Angli sed Angeli*," replied Gregory; "they have the face of angels, not of Angles, and they ought to be fellow heirs of heaven." Years afterwards the story runs, when Gregory was pope, he remembered the fair captives, and sent St. Augustine to carry Christianity to them. The story will be found at length in E. A. Freeman's *Old English History for Children*, p. 44.



Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish  
the Captain of Plymouth.

"Look at these arms," he said, "the warlike  
weapons that hang here

Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade  
or inspection!

25 This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in  
Flanders; this breastplate,

Well I remember the day! once saved my life in a  
skirmish;

Here in front you can see the very dint of the  
bullet

Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arca-  
bucero.

Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones  
of Miles Standish

30 Would at this moment be mould, in their grave in  
the Flemish morasses."

Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not  
up from his writing:

"Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the  
speed of the bullet;

He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield  
and our weapon!"

Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words  
of the stripling:

35 "See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an  
arsenal hanging;

25. The history of Miles Standish is not clearly known, but he was a soldier in the Low Countries during the defence of the Netherlands against the Spanish power, and the poet has made much of this little knowledge that we have.

28. *Arcabucero* is Spanish for archer, and the same term passed over, as weapons changed, into a musketeer and gunsmith.

That is because I have done it myself, and not  
left it to others.

Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an  
excellent adage;

So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens  
and your inkhorn.

Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invin-  
cible army,

40 Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest  
and his matchlock,

Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and  
pillage,

And, like Cæsar, I know the name of each of my  
soldiers! "

This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes,  
as the sunbeams

Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again  
in a moment.

45 Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain  
continued:

" Look! you can see from this window my brazen  
howitzer planted

High on the roof of the church, a preacher who  
speaks to the purpose,

38. There is some uncertainty about the derivation of the  
word *inkhorn*. The usual interpretation refers to the custom of  
scribes carrying ink in a horn attached to their dress, but  
some etymologists make it a corruption from *intern*, the  
terminations *erne* and *eron* coming from the Saxon *ern*, *earn*, a  
secret place to put anything in, *intern* being thus a little vessel  
into which we put ink.

39. The formation of the military company was due chiefly  
to the serious losses that befel the Pilgrims during the first  
winter, leading them to make careful provision against sur-  
prises and attacks from the Indians.

47. One of the earliest structures raised by the Pilgrims was

Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic,  
Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts  
of the heathen.  
50 Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the  
Indians ;  
Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they  
try it the better, —  
Let them come if they like, be it sagamore, sachem,  
or pow-wow,  
Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Toka-  
mahamon ! ”

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully  
gazed on the landscape,  
55 Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory breath  
of the east-wind,  
Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue  
rim of the ocean,  
Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows  
and sunshine.  
Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those  
on the landscape,  
Gloom intermingled with light ; and his voice was  
subdued with emotion,  
60 Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he pro-  
ceeded :

a platform upon the hill overlooking the settlement, where they mounted five guns. They had also a common house for rendezvous, nineteen feet square, but the planting of guns upon the log-built meeting-house belongs to a later date.

52. The *sagamore* was an Indian chief of the subordinate class ; the *sachem* a principal chief ; the *pow-wow* a medicine man or conjuror.

53. Names of Indians who are mentioned in the early chronicles.

- “Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried  
Rose Standish;  
Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the  
wayside!  
She was the first to die of all who came in the  
Mayflower!  
Green above her is growing the field of wheat we  
have sown there,  
55 Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves  
of our people,  
Lest they should count them and see how many  
already have perished!”  
Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down,  
and was thoughtful.

- Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books,  
and among them  
Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and  
for binding;  
70 Bariffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries  
of Cæsar

64. The dead were buried on a bluff by the water-side during that first terrible winter, and the marks of burial were carefully effaced, lest the Indians should discover how the colony had been weakened. The tradition is preserved in *Holmes's Annals*.

70. The elaborate title of Standish's military book was: "Militarie Discipline: or the Young Artillery Man, Wherein is Discoursed and Shown the Postures both of Musket and Pike, the Exactest way, &c., Together with the Exercise of the Foot in their Motions, with much variety: As also, diverse and several Forms for the Imbatteling small or great Bodies demonstrated by the number of a single Company with their Reduce-ments. Very necessary for all such as are Studious in the Art Military. Whereunto is also added the Postures and Beneficial Use of the Halfe-Pike joyned with the Musket. With

- Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of  
 London,  
 And, as if guarded by these, between them was  
 standing the Bible.  
 Musing a moment before them, Miles Standish  
 paused, as if doubtful  
 Which of the three he should choose for his con-  
 solation and comfort,  
 75 Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous  
 campaigns of the Romans,  
 Or the Artillery practice, designed for belligerent  
 Christians.  
 Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponder-  
 ous Roman,  
 Seated himself at the window, and opened the  
 book, and in silence  
 Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-  
 marks thick on the margin,  
 80 Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle  
 was hottest,  
 Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying  
 pen of the stripling,  
 Busily writing epistles important, to go by the  
 Mayflower,  
 Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest,  
 God willing!

the way to draw up the Swedish Brigade. By Colonel William Barriffe." Barriffe was a Puritan, and added to his title-page: 'Psalmes 144: 1. Blessed be the Lord my Strength which teacheth my hands to warre and my fingers to fight.'

71. Golding was a voluminous translator, and his translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* was highly regarded. He was patronized by Sir Philip Sidney.

82. The Mayflower began her return voyage April 5, 1621. Not a single one of the emigrants returned in her, in spite of the "terrible winter."

Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible winter,  
85 Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of Priscilla,  
Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla!

II.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,  
Or an occasional sigh from the laboring heart of the Captain,  
Reading the marvellous words and achievements of Julius Cæsar.  
90 After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand, palm downwards,  
Heavily on the page: "A wonderful man was this Cæsar!  
You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow  
Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skilful!"  
Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the comely, the youthful:  
95 "Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen and his weapons.  
Somewhere have I read, but where I forget, he could dictate  
Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his memoirs."

85. Among the names of the Mayflower company are those of "Mr. William Mullines and his wife, and 2 children, Joseph and Priscila; and a servant, Robart Carter."

"Truly," continued the Captain, not heeding or hearing the other,

"Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar!"

100 Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village,

Than be second in Rome, and I think he was right when he said it.

Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many times after;

Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities he conquered;

He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded;

105 Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus!

Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders,

When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too,

And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together

There was no room for their swords? Why, he seized a shield from a soldier,

110 Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded the captains,

100. "In his journey, as he was crossing the Alps and passing by a small village of the barbarians with but few inhabitants, and those wretchedly poor, his companions asked the question among themselves by way of mockery if there were any canvassing for offices there; any contention which should be uppermost, or feuds of great men one against another. To which Cæsar made answer seriously, "For my part I had rather be the first man among these fellows, than the second man in Rome." Plutarch's *Life of Cæsar*, A. H. Clough's translation.

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Calling on each by his name, to order forward  
the ensigns;  
Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for  
their weapons;  
So he won the day, the battle of something-or-  
other.  
That's what I always say; if you wish a thing to  
be well done,  
15 You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to  
others!"

All was silent again; the Captain continued his  
reading.  
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying  
pen of the stripling  
Writing epistles important to go next day by the  
Mayflower,  
Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan  
maiden Priscilla;  
120 Every sentence began or closed with the name of  
Priscilla,  
Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the  
secret,  
Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the  
name of Priscilla!  
Finally closing his book, with a bang of the pon-  
derous cover,  
Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier ground-  
ing his musket,  
125 Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the  
Captain of Plymouth:  
"When you have finished your work, I have  
something important to tell you.

113. The account of this battle will be found in *Cæsar's Com-  
mentaries*, book II. ch. 10.



Be not however in haste; I can wait; I shall not  
be impatient!"

Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last  
of his letters,

Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful  
attention:

130 "Speak; for whenever you speak, I am always  
ready to listen,

Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles  
Standish."

Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed,  
and culling his phrases:

"'T is not good for a man to be alone, say the  
Scriptures.

This I have said before, and again and again I re-  
peat it;

135 Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and  
say it.

Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary  
and dreary;

Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of  
friendship.

Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the  
maiden Priscilla.

She is alone in the world; her father and mother  
and brother -

140 Died in the winter together; I saw her going and  
coming,

Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed  
of the dying,

139. "Mr. Molines, and his wife, his sone and his servant,  
dyed the first winter. Only his daughter Priscila survived  
and married with John Alden, who are both living and have  
11 children." *Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation*, p.  
452.

- Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself, that if ever  
There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven,  
Two have I seen and known; and the angel whose name is Priscilla  
145 Holds in my desolate life the place which the other abandoned.  
Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared to reveal it,  
Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the most part.  
Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth,  
Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions,  
150 Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier.  
Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning;  
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.  
You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language,  
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers,  
155 Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden."

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired, taciturn stripling,  
All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered,  
Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with lightness,  
Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his bosom,

- 160 Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken  
by lightning,  
Thus made answer and spake, or rather stam-  
mered than answered:  
“ Such a message as that, I am sure I should man-  
gle and mar it;  
If you would have it well done, — I am only re-  
peating your maxim, —  
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to  
others! ”
- 165 But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn  
from his purpose,  
Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Cap-  
tain of Plymouth:  
“ Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to  
gainsay it;  
But we must use it discreetly, and not waste  
powder for nothing.  
Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of  
phrases.
- 170 I can march up to a fortress and summon the place  
to surrender,  
But march up to a woman with such a proposal,  
I dare not.  
I ’m not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the  
mouth of a cannon,  
But of a thundering ‘ No ! ’ point-blank from the  
mouth of a woman,  
That I confess I ’m afraid of, nor am I ashamed  
to confess it!
- 175 So you must grant my request, for you are an  
elegant scholar,  
Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turn-  
ing of phrases.”  
Taking the hand of his friend, who still was retu-  
tant and doubtful,

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Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly,  
he added :

“ Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is  
the feeling that prompts me ;

180 Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name  
of our friendship ! ”

Then made answer John Alden : “ The name of  
friendship is sacred ;

What you demand in that name, I have not the  
power to deny you ! ”

So the strong will prevailed, subduing and mould-  
ing the gentler,

Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went  
on his errand.

III.

THE LOVER'S ERRAND.

185 So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on  
his errand,

Out of the street of the village, and into the paths  
of the forest,

Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and rob-  
ins were building

Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gar-  
dens of verdure,

Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and  
freedom.

190 All around him was calm, but within him commo-  
tion and conflict,

Love contending with friendship, and self with  
each generous impulse.

188. Compare the *populous nests* in *Evangeline*, l. 126. In  
the *hanging gardens of verdure* there is reference to the famous  
hanging gardens of Babylon.

To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing,  
As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel,  
Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean !  
195 "Must I relinquish it all," he cried with a wild lamentation, —  
"Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion?  
Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshipped in silence?  
Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the shadow  
Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New England ?  
200 Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of corruption  
Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion;  
Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan.  
All is clear to me now; I feel it, I see it distinctly!  
This is the hand of the Lord; it is laid upon me in anger,  
205 For I have followed too much the heart's desires and devices,  
Worshipping Astaroth blindly, and impious idols of Baal.  
This is the cross I must bear; the sin and the swift retribution."

206. *Astaroth*, in the Old Testament Scripture, is the form used for the principal female divinity, as *Baal* of the principal male divinity of the Phœnicians.

- So through the Plymouth woods John Alden  
went on his errand;  
Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled  
over pebble and shallow,  
210 Gathering still, as he went, the Mayflowers bloom-  
ing around him,  
Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and won-  
derful sweetness,  
Children lost in the woods, and covered with  
leaves in their slumber.  
“Puritan flowers,” he said, “and the type of Pu-  
ritan maidens,  
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of  
Priscilla!  
215 So I will take them to her; to Priscilla the May-  
flower of Plymouth,  
Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift  
will I take them;  
Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and  
wither and perish,  
Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the  
giver.”  
So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went  
on his errand;  
220 Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the  
ocean,  
Sailless, sombre and cold with the comfortless  
breath of the east-wind;

210. The *Mayflower* is the well-known *Epigæa repens*, some-  
times also called the Trailing Arbutus. The name *Mayflower*  
was familiar in England, as the application of it to the historic  
ship shows, but it was applied by the English, and is still, to  
the hawthorn. Its use here in connection with *Epigæa repens*  
dates from a very early day, some claiming that the first Pil-  
grims so used it, in affectionate memory of the vessel and its  
English flower associations.

- Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a  
meadow;  
 Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical  
voice of Priscilla  
 Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puri-  
tan anthem,  
 325 Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the  
Psalmist,  
 Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and com-  
forting many.  
 Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form  
of the maiden  
 Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like  
a snow-drift  
 Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the  
ravenous spindle,  
 330 While with her foot on the treadle she guided the  
wheel in its motion.  
 Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-  
book of Ainsworth,  
 Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music  
together,

224. The words in the version which Priscilla used sound somewhat rude to modern ears, but the music is substantially what we know as Old Hundred. The poet tells us (l. 231) that it was Ainsworth's translation which she used. Ainsworth became a Brownist in 1590, suffered persecution, and found refuge in Holland, where he published learned commentaries and translations. His version of Psalm c. is as follows:—

1. Bow to Jehovah all the earth.
2. Serve ye Jehovah with gladness; before him come with singing-mirth.
3. Know that Jehovah he God is. It's he that made us and not we; his flock and sheep of his feeding.
4. Oh, with confession enter ye his gates, his courtyard with praising. Confess to him, bless ye his name.
5. Because Jehovah he good is; his mercy ever is the same, and his faith unto all ages.

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Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall  
of a churchyard,  
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of  
the verses.

235 Such was the book from whose pages she sang the  
old Puritan anthem,

She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,  
Making the humble house and the modest apparel  
of home-spun

Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the  
wealth of her being!

Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and  
cold and relentless,

240 Thoughts of what might have been, and the  
weight and woe of his errand;

All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes  
that had vanished,

All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless  
mansion,

Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful  
faces.

Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he  
said it,

245 "Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough  
look backwards;

Though the ploughshare cut through the flowers  
of life to its fountains,

Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and  
the hearths of the living,

It is the will of the Lord; and his mercy endureth  
forever!"

So he entered the house; and the hum of the  
wheel and the singing

250 Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused by his  
step on the threshold,



- Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in  
signal of welcome,  
Saying, "I knew it was you, when I heard your  
step in the passage;  
For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing  
and spinning."  
Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought  
of him had been mingled  
255 Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the  
heart of the maiden,  
Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flow-  
ers for an answer,  
Finding no words for his thought. He remem-  
bered that day in the winter,  
After the first great snow, when he broke a path  
from the village,  
Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that  
encumbered the doorway,  
260 Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered  
the house, and Priscilla  
Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat  
by the fireside,  
Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of  
her in the snow-storm.  
Had he but spoken then! perhaps not in vain had  
he spoken;  
Now it was all too late; the golden moment had  
vanished!  
265 So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flow-  
ers for an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and  
the beautiful Spring-time;  
Talked of their friends at home, and the May-  
flower that sailed on the morrow.

"I have been thinking all day," said gently the  
Puritan maiden,

"Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the  
hedge-rows of England, —

27c They are in blossom now, and the country is all  
like a garden;

Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the  
lark and the linnet,

Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of  
neighbors

Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip to-  
gether,

And, at the end of the street, the village church,  
with the ivy

275 Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves  
in the churchyard.

Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me  
my religion;

Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in  
Old England.

You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it: I  
almost

Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely  
and wretched."

28o Thereupon answered the youth: "Indeed I do  
not condemn you;

Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this  
terrible winter.

Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger  
to lean on;

So I have come to you now, with an offer and  
proffer of marriage

Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the  
Captain of Plymouth!"

- 285 Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous  
writer of letters, —  
Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases,  
But came straight to the point, and blurted it out  
like a school-boy;  
Even the Captain himself could hardly have said  
it more bluntly.  
Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the  
Puritan maiden  
290 Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with  
wonder,  
Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her  
and rendered her speechless;  
Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the  
ominous silence:  
"If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager  
to wed me,  
Why does he not come himself, and take the  
trouble to woo me?  
295 If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not  
worth the winning!"  
Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing  
the matter,  
Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain  
was busy, —  
Had no time for such things; — such things! the  
words grating harshly  
Fell on the ear of Priscilla; and swift as a flash  
she made answer:  
300 "Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before  
he is married,  
Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after  
the wedding?  
That is the way with you men; you don't understand  
us, you cannot.

- When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one,  
Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,  
305 Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal,  
And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman  
Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,  
Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.  
This is not right nor just; for surely a woman's affection  
310 Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.  
When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.  
Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me,  
Even this Captain of yours — who knows? — at last might have won me,  
Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen."
- 315 Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla,  
Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding;  
Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders,  
How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction,  
How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth;

- 320 He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree  
plainly  
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in  
Lancashire, England,  
Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of  
Thurston de Standish;  
Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely  
defrauded,  
Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest  
a cock argent
- 325 Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the  
blazon.  
He was a man of honor, of noble and generous  
nature;  
Though he was rough, he was kindly; she knew  
how during the winter  
He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle  
as woman's;

321. "There are at this time in England two ancient families of the name, one of Standish Hall, and the other of Duxbury Park, both in Lancashire, who trace their descent from a common ancestor, Ralph de Standish, living in 1221. There seems always to have been a military spirit in the family. Froissart, relating in his *Chronicles* the memorable meeting between Richard II. and Wat Tyler, says that after the rebel was struck from his horse by William Walworth, 'then a squyer of the kynges altyed, called John Standysshe, and he drewe out his sworde, and put into Wat Tyler's belye, and so he dyed.' For this act Standish was knighted. In 1415 another Sir John Standish fought at the battle of Agincourt. From his giving the name of Duxbury to the town where he settled, near Plymouth, and calling his eldest son Alexander (a common name in the Standish family), I have no doubt that Miles was a scion 'rom this ancient and warlike stock.'" Young's *Chronicles of the Pilgrims*, foot-note, p. 125.

325. Terms of heraldry. *Argent* is silver and *gules* red.

Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it,  
and headstrong,  
330 Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and  
placable always,  
Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was  
little of stature;  
For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly,  
courageous;  
Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in  
England,  
Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of  
Miles Standish!

335 But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and  
eloquent language,  
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of  
his rival,  
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes over-  
running with laughter,  
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you  
speak for yourself, John?"

IV.

JOHN ALDEN.

Into the open air John Alden, perplexed and be-  
wildered,  
340 Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by  
the sea-side;  
Paced up and down the sands, and bared his head  
to the east-wind,  
Cooling his heated brow, and the fire and fever  
within him.  
Slowly, as out of the heavens, with apocalyptic  
splendors,

Sank the City of God, in the vision of John the  
Apostle,  
345 So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper, and  
sapphire,  
Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets up-  
lifted  
Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who  
measured the city.

“Welcome, O wind of the East!” he exclaimed  
in his wild exultation,  
“Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves  
of the misty Atlantic!  
350 Blowing o’er fields of dulse, and measureless  
meadows of sea-grass,  
Blowing o’er rocky wastes, and the grottos and  
gardens of ocean!  
Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead,  
and wrap me  
Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever  
within me!”

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was  
moaning and tossing,  
355 Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of  
the sea-shore.  
Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of  
passions contending;  
Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship  
wounded and bleeding,  
Passionate cries of desire, and importunate plead-  
ings of duty!  
“Is it my fault,” he said, “that the maiden has  
chosen between us?”

344 See the last chapter of the Book of Revelation.

360 Is it my fault that he failed, — my fault that I am  
the victor? ”

Then within him there thundered a voice, like the  
voice of the Prophet:

“It hath displeased the Lord!” — and he thought  
of David’s transgression,

Bathsheba’s beautiful face, and his friend in the  
front of the battle!

Shame and confusion of guilt, and abasement and  
self-condemnation,

365 Overwhelmed him at once; and he cried in the  
deepest contrition:

“It hath displeased the Lord! It is the tempta-  
tion of Satan!”

Then, uplifting his head, he looked at the sea,  
and beheld there

Dimly the shadowy form of the Mayflower riding  
at anchor,

Rocked on the rising tide, and ready to sail on  
the morrow;

370 Heard the voices of men through the mist, the  
rattle of cordage

Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the mate, and  
the sailors’ “Ay, ay, Sir!”

Clear and distinct, but not loud, in the dripping  
air of the twilight.

Still for a moment he stood, and listened, and  
stared at the vessel,

Then went hurriedly on, as one who, seeing a  
phantom,

375 Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows the  
beckoning shadow.

“Yes, it is plain to me now,” he murmured;  
“the hand of the Lord is



- Leading me out of the land of darkness, the bondage of error,  
Through the sea, that shall lift the walls of its waters around me,  
Hiding me, cutting me off, from the cruel thoughts that pursue me.
- 380 Back will I go o'er the ocean, this dreary land will abandon,  
Her whom I may not love, and him whom my heart has offended.  
Better to be in my grave in the green old churchyard in England,  
Close by my mother's side, and among the dust of my kindred;  
Better be dead and forgotten, than living in shame and dishonor!
- 385 Sacred and safe and unseen, in the dark of the narrow chamber  
With me my secret shall lie, like a buried jewel that glimmers  
Bright on the hand that is dust, in the chambers of silence and darkness, —  
Yes, as the marriage ring of the great espousal hereafter! "

- Thus as he spake, he turned, in the strength of his strong resolution,
- 390 Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried along in the twilight,  
Through the congenial gloom of the forest silent and sombre,  
Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of Plymouth,

392. In a letter written by Edward Winslow, December 11 1621, to a friend in England, he says: "You shall understand

Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist of  
the evening.

Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable  
Captain

395 Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages  
of Cæsar,

Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or  
Brabant or Flanders.

"Long have you been on your errand," he said  
with a cheery demeanor,

Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears  
not the issue.

"Not far off is the house, although the woods are  
between us;

400 But you have lingered so long, that while you  
were going and coming

I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished  
a city.

Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that  
has happened."

Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous  
adventure,

From beginning to end, minutely, just as it happened;

405 How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped  
in his courtship,

Only smoothing a little, and softening down her  
refusal.

But when he came at length to the words Priscilla  
had spoken,

that in this little time that a few of us have been here, we  
have built seven dwelling-houses and four for the use of the  
plantation." *Young's Chronicles*, p. 230.

Words so tender and cruel: "Why don't you  
speak for yourself, John?"

Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped  
on the floor, till his armor

410 Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a sound  
of sinister omen.

All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden ex-  
plosion,

E'en as a hand-grenade, that scatters destruction  
around it.

Wildly he shouted, and loud: "John Alden! you  
have betrayed me!

Me, Miles Standish, your friend! have supplanted,  
defrauded, betrayed me!

415 One of my ancestors ran his sword through the  
heart of Wat Tyler;

Who shall prevent me from running my own  
through the heart of a traitor?

Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason  
to friendship!

You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished  
and loved as a brother;

You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my  
cup, to whose keeping

420 I have intrusted my honor, my thoughts the most  
sacred and secret, —

You too, Brutus! ah woe to the name of friend-  
ship hereafter!

Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you were mine,  
but henceforward

Let there be nothing between us save war, and  
implacable hatred!"

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode  
about in the chamber,

- 425 Chafing and choking with rage; like cords were  
the veins on his temples.  
But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at  
the doorway,  
Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent  
importance,  
Rumors of danger and war and hostile incursions  
of Indians!  
Straightway the Captain paused, and, without fur-  
ther question or parley,  
430 Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its  
scabbard of iron,  
Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning  
fiercely, departed.  
Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the  
scabbard  
Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in  
the distance.  
Then he arose from his seat, and looked forth into  
the darkness,  
435 Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot  
with the insult,  
Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and, folding his  
hands as in childhood,  
Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who  
seeth in secret.

- Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrath-  
ful away to the council,  
Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting  
his coming;  
440 Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in de-  
portment,  
Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to  
heaven,

- Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder  
 of Plymouth.  
 God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat  
 for this planting,  
 Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a  
 nation;  
 445 So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of  
 the people!  
 Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude  
 stern and defiant,  
 Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious  
 in aspect;  
 While on the table before them was lying unopened  
 a Bible,  
 Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed  
 in Holland,  
 450 And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattlesnake  
 glittered,

442. Elder William Brewster. The elder of the Pilgrim Church was the minister who taught and administered the sacraments. He was assisted also by an officer named the ruling elder, whose function was much the same as that of the deacon in Congregational churches at the present day. The teaching elder included ruling among his duties; the ruling elder sometimes taught in the absence of his superior; the teaching elder was maintained by the people; the ruling elder was not withdrawn from other occupations, and maintained himself. Brewster was the ruling elder in the little Plymouth Church, but in the absence of Robinson was also their teacher.

443. In Stoughton's election sermon of 1668 occurs the first use, apparently, of this oft-quoted phrase: "God sifted a whole nation that he might send a choice grain over into this wilderness."

449. The Genevan Bible was the favorite version of the Puritans, and was clung to long after the King James version had been issued. Owing to obstacles in England, the Bible was frequently printed on the Continent, once at any rate at Amsterdam.

450. As a matter of history, the first recorded instance of the

Filled, like a quiver, with arrows: a signal and  
challenge of warfare,  
Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy  
tongues of defiance.  
This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and  
heard them debating  
What were an answer befitting the hostile message  
and menace,  
455 Talking of this and of that, contriving, suggesting,  
objecting;  
One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the  
Elder,  
Judging it wise and well that some at least were  
converted,  
Rather than any were slain, for this was but  
Christian behavior !  
Then out spake Miles Standish, the stalwart Cap-  
tain of Plymouth,  
460 Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was  
husky with anger,  
“ What! do you mean to make war with milk and  
the water of roses?

rattlesnake skin challenge was in January, 1622, when Tisquantum the Indian brought a defiance from Canonicus, and the governor returned the skin stuffed with bullets. Holmes, in his *Annals* (i. 177), reminds the reader: “There is a remarkable coincidence in the form of this challenge given by the Scythian prince to Darius. Five arrows made a part of the present sent by his herald to the Persian king. The manner of declaring war by the Aracaunian Indians of South America was by sending from town to town an arrow clinched in a dead man’s hand.”

457. The poet here has used the words of John Robinson to the colonists after the first encounter with the Indians: “Oh, how happy a thing had it been, if you had converted some before you had killed any !”

- Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer  
planted  
There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot  
red devils?  
Truly the only tongue that is understood by a  
savage  
465 Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the  
mouth of the cannon!"
- Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder  
of Plymouth,  
Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent  
language:  
"Not so thought Saint Paul, nor yet the other  
Apostles;  
Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of  
fire they spake with!"
- 470 But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Cap-  
tain,  
Who had advanced to the table, and thus con-  
tinued discoursing:  
"Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it  
pertaineth.  
War is a terrible trade; but in the cause that is  
righteous,  
Sweet is the smell of powder; and thus I answer  
the challenge!"
- 475 Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sud-  
den, contemptuous gesture,  
Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder  
and bullets  
Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the  
savage,  
Saying, in thundering tones: "Here, take it  
this is your answer!"

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Silently out of the room then glided the glistening  
savage,  
480 Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself  
like a serpent,  
Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths  
of the forest.

V.

THE SAILING OF THE MAYFLOWER.

Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mists up-  
rose from the meadows,  
There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering  
village of Plymouth;  
Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order im-  
perative, "Forward!"  
485 Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and  
then silence.  
Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of  
the village.  
Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his  
valorous army,  
Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of  
the white men,  
Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of  
the savage.  
490 Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty  
men of King David;  
Giants in heart they were, who believed in God  
and the Bible,—  
Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and  
Philistines.  
Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of  
morning;



Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows,  
advancing,  
495 Fired along the line, and in regular order re-  
treated.

Many a mile had they marched, when at length  
the village of Plymouth  
Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold labors.  
Sweet was the air and soft; and slowly the smoke  
from the chimneys  
Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily  
eastward;  
500 Men came forth from the doors, and paused and  
talked of the weather,  
Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing  
fair for the Mayflower;  
Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the  
dangers that menaced,  
He being gone, the town, and what should be done  
in his absence.  
Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of  
women  
505 Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the  
household.  
Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows re-  
joiced at his coming;  
Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the  
mountains;  
Beautiful on the sails of the Mayflower riding at  
anchor,  
Battered and blackened and worn by all the  
storms of the winter.  
510 Loosely against her masts was hanging and flapping  
her canvas,

Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands  
of the sailors.

Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the  
ocean,

Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward; anon  
rang

Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and  
the echoes

515 Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of  
departure!

Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of  
the people!

Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read  
from the Bible,

Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fer-  
vent entreaty!

Then from their houses in haste came forth the  
Pilgrims of Plymouth,

520 Men and women and children, all hurrying down  
to the sea-shore,

Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the  
Mayflower,

Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them  
here in the desert.

Foremost them among was Alden. All night he  
had lain without slumber,

Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest  
of his fever.

525 He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back  
late from the council,

Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and  
murmur,

Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it  
sounded like swearing.

- Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a  
moment in silence;  
Then he had turned away, and said: "I will not  
awake him;  
530 Let him sleep on, it is best; for what is the use of  
more talking!"  
Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself  
down on his pallet,  
Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break  
of the morning. —  
Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his  
campaigns in Flanders, —  
Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac, ready for  
action.
- 535 But with the dawn he arose; in the twilight Alden  
beheld him  
Put on his corselet of steel, and all the rest of his  
armor,  
Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damas-  
cus,  
Take from the corner his musket, and so stride  
out of the chamber.  
Often the heart of the youth had burned and  
yearned to embrace him,  
540 Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for  
pardon;  
All the old friendship came back with its tender  
and grateful emotions;  
But his pride overmastered the nobler nature  
within him, —  
Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burn-  
ing fire of the insult.  
So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but  
spoke not,

545 Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death,  
and he spake not!  
Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the  
people were saying,  
Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and  
Richard and Gilbert,  
Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading  
of Scripture,  
And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down  
to the sea-shore,  
550 Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to  
their feet as a doorstep  
Into a world unknown, — the corner-stone of a  
nation!

There with his boat was the Master, already a  
little impatient  
Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might  
shift to the eastward,  
Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odor of  
ocean about him,  
555 Speaking with this one and that, and cramming  
letters and parcels  
Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled  
together  
Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly  
bewildered.  
Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed  
on the gunwale,  
One still firm on the rock, and talking at times  
with the sailors,  
560 Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager  
for starting.

547. The names are not taken at random. Stephen Hopkins, Richard Warren, and Gilbert Winslow were all among the *Mayflower* passengers, and were alive at this time.

- He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to his  
anguish,  
Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than  
keel is or canvas,  
Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would  
rise and pursue him.  
But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form  
of Priscilla  
565 Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all  
that was passing.  
Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined  
his intention,  
Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, implor-  
ing, and patient,  
That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled  
from its purpose,  
As from the verge of a crag, where one step more  
is destruction.  
570 Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mys-  
terious instincts!  
Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are  
moments,  
Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the  
wall adamantine!  
“Here I remain!” he exclaimed, as he looked at  
the heavens above him,  
Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered  
the mist and the madness,  
575 Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was stagger-  
ing headlong.  
“Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether  
above me,  
Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning  
over the ocean.  
There is another hand, that is not so spectral and  
ghost-like,

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Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine  
for protection.  
580 Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the  
ether!  
Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt  
me; I heed not  
• Either your warning or menace, or any omen of  
evil!  
There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so  
wholesome,  
As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is  
pressed by her footsteps.  
585 Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible  
presence  
Hover around her forever, protecting, supporting  
her weakness;  
Yes! as my foot was the first that stepped on this  
rock at the landing,  
So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last  
at the leaving!"

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified  
air and important,  
590 Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind  
and the weather,  
Walked about on the sands, and the people crowded  
around him  
Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful  
remembrance.  
Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were  
grasping a tiller,  
Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to  
his vessel,  
595 Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and  
flurry,

Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness  
and sorrow,  
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing  
but Gospel!  
Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell  
of the Pilgrims.  
O strong hearts and true! not one went back in  
the Mayflower!  
600 No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to  
this ploughing!

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs  
of the sailors  
Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the  
ponderous anchor.  
Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to  
the west-wind,  
Blowing steady and strong; and the Mayflower  
sailed from the harbor,  
605 Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far  
to the southward  
Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First  
Encounter,  
Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the  
open Atlantic,  
Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling  
hearts of the Pilgrims.

605. The Gurnet, or Gurnet's Nose, is a headland connecting with Marshfield by a beach about seven miles long. On its southern extremity are two light-houses which light the entrance to Plymouth Harbor.

606. "So after we had given God thanks for our deliverance, we took our shallop and went on our journey, and called this place The First Encounter." Bradford and Winslow's *Journal* in Young's *Chronicles*, p. 159. The place on the Eastham shore marked the spot where the Pilgrims had their first en-

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Long in silence they watched the receding sail  
of the vessel,  
610 Much endeared to them all, as something living  
and human;  
Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a  
vision prophetic,  
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of  
Plymouth  
Said, "Let us pray!" and they prayed, and  
thanked the Lord and took courage.  
Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the  
rock, and above them  
615 Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of  
death, and their kindred  
Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in  
the prayer that they uttered.  
Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of  
the ocean  
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in  
a graveyard;  
Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escap-  
ing.  
620 Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form  
of an Indian,  
Watching them from the hill; but while they  
spake with each other,  
Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying,  
"Look!" he had vanished.  
So they returned to their homes; but Alden lin-  
gered a little,  
Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash  
of the billows

counter with the Indians, December 8, 1620. A party under  
Miles Standish was exploring the country while the Mayflower  
was at anchor in Provincetown Harbor.



625 Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and  
flash of the sunshine,  
Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the  
waters.

## VI.

## PRISCILLA.

Thus for a while he stood, and mused by the  
shore of the ocean,  
Thinking of many things, and most of all of Priscilla;  
And as if thought had the power to draw to itself,  
like the loadstone,  
630 Whatsoever it touches, by subtile laws of its nature,  
Lo! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing  
beside him.

“Are you so much offended, you will not speak  
to me?” said she.  
“Am I so much to blame, that yesterday, when  
you were pleading  
Warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive  
and wayward,  
635 Pleaded your own, and spake out, forgetful perhaps  
of decorum?  
Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so  
frankly, for saying  
What I ought not to have said, yet now I can  
never unsay it;  
For there are moments in life, when the heart is  
so full of emotion,

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- That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths  
like a pebble  
640 Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its se-  
cret,  
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gath-  
ered together.  
Yesterday I was shocked, when I heard you speak  
of Miles Standish,  
Praising his virtues, transforming his very defects  
into virtues,  
Praising his courage and strength, and even his  
fighting in Flanders,  
645 As if by fighting alone you could win the heart of  
a woman,  
Quite overlooking yourself and the rest, in exalt-  
ing your hero.  
Therefore I spake as I did, by an irresistible im-  
pulse.  
You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the  
friendship between us,  
Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily  
broken ! ”  
650 Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar, the  
friend of Miles Standish :  
“ I was not angry with you, with myself alone I  
was angry,  
Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in  
my keeping.”  
“ No ! ” interrupted the maiden, with answer  
prompt and decisive;  
“ No; you were angry with me, for speaking so  
frankly and freely.  
655 It was wrong, I acknowledge; for it is the fate of  
a woman  
Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost  
that is speechless,

Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of  
its silence.

Hence is the inner life of so many suffering  
women

Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean  
rivers

660 Running through caverns of darkness, unheard,  
unseen, and unfruitful,

Chafing their channels of stone, with endless and  
profitless murmurs."

Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man,  
the lover of women:

"Heaven forbid it, Priscilla; and truly they seem  
to me always

More like the beautiful rivers that watered the  
garden of Eden,

665 More like the river Euphrates, through deserts of  
Havilah flowing,

Filling the land with delight, and memories sweet  
of the garden!"

"Ah, by these words, I can see," again inter-  
rupted the maiden,

"How very little you prize me, or care for what I  
am saying.

When from the depths of my heart, in pain and  
with secret misgiving,

670 Frankly I speak to you, asking for sympathy only  
and kindness,

Straightway you take up my words, that are plain  
and direct and in earnest,

Turn them away from their meaning, and answer  
with flattering phrases.

659. Compare Coleridge, —

"Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man,  
Down to a sunless sea."

*Vision of Kubla Khan.*

- This is not right, is not just, is not true to the best  
that is in you;  
For I know and esteem you, and feel that your  
nature is noble,  
675 Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal level.  
Therefore I value your friendship, and feel it per-  
haps the more keenly  
If you say aught that implies I am only as one  
among many,  
If you make use of those common and complimen-  
tary phrases  
Most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking  
with women,  
680 But which women reject as insipid, if not as in-  
sulting."

- Mute and amazed was Alden; and listened and  
looked at Priscilla,  
Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more  
divine in her beauty.  
He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly the cause  
of another,  
Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seeking  
in vain for an answer.  
685 So the maiden went on, and little divined or im-  
agined  
What was at work in his heart, that made him so  
awkward and speechless.  
"Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what  
we think, and in all things  
Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred  
professions of friendship.  
It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to de-  
clare it :  
590 I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak  
with you always.

So I was hurt at your words, and a little affronted  
to hear you

Urge me to marry your friend, though he were the  
Captain Miles Standish.

For I must tell you the truth : much more to me is  
your friendship

Than all the love he could give, were he twice the  
hero you think him."

695 Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who  
eagerly grasped it,

Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching  
and bleeding so sorely,

Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said,  
with a voice full of feeling:

"Yes, we must ever be friends; and of all who of-  
fer you friendship

Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest  
and dearest!"

700 Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail  
of the Mayflower

Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the  
horizon,

Homeward together they walked, with a strange,  
indefinite feeling,

That all the rest had departed and left them alone  
in the desert.

But, as they went through the fields in the bless-  
ing and smile of the sunshine,

705 Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said very  
archly:

"Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pur-  
suit of the Indians,

Where he is happier far than he would be com-  
manding a household,

You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that  
happened between you,  
When you returned last night, and said how un-  
grateful you found me."

710 Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her  
the whole of the story, —

Told her his own despair, and the direful wrath of  
Miles Standish.

Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between  
laughing and earnest,

"He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a  
moment!"

But as he gently rebuked her, and told her how  
he had suffered, —

715 How he had even determined to sail that day in  
the Mayflower,

And had remained for her sake, on hearing the  
dangers that threatened, —

All her manner was changed, and she said with a  
faltering accent,

"Truly I thank you for this: how good you have  
been to me always!"

Thus, as a pilgrim devout, who toward Jeru-  
salem journeys,

720 Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly  
backward,

Urged by importunate zeal, and withheld by  
pangs of contrition;

Slowly but steadily onward, receding yet ever  
advancing,

Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy Land  
of his longings,

Urged by the fervor of love, and withheld by re-  
morseful misgivings.

## VII.

## THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH.

- 725 Meanwhile the stalwart Miles Standish was march-  
ing steadily northward,  
Winding through forest and swamp, and along the  
trend of the sea-shore,  
All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his  
anger  
Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous  
odor of powder  
Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all the  
scents of the forest.
- 730 Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved  
his discomfort;  
He who was used to success, and to easy victories  
always,  
Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn  
by a maiden,  
Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend  
whom most he had trusted!  
Ah! 't was too much to be borne, and he fretted  
and chafed in his armor!
- 735 "I alone am to blame," he muttered, "for  
mine was the folly.  
What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and  
gray in the harness,  
Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the  
wooing of maidens?  
'T was but a dream, — let it pass, — let it vanish  
like so many others!  
What I thought was a flower, is only a weed, and  
is worthless;

740 Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it  
away, and henceforward  
Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer of  
dangers! ”  
Thus he revolved in his mind his sorry defeat and  
discomfort,  
While he was marching by day or lying at night  
in the forest,  
Looking up at the trees and the constellations  
beyond them.

745 After a three days' march he came to an In-  
dian encampment  
Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the  
sea and the forest;  
Women at work by the tents, and the warriors,  
horrid with war-paint,  
Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking to-  
gether;  
Who, when they saw from afar the sudden ap-  
proach of the white men,  
750 Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate and sabre  
and musket,  
Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from  
among them advancing,  
Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs  
as a present;  
Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts  
there was hatred.  
Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers  
gigantic in stature,

745. The poet has taken his material for this expedition of Standish's from the report in Winslow's *Relation of Standish's Expedition against the Indians of Weymouth, and the breaking up of Weston's Colony at that place*, in March, 1623, as given in Dr. Young's *Chronicles*.



- 755 Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king  
of Bashan;  
One was Pecksuot named, and the other was  
called Wattawamat.  
Round their necks were suspended their knives  
in scabbards of wampum,  
Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp  
as a needle.  
Other arms had they none, for they were cunning  
and crafty.
- 760 "Welcome, English!" they said, — these words  
they had learned from the traders  
Touching at times on the coast, to barter and  
chaffer for peltries.  
Then in their native tongue they began to parley  
with Standish,  
Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok,  
friend of the white man,  
Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for  
muskets and powder,
- 765 Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with  
the plague, in his cellars,  
Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the  
red man!  
But when Standish refused, and said he would  
give them the Bible,  
Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast  
and to bluster.  
Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front  
of the other,
- 770 And, with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly  
spoke to the Captain:  
"Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of  
the Captain,  
Angry is he in his heart; but the heart of the  
brave Wattawamat

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Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born of a  
woman,  
But on a mountain, at night, from an oak-tree  
riven by lightning,  
775 Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weapons  
about him,  
Shouting, 'Who is there here to fight with the  
brave Wattawamat?' "  
Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the  
blade on his left hand,  
Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the  
handle,  
Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister  
meaning:  
780 "I have another at home, with the face of a man  
on the handle;  
By and by they shall marry; and there will be  
plenty of children!"

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, in-  
sulting Miles Standish;  
While with his fingers he patted the knife that  
hung at his bosom,

775. "Among the rest Wituwamat bragged of the excellency  
of his knife. On the end of the handle there was pictured a  
woman's face; 'but,' said he, 'I have another at home where-  
with I have killed both French and English, and that hath a  
man's face on it, and by and by these two must marry.' Fur-  
ther he said of that knife he there had, *Hinnaim namen, hin-  
naim michen, matta cuts*; that is to say, By and by it should  
see, and by and by it should eat, but not speak. Also Peck-  
suot, being a man of greater stature than the captain, told him,  
though he were a great captain, yet he was but a little man;  
and, said he, though I be no sachem, yet I am a man of great  
strength and courage." Winslow's *Relation*. The poet turns  
the whole incident of Standish's parley and killing of the In-  
dians into a more open and brave piece of conduct than the  
chronicle admits.

Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it  
back, as he muttered,

785 "By and by it shall see; it shall eat; ah, ha! but  
shall speak not!

This is the mighty Captain the white men have  
sent to destroy us!

He is a little man; let him go and work with the  
women!"

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and  
figures of Indians

Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in  
the forest,

790 Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on  
their bow-strings,

Drawing about him still closer and closer the net  
of their ambush.

But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and  
treated them smoothly;

So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the  
days of the fathers.

But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the  
taunt, and the insult,

795 All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of  
Thurston de Standish,

Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the  
veins of his temples.

Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching  
his knife from its scabbard,

Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward,  
the savage

Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike  
fierceness upon it.

800 Straight there arose from the forest the awful  
sound of the war-whoop,

And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind  
of December,

Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of  
feathery arrows.

Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud  
came the lightning,

Out of the lightning thunder; and death unseen  
ran before it.

805 Frightened the savages fled for shelter in swamp  
and in thicket,

Hotly pursued and beset; but their sachem, the  
brave Wattawamat,

Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving and swift  
had a bullet

Passed through his brain, and he fell with both  
hands clutching the greensward,

Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the  
land of his fathers.

810 There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors  
lay, and above them,

Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend  
of the white man.

Smiling at length he exclaimed to the stalwart  
Captain of Plymouth :

“Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his  
strength and his stature, —

811. “Hobbamock stood by all this time as a spectator, and meddled not, observing how our men demeaned themselves in this action. All being here ended, smiling, he brake forth into these speeches to the Captain: ‘Yesterday Pecksuot, bragging of his own strength and stature, said, though you were a great captain, yet you were but a little man; but to-day I see you are big enough to lay him on the ground.’” Winslow's *Relation*.

Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little  
man; but I see now  
815 Big enough have you been to lay him speechless  
before you!"

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the  
stalwart Miles Standish.  
When the tidings thereof were brought to the vil-  
lage of Plymouth,  
And as a trophy of war the head of the brave  
Wattawamat  
Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once  
was a church and a fortress,  
820 All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord,  
and took courage.  
Only Priscilla averted her face from this spectre  
of terror,  
Thanking God in her heart that she had not mar-  
ried Miles Standish;  
Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, coming home from  
his battles,  
He should lay claim to her hand, as the prize and  
reward of his valor.

818. "Now was the Captain returned and received with joy,  
the head being brought to the fort, and there set up." Wins-  
low's *Relation*. The custom of exposing the heads of offenders  
in this way was familiar enough to the Plymouth people before  
they left England. As late as the year 1747 the heads of the  
lords who were concerned in the Scot's Rebellion were set up  
over Temple Bar, in London.

VIII.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

- 825 Month after month passed away, and in Autumn  
the ships of the merchants  
Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and  
corn for the Pilgrims.  
All in the village was peace; the men, were intent  
on their labors,  
Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot  
and with merestead,  
Busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing the  
grass in the meadows,  
830 Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the  
deer in the forest.  
All in the village was peace; but at times the  
rumor of warfare  
Filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension of  
danger.  
Bravely the stalwart Standish was scouring the  
land with his forces,  
Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien  
armies,  
835 Till his name had become a sound of fear to the  
nations.  
Anger was still in his heart, but at times the re-  
morse and contrition

825. The poet again has moved the narrative forward, taking Standish's return from his expedition as the date from which after events are measured. The Anne and the Little James came at the beginning of August, 1623.

828. *Mere* or *meare* in Old English is boundary, and *merestead* becomes 'the bounded lot. The first entry in the records of Plymouth Colony is an incomplete list of "The Meersteads and Garden-plotes of those which came first, layed out, 1620."

Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate  
outbreak,  
Came like a rising tide, that encounters the rush  
of a river,  
Staying its current awhile, but making it bitter  
and brackish.

- 840    Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new  
         habitation,  
         Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from the  
         firs of the forest.  
         Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was  
         covered with rushes ;  
         Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes  
         were of paper,  
         Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were  
         excluded.
- 845    There too he dug a well, and around it planted an  
         orchard:  
         Still may be seen to this day some trace of the  
         well and the orchard.  
         Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and  
         secure from annoyance,

843. When the *Fortune* which visited the colony in November, 1621, returned to England, Edward Winslow wrote by it a letter of advice to those who were thinking of emigrating to America, in which he says: "Bring paper and linseed oil for your windows." Even in the time of Henry VIII. in England, glass windows were considered a luxury. When the Duke of Northumberland, in Elizabeth's time, left Alnwick Castle to come to London for the winter, the few glass windows which formed one of the luxuries of the castle were carefully taken out and laid away, perhaps carried to London to adorn the city residence.

846. The Alden family still retain John Alden's homestead in Duxbury, and the present house is said to stand on the site of the one originally built there.

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Raghorn, the snow-white bull, that had fallen to  
Alden's allotment  
In the division of cattle, might ruminate in the  
night-time  
850 Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by  
sweet pennyroyal.

Oft when his labor was finished, with eager feet  
would the dreamer  
Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to  
the house of Priscilla,  
Led by illusions romantic and subtile deceptions  
of fancy,  
Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the sem-  
blance of friendship.  
855 Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the  
walls of his dwelling;  
Ever of her he thought, when he delved in the soil  
of his garden;  
Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible  
on Sunday  
Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described  
in the Proverbs, —  
How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in  
her always,  
860 How all the days of her life she will do him good,  
and not evil,  
How she seeketh the wool and the flax and work-  
eth with gladness,  
How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth  
the distaff,  
How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or  
her household,  
Knowing her household are clothed with the scar-  
let cloth of her weaving!



- 865 So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the  
Autumn,  
Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her  
dexterous fingers,  
As if the thread she was spinning were that of his  
life and his fortune,  
After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound  
of the spindle.  
"Truly, Priscilla," he said, "when I see you  
spinning and spinning,  
870 Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful  
of others,  
Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed  
in a moment;  
You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beau-  
tiful Spinner."  
Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter  
and swifter; the spindle  
Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped  
short in her fingers;  
875 While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mis-  
chief, continued:  
You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the  
queen of Helvetiä;  
She whose story I read at a stall in the streets of  
Southampton,  
Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er valley and  
meadow and mountain,  
Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff  
fixed to her saddle.  
88c She was so thrifty and good, that her name passed  
into a proverb.

872. The legend of Bertha is given with various learning regarding it in a monograph entitled, *Bertha die Spinnerin*, by Karl Joseph Simrock, Frankfurt, 1853.

- So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-  
wheel shall no longer  
Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its cham-  
bers with music.  
Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it  
was in their childhood,  
Praising the good old times, and the days of Pris-  
cilla the spinner!"
- 885 Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puri-  
tan maiden,  
Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him  
whose praise was the sweetest,  
Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of  
her spinning,  
Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering  
phrases of Alden:  
"Come, you must not be idle; if I am a pattern  
for housewives,
- 890 Show yourself equally worthy of being the model  
of husbands.  
Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it,  
ready for knitting;  
Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions  
have changed and the manners,  
Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old  
times of John Alden!"
- Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his  
hands she adjusted,
- 895 He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms ex-  
tended before him,  
She standing graceful, erect, and winding the  
thread from his fingers,  
Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of  
holding,  
Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled  
expertly

Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares — for how  
could she help it? —

900 Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in  
his body.

Lo! in the midst of this scene, a breathless  
messenger entered,  
Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from  
the village.

Yes; Miles Standish was dead! — an Indian had  
brought them the tidings, —

Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front  
of the battle,

905 Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the whole  
of his forces;

All the town would be burned, and all the people  
be murdered!

Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the  
hearts of the hearers.

Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her face  
looking backward

Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted  
in horror;

910 But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb of the  
arrow

Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his  
own, and had sundered

Once and forever the bonds that held him bound  
as a captive,

Wild with excess of sensation, the awful delight  
of his freedom,

Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what  
he was doing,

915 Clasped, almost with a groan, the motionless form  
of Priscilla,

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Pressing her close to his heart, as forever his own,  
and exclaiming:

“Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man  
put them asunder!”

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,  
Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the  
rocks, and pursuing  
320 Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and  
nearer,  
Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the  
forest;  
So these lives that had run thus far in separate  
channels,  
Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and  
flowing asunder,  
Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and  
nearer,  
925 Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the  
other.

IX.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

Forth from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of  
purple and scarlet,  
Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his gar-  
ments resplendent,  
Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his  
forehead,  
Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and  
pomegranates.

927. For a description of the Jewish high-priest and his dress,  
see Exodus, chapter xxviii.

930 Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor  
beneath him  
Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his  
feet was a laver!

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the  
Puritan maiden.  
Friends were assembled together; the Elder and  
Magistrate also  
Graced the scene with their presence, and stood  
like the Law and the Gospel,  
935 One with the sanction of earth and one with the  
blessing of heaven.  
Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth  
and of Boaz.  
Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the  
words of betrothal,  
'Taking each other for husband and wife in the  
Magistrate's presence,  
After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of  
Holland.  
940 Fervently then and devoutly, the excellent Elder  
of Plymouth  
Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were  
founded that day in affection,  
Speaking of life and of death, and imploring Di-  
vine benedictions.

939. "May 12 was the first marriage in this place, which, according to the laudable custome of the Low-Cuntries, in which they had lived, was thought most requisite to be performed by the magistrate, as being a civill thing, upon which many questions aboute inheritances doe depende, with other things most proper to their cognizans, and most consonante to the scripturs, Ruth 4. and no wher found in the gospel to be ayed on the ministers as a part of their office." *Bradford's History*, p. 101.

- Lo! when the service was ended, a form appeared on the threshold,  
 Clad in armor of steel, a sombre and sorrowful figure!
- 945 Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the strange apparition?  
 Why does the bride turn pale, and hide her face on his shoulder?  
 Is it a phantom of air, — a bodiless, spectral illusion?  
 Is it a ghost from the grave, that has come to forbid the betrothal?  
 Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited, unwelcomed;
- 950 Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an expression  
 Softening the gloom and revealing the warm heart hidden beneath them,  
 As when across the sky the driving rack of the rain-cloud  
 Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by its brightness.  
 Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its lips, but was silent,

952. *Rack*, a Shaksperian word, used possibly in two senses, either as vapor, as in the thirty-third sonnet, —

“Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,”

which is plainly the meaning here, or as a light, cirrus cloud, as in the *Tempest*, Act IV. Scene 1: —

“And like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
 Leave not a rack behind,”

although here, also, the meaning of vapor might be admissible. Bacon has defined rack: “The winds, which wave the clouds above, which we call the *rack*, and are not perceived below pass without noise.”

955 As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting intention.

But when were ended the troth and the prayer  
and the last benediction,  
Into the room it strode, and the people beheld  
with amazement

Bodily there in his armor Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth!

Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion, "Forgive me!

960 I have been angry and hurt, — too long have I cherished the feeling;

I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God! it is ended.

Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of Hugh Standish,

Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error.

Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend of John Alden."

965 Thereupon answered the bridegroom: "Let all be forgotten between us, —

All save the dear, old friendship, and that shall grow older and dearer!"

Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted Priscilla,

Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned gentry in England,

Something of camp and of court, of town and of country, commingled,

970 Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding her husband.

Then he said with a smile: "I should have remembered the adage, —

If you would be well served, you must serve yourself; and moreover,

No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season  
of Christmas! ”

- Great was the people's amazement, and greater  
yet their rejoicing,  
975 Thus to behold once more the sunburnt face of  
their Captain,  
Whom they had mourned as dead; and they gathered  
and crowded about him,  
Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of bride  
and of bridegroom,  
Questioning, answering, laughing, and each interrupting  
the other,  
Till the good Captain declared, being quite over-  
powered and bewildered,  
980 He had rather by far break into an Indian encamp-  
ment,  
Than come again to a wedding to which he had  
not been invited.

- Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood  
with the bride at the doorway,  
Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and  
beautiful morning.  
Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad  
in the sunshine,  
985 Lay extended before them the land of toil and  
privation;  
There were the graves of the dead, and the barren  
waste of the sea-shore,  
There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and  
the meadows;  
But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the  
Garden of Eden,  
Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was  
the sound of the ocean.



- 990    Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise  
         and stir of departure,  
     Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of longer delaying,  
     Each with his plan for the day, and the work that  
         was left uncompleted.  
     Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder,  
     Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla,  
995 Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the hand  
         of its master,  
     Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,  
     Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed  
         for a saddle.  
     She should not walk, he said, through the dust  
         and heat of the noonday;  
     Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along  
         like a peasant.  
1000 Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the  
         others,  
     Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the  
         hand of her husband,  
     Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey.  
     "Nothing is wanting now," he said with a smile,  
         "but the distaff;  
     Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha!"
- 1005    Onward the bridal procession now moved to  
         their new habitation,  
     Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.

- Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed  
the ford in the forest,  
Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream  
of love through its bosom,  
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the  
azure abysses.
- 1010 Down through the golden leaves the sun was  
pouring his splendors,  
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches  
above them suspended,  
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of  
the pine and the fir-tree,  
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the  
valley of Eschol.  
Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pas-  
toral ages,
- 1015 Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling  
Rebecca and Isaac,  
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful  
always,  
Love immortal and young in the endless succes-  
sion of lovers.  
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward  
the bridal procession.

---

Miles Standish was not inconsolable. In the *Fortune* came a certain Barbara, whose last name is unknown, whom Standish married. He had six children, and many of his descendants are living.

### III.

#### THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

[THE form of this poem was perhaps suggested by Schiller's *Song of the Bell*, which, tracing the history of a bell from the first finding of the metal to the hanging of the bell in the tower, so mingles the history of human life with it that the Bell becomes the symbol of humanity. Schiller's poem introduced a new artistic form which has since been copied more than once, but nowhere so successfully as in *The Building of the Ship*. The changes in the measure mark the quickening or retarding of the thought. The reader will be interested in watching these changes and observing the fitness with which the short lines express the quicker, more sudden, or hurried action, while the longer ones indicate lingering, moderate action or reflection. *The Building of the Ship* is the first in a series of poems collected under the general title, *By the Seaside*, and published in a volume entitled *The Seaside and the Fireside*, Boston, 1850.]

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“BUILD me straight, O worthy Master!  
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!”

5 The merchant's word  
 Delighted the Master heard;  
 For his heart was in his work, and the heart  
 Giveth grace unto every Art.

A quiet smile played round his lips,  
 10 As the eddies and dimples of the tide  
 Play round the bows of ships,  
 That steadily at anchor ride.  
 And with a voice that was full of glee,  
 He answered, " Ere long we will launch  
 15 A vessel as goodly, and strong, and staunch,  
 As ever weathered a wintry sea ! "  
 And first with nicest skill and art,  
 Perfect and finished in every part,  
 A little model the Master wrought,  
 20 Which should be to the larger plan  
 What the child is to the man,  
 Its counterpart in miniature; -  
 That with a hand more swift and sure  
 The greater labor might be brought  
 25 To answer to his inward thought.  
 And as he labored, his mind ran o'er  
 The various ships that were built of yore,  
 And above them all, and strangest of all  
 Towered the Great Harry, crank and tall,

29. *The Great Harry* was a famous ship built for the English navy in the reign of King Henry VII. Henry found the small navy left by Edward IV. in a very weak condition and he undertook to reconstruct it. The most famous ship in Edward's navy was named *Grace à Dieu*, and Henry named his *Harry Grace à Dieu*, but she was more generally named as the *Great Harry*. On the accession of Henry VIII, her name was changed to the *Regent*, but when a few years afterward she was burnt in an engagement with the French, the ship built in her place resumed the old name and became a second *Great Harry*.

- 30 Whose picture was hanging on the wall,  
With bows and stern raised high in air,  
And balconies hanging here and there,  
And signal lanterns and flags afloat,  
And eight round towers, like those that frown  
35 From some old castle, looking down  
Upon the drawbridge and the moat.  
And he said with a smile, " Our ship, I wis,  
Shall be of another form than this ! "

- It was of another form, indeed;  
40 Built for freight, and yet for speed,  
A beautiful and gallant craft;  
Broad in the beam, that the stress of the blast,  
Pressing down upon sail and mast,  
Might not the sharp bows overwhelm;  
45 Broad in the beam, but sloping aft  
With graceful curve and slow degrees,  
That she might be docile to the helm,  
And that the currents of parted seas,  
Closing behind, with mighty force,  
50 Might aid and not impede her course.

In the ship-yard stood the Master,  
With the model of the vessel,  
That should laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!

It was this ship that the poet describes. She was a thousand tons burden, which was regarded as an immense size in those days, and her crew and armament were out of all proportion, as we should think now. She carried seven hundred men, and a hundred and twenty-two guns, but of these most were very small. Thirty-four were eighteen pounders, and were called culverins. There were also demi-culverins, or nine pounders, while the rest only carried one or two pounds and were variously named falcons, falconets, serpentines, sabinets.

- 55 Covering many a rood of ground,  
Lay the timber piled around;  
Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,  
And scattered here and there, with these,  
The knarred and crooked cedar knees;  
60 Brought from regions far away,  
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,  
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke!  
Ah! what a wondrous thing it is  
To note how many wheels of toil  
65 One thought, one word, can set in motion!  
There's not a ship that sails the ocean,  
But every climate, every soil,  
Must bring its tribute, great or small,  
And help to build the wooden wall!

- 70 The sun was rising o'er the sea,  
And long the level shadows lay,  
As if they, too, the beams would be  
Of some great, airy argosy,

69. The *wooden wall* is of course the ship. The reference is to a proverbial expression of very ancient date. When the Greeks sent to Delphi to ask how they were to defend themselves against Xerxes, who had invaded their country, the oracle replied:—

"Pallas hath urged, and Zeus the sire of all  
Hath safety promised in a wooden wall;  
Seed-time and harvest, weeping sires shall tell  
How thousands fought at Salamis and fell."

The Greeks interpreted this as a caution to trust in their navy, and the battle at Salamis resulted in the overthrow of the Persian and discomfiture of their fleet.

73. A richly freighted ship. The word is formed from *Argo*, the name of the fabled ship which brought back the golden fleeces from Colchis. Shakspeare uses the word: as in the *The Taming of the Shrew*:—

"That she shall have; besides an argosy  
That now is lying in Marseilles' road."

Act II. Scene 1.

Framed and launched in a single day.  
 75 That silent architect, the sun,  
 Had hewn and laid them every one,  
 Ere the work of man was yet begun.  
 Beside the Master, when he spoke,  
 A youth, against an anchor leaning,  
 80 Listened, to catch his slightest meaning.  
 Only the long waves, as they broke  
 In ripples on the pebbly beach,  
 Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were, in sooth,  
 85 The old man and the fiery youth!  
 The old man, in whose busy brain  
 Many a ship that sailed the main  
 Was modelled o'er and o'er again;—  
 The fiery youth, who was to be  
 90 The heir of his dexterity,  
 The heir of his house, and his daughter's hand,  
 When he had built and launched from land  
 What the elder head had planned.

And in *The Merchant of Venice* :—

"He hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England." Act I. Scene 3.

87. The *main* is the great ocean as distinguished from the bays, gulfs, and inlets. Curiously enough, it means also the main-land, and was used in both senses by Elizabethan writers. In *King Lear*, Act III. Scene 1:—

"Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,  
 Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main"—

some commentators take *main* to be the main-land, but a better sense seems to refer it to the open sea when a storm is raging. Yet the name of Spanish Main was given to the northern coast of South America when that country was taken possession of by Spain.

- "Thus," said he, "will we build this ship!  
 95 Lay square the blocks upon the slip,  
 And follow well this plan of mine.  
 Choose the timbers with greatest care;  
 Of all that is unsound beware;  
 For only what is sound and strong  
 100 To this vessel shall belong.  
 Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine  
 Here together shall combine.  
 A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,  
 And the UNION be her name!  
 105 For the day that gives her to the sea  
 Shall give my daughter unto thee!"

- The Master's word  
 Enraptured the young man heard;  
 And as he turned his face aside,  
 110 With a look of joy and a thrill of pride.  
 Standing before  
 Her father's door,  
 He saw the form of his promised bride.  
 The sun shone on her golden hair,  
 115 And her cheek was glowing fresh and fair,  
 With the breath of morn and the soft sea air.  
 Like a beauteous barge was she,  
 Still at rest on the sandy beach,

95. The *slip* is the inclined bank on which the ship is built. A similar meaning attaches to the use of the word locally in New York, where Peck Slip, Coenties Slip, Burling Slip, originally denoted the inclined openings between wharves.

104. Here, as was noted in Schiller's *Song of the Bell*, the poet touches the ship with a special human interest and by his reference to Maine cedar, and Georgia pine, half reveals the larger and wider sense of the building of the ship, which is disclosed at the end of the poem.



Just beyond the billow's reach;

120 But he

Was the restless, seething, stormy sea!

Ah, how skilful grows the hand

That obeyeth Love's command!

It is the heart, and not the brain,

125 That to the highest doth attain,

And he who followeth Love's behest

Far excelleth all the rest!

Thus with the rising of the sun

Was the noble task begun,

130 And soon throughout the ship-yard's bounds

Were heard the intermingled sounds

Of axes and of mallets, plied

With vigorous arms on every side;

Plied so deftly and so well,

135 That, ere the shadows of evening fell,

The keel of oak for a noble ship,

Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong,

Was lying ready, and stretched along

The blocks, well placed upon the slip.

140 Happy, thrice happy, every one

Who sees his labor well begun,

And not perplexed and multiplied,

By idly waiting for time and tide!

And when the hot, long day was o'er,

145 The young man at the Master's door

Sat with the maiden calm and still.

And within the porch, a little more

Removed beyond the evening chill,

The father sat, and told them tales

150 Of wrecks in the great September gales,

- Of pirates coasting the Spanish Main,  
 And ships that never came back again,  
 The chance and change of a sailor's life,  
 Want and plenty, rest and strife,
- 155 His roving fancy, like the wind,  
 That nothing can stay and nothing can bind,  
 And the magic charm of foreign lands,  
 With shadows of palms, and shining sands,  
 Where the tumbling surf,
- 160 O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar,  
 Washes the feet of the swarthy Lascar,  
 As he lies alone and asleep on the turf.  
 And the trembling maiden held her breath  
 At the tales of that awful, pitiless sea,
- 165 With all its terror and mystery,  
 The dim, dark sea, so like unto Death,  
 That divides and yet unites mankind!  
 And whenever the old man paused, a gleam  
 From the bowl of his pipe would awhile illumine
- 170 The silent group in the twilight gloom,  
 And thoughtful faces, as in a dream;  
 And for a moment one might mark  
 What had been hidden by the dark,  
 That the head of the maiden lay at rest,
- 175 Tenderly, on the young man's breast!

151. See note to line 87. Here the Spanish Main is used, as was most anciently the custom, of the northern coast of South America. This is probably also the sense in the *Wreck of the Hesperus*: —

"Then up and spake an old Sailor,  
 Had sailed to the Spanish Main,  
 'I pray thee put into yonder port,  
 For I fear a hurricane.'"

153. "That among all the changes and chances of this mortal life, they may ever be defended by Thy most gracious and ready help." From a Collect in the Communion office, Book of Common Prayer.

- Day by day the vessel grew,  
With timbers fashioned strong and true,  
Stemson and keelson and sternson-knee,  
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,  
180 A skeleton ship rose up to view!  
And around the bows and along the side  
The heavy hammers and mallets plied,  
Till after many a week, at length,  
Wonderful for form and strength,  
185 Sublime in its enormous bulk,  
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!  
And around it columns of smoke, upwreathing,  
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething  
Cauldron, that glowed,  
190 And overflowed  
With the black tar, heated for the sheathing.  
And amid the clamors  
Of clattering hammers,  
He who listened heard now and then  
195 The song of the Master and his men:—  
  
“ Build me straight, O worthy Master,  
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!”  
  
200 With oaken brace and copper band,  
Lay the rudder on the sand,  
That, like a thought, should have control  
Over the movement of the whole;  
And near it the anchor, whose giant hand  
205 Would reach down and grapple with the land,  
And immovable and fast  
Hold the great ship against the bellowing blast!  
And at the bows an image stood,

- By a cunning artist carved in wood,  
210 With robes of white, that far behind  
Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.  
It was not shaped in a classic mould,  
Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old,  
Or Naiad rising from the water,  
215 But modelled from the Master's daughter!  
On many a dreary and misty night,  
'T will be seen by the rays of the signal light,  
Speeding along through the rain and the dark,  
Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,  
220 The pilot of some phantom bark,  
Guiding the vessel, in its flight,  
By a path none other knows aright!  
Behold, at last,  
Each tall and tapering mast  
225 Is swung into its place;

214. Strictly speaking, the Naiad was a nymph, the nymphs being the inferior order of deities that were supposed to reside in different parts of nature, naiads in the sea, dryads in trees, oreads in mountains.

215. Hawthorne has a charming story upon the romance of a figure-head in *Drowne's Wooden Image in Mosses from an Old Manse*.

219. Sarks or shifts were made first of silk, whence the name derived from the Latin *sericum*, silk.

225. Mr. Longfellow prints the following note to this and the two preceding lines: "I wish to anticipate a criticism on this passage by stating, that sometimes, though not usually, vessels are launched fully rigged and sparred. I have availed myself of the exception, as better suited to my purposes than the general rule; but the reader will see that it is neither a blunder nor a poetic license. On this subject a friend in Portland, Maine, writes me thus: 'In this State, and also, I am told, in New York, ships are sometimes rigged upon the stocks, in order to save time, or to make a show. There was a fine, large ship launched last summer at Ellsworth, fully rigged and sparred.'

Shrouds and stays  
Holding it firm and fast!

- Long ago,  
In the deer-haunted forests of Maine,  
230 When upon mountain and plain  
Lay the snow,  
They fell, — those lordly pines!  
Those grand, majestic pines!  
'Mid shouts and cheers  
235 The jaded steers,  
Panting beneath the goad,  
Dragged down the weary, winding road  
Those captive kings so straight and tall,  
To be shorn of their streaming hair,  
240 And, naked and bare,  
To feel the stress and the strain  
Of the wind and the reeling main,  
Whose roar  
Would remind them forevermore  
245 Of their native forests they should not see again

- And everywhere  
The slender, graceful spars  
Poise aloft in the air,  
And at the mast-head,  
250 White, blue, and red,  
A flag unrolls the stripes and stars.  
Ah! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,  
In foreign harbors shall behold  
That flag unrolled,

Some years ago a ship was launched here, with her rigging,  
spars, sails, and cargo aboard. She sailed the next day and  
was never heard of again! I hope this will not be the fate of  
your poem!"

255 'T will be as a friendly hand  
Stretched out from his native land,  
Filling his heart with memories sweet and endless

All is finished ! and at length  
Has come the bridal day  
260 Of beauty and of strength.  
To-day the vessel shall be launched !  
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanced,  
And o'er the bay,  
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,  
265 The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old,  
Centuries old,  
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,  
Paces restless to and fro,  
270 Up and down the sands of gold.  
His beating heart is not at rest;  
And far and wide,  
With ceaseless flow,  
His beard of snow  
275 Heaves with the heaving of his breast.  
He waits impatient for his bride.  
There she stands,  
With her foot upon the sands,  
Decked with flags and streamers gay,  
280 In honor of her marriage day,  
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,  
Round her like a veil descending,  
Ready to be  
The bride of the gray old sea.

286. This and the next eighteen lines illustrate well the skill with which the poet changes the length of the lines to denote an impatient, abrupt, and as it were short breathing movement.

285 On the deck another bride  
Is standing by her lover's side.  
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,  
Like the shadows cast by clouds,  
Broken by many a sunny fleck,  
290 Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said,  
The service read,  
The joyous bridegroom bows his head;  
And in tears the good old Master  
295 Shakes the brown hand of his son,  
Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek  
In silence, for he cannot speak,  
And ever faster  
Down his own the tears begun to run.  
300 The worthy pastor —  
The shepherd of that wandering flock,  
That has the ocean for its wold,  
That has the vessel for its fold,  
Leaping ever from rock to rock —  
305 Spake, with accents mild and clear,  
Words of warning, words of cheer,  
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.  
He knew the chart  
Of the sailor's heart,  
310 All its pleasures and its griefs,  
All its shallows and rocky reefs,  
All those secret currents, that flow  
With such resistless undertow,  
And lift and drift, with terrible force,  
315 The will from its moorings and its course.  
Therefore he spake, and thus said he:—  
“ Like unto ships far off at sea,  
Outward or homeward bound, are we.

- Before, behind, and all around,  
 320 Floats and swings the horizon's bound,  
 Seems at its distant rim to rise  
 And climb the crystal wall of the skies,  
 And then again to turn and sink,  
 As if we could slide from its outer brink.  
 325 Ah! it is not the sea,  
 It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,  
 But ourselves  
 That rock and rise  
 With endless and uneasy motion,  
 330 Now touching the very skies,  
 Now sinking into the depths of ocean.  
 Ah! if our souls but poise and swing  
 Like the compass in its brazen ring,  
 Ever level and ever true  
 335 To the toil and the task we have to do,  
 We shall sail securely, and safely reach  
 The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach  
 The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,  
 Will be those of joy and not of fear!"
- 340 Then the Master,  
 With a gesture of command,  
 Waved his hand ;  
 And at the word,  
 Loud and sudden there was heard,  
 345 All around them and below,  
 The sound of hammers, blow on blow,  
 Knocking away the shores and spurs.  
 And see! she stirs!

337. The Fortunate Isles, or Isles of the Blest, were imaginary islands in the West, in classic mythology, set in a sea which was warmed by the rays of the declining sun. Hither the favorites of the gods were borne and dwelt in endless joy.



She starts, — she moves, — she seems to feel  
350 The thrill of life along her keel,  
And, spurning with her foot the ground,  
With one exulting, joyous bound,  
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd  
355 There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,  
That to the ocean seemed to say,  
“ Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,  
Take her to thy protecting arms,  
With all her youth and all her charms ! ”

360 How beautiful she is! How fair  
She lies within those arms, that press  
Her form with many a soft caress  
Of tenderness and watchful care!  
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!  
365 Through wind and wave, right onward ~~steer~~  
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,  
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,  
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,  
370 And safe from all adversity  
Upon the bosom of that sea  
Thy comings and thy goings be!  
For gentleness and love and trust  
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;  
375 And in the wreck of noble lives  
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!  
Humanity with all its fears,

- 380 With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!  
We know what Master laid thy keel,  
What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,  
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
385 What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
In what a forge and what a heat  
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!  
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,  
'T is of the wave and not the rock;  
390 'T is but the flapping of the sail,  
And not a rent made by the gale!  
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!  
395 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

393. The reference is to the treacherous display, by wreckers, of lights upon a dangerous coast, to attract vessels in a storm, that they may be wrecked and become the spoil of the thieves.

398. The closing lines gather into strong verses, like a choral, the cumulative meaning of the poem, which builds upon the material structure of the ship, the fancy of the bridal of sea and ship, the domestic life of man and the national life.

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Mr. Noah Brooks, in his paper on *Lincoln's Imagination* (*Scribner's Monthly*, August, 1879), mentions that he found the President one day attracted by these closing stanzas, which were quoted in a political speech: "Knowing the whole poem," he adds, "as one of my early exercises in recitation, I began, at his request, with the description of the launch of the ship, and repeated it to the end. As he listened to the last lines [395-398], his eyes filled with tears, and his cheeks were wet. He did not speak for some minutes, but finally said, with simplicity: 'It is a wonderful gift to be able to stir men like that.'"

## JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

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### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

**J**OHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, of Quaker birth in Puritan surroundings, was born at the homestead near Haverhill, Massachusetts, December 17, 1807. Until his eighteenth year he lived at home, working upon the farm and in the little shoemaker's shop which nearly every farm then had as a resource in the otherwise idle hours of winter. The manual, homely labor upon which he was employed was in part the foundation of that deep interest which the poet never has ceased to take in the toil and plain fortunes of the people. Throughout his poetry runs this golden thread of sympathy with honorable labor and enforced poverty, and many poems are directly inspired by it. While at work with his father he sent poems to the *Haverhill Gazette*, and that he was not in subjection to his work is very evident by the fact that he translated it and similar occupations into *Songs of Labor*. He had two years academic training, and in 1829 became editor in Boston of the *American Manufacturer*, a paper published in the interest of the tariff. In 1831 he published his *Legends of*

*New England*, prose sketches in a department of literature which has always had strong claims upon his interest. No American writer, unless Irving be excepted, has done so much to throw a graceful veil of poetry and legend over the country of his daily life. Essex County in Massachusetts, and the beaches lying between Newburyport and Portsmouth, blossom with flowers of Whittier's planting. He has made rare use of the homely stories which he had heard in his childhood, and learned afterward from familiar intercourse with country people, and he has himself used invention delicately and in harmony with the spirit of the New England coast. Although of a body of men who in earlier days had been persecuted by the Puritans of New England, his generous mind has not failed to detect all the good that was in the stern creed and life of the persecutors, and to bring it forward into the light of his poetry.

In 1836 he published *Mogg Megone*, a poem which stands first in the collected edition of his poems, and was admitted there with some reluctance, apparently, by the author. In that and the *Bridal of Pennacook* he draws his material from the relation held between the Indians and the settlers. His sympathy was always with the persecuted and oppressed, and while historically he found an object of pity and self-reproach in the Indian, his profoundest compassion and most stirring indignation were called out by African slavery. From the earliest he was upon the side of the ab-

olition party. Year after year poems fell from his pen in which with all the eloquence of his nature he sought to enlist his countrymen upon the side of emancipation and freedom. It is not too much to say that in the slow development of public sentiment Whittier's steady song was one of the most powerful advocates that the slave had, all the more powerful that it was free from malignity or unjust accusation.

Whittier's poems have been issued in a number of small volumes, and collected into single larger volumes. Besides those already indicated, there are a number which owe their origin to his tender regard for domestic life and the simple experience of the men and women about him. Of these *Snow-Bound* is the most memorable. Then his fondness for a story has led him to use the ballad form in many cases, and *Mabel Martin* is one of a number, in which the narrative is blended with a fine and strong charity. The catholic mind of this writer and his instinct for discovering the pure moral in human action are disclosed by a number of poems, drawn from a wide range of historical fact, dealing with a great variety of religious faiths and circumstances of life, but always pointing to some sweet and strong truth of the divine life. Of such are *The Brother of Mercy*, *The Gift of Tritemius*, *The Two Rabbis*, and others. Whittier's *Prose Works* are comprised in two volumes, and consist mainly of his contributions to journals and of *Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal*, a fictitious diary of a visitor to New England in 1678.

## I.

### SNOW-BOUND.

#### A WINTER IDYL.

"As the Spirits of Darkness be stronger in the dark, so Good Spirits which be Angels of Light are augmented not only by the Divine light of the Sun, but also by our common VVood Fire: and as the Celestial Fire drives away dark spirits, so also this our Fire of VVood doth the same." — COR. AGRIPPA, *Occult Philosophy*, Book I. ch. v.

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,  
Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields,  
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air  
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,  
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.  
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet  
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit  
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed  
In a tumultuous privacy of storm."

EMERSON, *The Snow-Storm*.

THE sun that brief December day  
Rose chéerless over hills of gray,  
And, darkly circled, gave at noon  
A sadder light than waning moon.  
5 Slow tracing down the thickening sky  
Its mute and ominous prophecy,  
A portent seeming less than threat,  
It sank from sight before it set.  
A chill no coat, however stout,  
10 Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,  
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,  
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race  
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,  
The coming of the snow-storm told.  
15 The wind blew east; we heard the roar

Of Ocean on his wintry shore,  
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there  
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

- Meanwhile we did our nightly chores, —  
20 Brought in the wood from out of doors,  
Littered the stalls, and from the mows  
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows:  
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;  
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,  
25 Impatient down the stanchion rows  
The cattle shake their walnut bows;  
While, peering from his early perch  
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,  
The cock his crested helmet bent  
30 And down his querulous challenge sent.  
Unwarmed by any sunset light  
The gray day darkened into night,  
A night made hoary with the swarm,  
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,  
35 As zigzag wavering to and fro  
Crossed and recrossed the wingéd snow:  
And ere the early bedtime came  
The white drift piled the window-frame,  
And through the glass the clothes-line posts  
40 Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

- So all night long the storm roared on:  
The morning broke without a sun;  
In tiny spherule traced with lines  
Of Nature's geometric signs,  
45 In starry flake, and pellicle  
All day the hoary meteor fell;  
And, when the second morning shone,  
We looked upon a world unknown,

- On nothing we could call our own.  
 50 Around the glistening wonder bent  
 The blue walls of the firmament,  
 No cloud above, no earth below, —  
 A universe of sky and snow!  
 The old familiar sights of ours  
 55 Took marvellous shapes; strange domes and towers  
 Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,  
 Or garden-wall, or belt of wood;  
 A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,  
 A fenceless drift what once was road;  
 60 The bridle-post an old man sat  
 With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;  
 The well-curb had a Chinese roof;  
 And even the long sweep, high aloof,  
 In its slant splendor, seemed to tell  
 65 Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

- A prompt, decisive man, no breath  
 Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"  
 Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy  
 Count such a summons less than joy?)  
 70 Our buskins on our feet we drew;  
 With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,  
 To guard our necks and ears from snow,  
 We cut the solid whiteness through.

65. The Leaning Tower of Pisa, in Italy, which inclines from the perpendicular a little more than six feet in eighty, is a campanile, or bell-tower, built of white marble, very beautiful, but so famous for its singular deflection from perpendicularity as to be known almost wholly as a curiosity. Opinions differ as to the leaning being the result of accident or design, but the better judgment makes it an effect of the character of the soil on which it is built. The Cathedral to which it belongs has suffered so much from a similar cause that there is not a vertical line in it.



- And, where the drift was deepest, made  
75 A tunnel walled and overlaid  
With dazzling crystal : we had read  
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,  
And to our own his name we gave,  
With many a wish the luck were ours  
80 To test his lamp's supernal powers.  
We reached the barn with merry din,  
And roused the prisoned brutes within.  
The old horse thrust his long head out,  
And grave with wonder gazed about ;  
85 The cock his lusty greeting said,  
And forth his speckled harem led ;  
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,  
And mild reproach of hunger looked ;  
The hornéd patriarch of the sheep,  
90 Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep,  
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,  
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

- All day the gusty north-wind bore  
The loosening drift its breath before ;  
95 Low circling round its southern zone,  
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.  
No church-bell lent its Christian tone  
To the savage air, no social smoke  
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.  
100 A solitude made more intense  
By dreary-voiced elements,  
The shrieking of the mindless wind,  
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,  
And on the glass the unmeaning beat  
105 Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.

90. *Amun*, or *Ammon*, was an Egyptian being, representing an attribute of Deity under the form of a ram.

- Beyond the circle of our hearth  
No welcome sound of toil or mirth  
Unbound the spell, and testified  
Of human life and thought outside.
- 110 We minded that the sharpest ear  
The buried brooklet could not hear,  
The music of whose liquid lip  
Had been to us companionship,  
And, in our lonely life, had grown
- 115 To have an almost human tone.
- As night drew on, and, from the crest  
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,  
The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank  
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
- 120 We piled, with care, our nightly stack  
Of wood against the chimney-back, —  
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,  
And on its top the stout back-stick;  
The knotty forestick laid apart,
- 125 And filled between with curious art  
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,  
We watched the first red blaze appear,  
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam  
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
- 130 Until the old, rude-furnished room  
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;  
While radiant with a mimic flame  
Outside the sparkling drift became,  
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
- 135 Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.  
The crane and pendent trammels showed,  
The Turk's heads on the andirons glowed;  
While childish fancy, prompt to tell  
The meaning of the miracle,
- .

- 140 Whispered the old rhyme: "*Under the tree,  
When fire outdoors burns merrily,  
There the witches are making tea.*"

- The moon above the eastern wood  
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood  
145 Transfigured in the silver flood,  
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,  
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine  
Took shadow, or the sombre green  
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black  
150 Against the whiteness at their back.  
For such a world and such a night  
Most fitting that unwarming light,  
Which only seemed where'er it fell  
To make the coldness visible.

- 155 Shut in from all the world without,  
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,  
Content to let the north-wind roar  
In battle rage at pane and door,  
While the red logs before us beat  
160 The frost-line back with tropic heat;  
And ever, when a louder blast  
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,  
The merrier up its roaring draught  
The great throat of the chimney laughed,  
165 The house-dog on his paws outspread  
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,  
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall  
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;  
And, for the winter fireside meet,  
170 Between the andirons' straddling feet,  
The mug of cider simmered slow,  
The apples sputtered in a row,

And, close at hand, the basket stood  
With nuts from brown October's wood.

- 175 What matter how the night behaved?  
What matter how the north-wind raved?  
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow  
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.  
O Time and Change! — with hair as gray
- 180 As was my sire's that winter day,  
How strange it seems, with so much gone  
Of life and love, to still live on!  
Ah, brother! only I and thou  
Are left of all that circle now, —
- 185 The dear home faces whereupon  
That fitful firelight paled and shone.  
Henceforward, listen as we will,  
The voices of that hearth are still;  
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
- 190 Those lighted faces smile no more.  
We tread the paths their feet have worn,  
We sit beneath their orchard trees,  
We hear, like them, the hum of bees  
And rustle of the bladed corn;
- 195 We turn the pages that they read,  
Their written words we linger o'er,  
But in the sun they cast no shade,  
No voice is heard, no sign is made,  
No step is on the conscious floor!
- 200 Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,  
(Since He who knows our need is just,)  
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.  
Alas for him who never sees  
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
- 205 Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,  
Nor looks to see the breaking day

- Across the mournful marbles play !  
 Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,  
 The truth to flesh and sense unknown,  
 210 That Life is ever lord of Death,  
 And Love can never lose its own !

- We sped the time with stories old,  
 Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told,  
 Or stammered from our school-book lore  
 215 " The chief of Gambia's golden shore."  
 How often since, when all the land  
 Was clay in Slavery's shaping hand,  
 As if a trumpet called, I've heard  
 Dame Mercy Warren's rousing word:  
 220 "*Does not the voice of reason cry,  
 Claim the first right which Nature gave,  
 From the red scourge of bondage fly,  
 Nor deign to live a burdened slave !*"  
 Our father rode again his ride  
 225 On Memphremagog's wooded side;  
 Sat down again to moose and samp  
 In trapper's hut and Indian camp;  
 Lived o'er the old idyllic ease  
 Beneath St. François' hemlock-trees;  
 230 Again for him the moonlight shone  
 On Norman cap and bodiced zone;  
 Again he heard the violin play  
 Which led the village dance away,  
 And mingled in its merry whirl  
 235 The grandam and the laughing girl.  
 Or, nearer home, our steps he led

219. Mrs. Mercy Warren was the wife of James Warren, a prominent patriot at the beginning of the Revolution. His poetry was read in an age that had in America little to read under that name; her society was sought by the best men.

Where Salisbury's level marshes spread  
 Mile-wide as flies the laden bee;  
 Where merry mowers, hale and strong,  
 240 Swept, scythe on scythe, their swaths along  
 The low green prairies of the sea.  
 We shared the fishing off Boar's Head,  
 And round the rocky Isles of Shoals  
 The hake-broil on the drift-wood coals;  
 245 The chowder on the sand-beach made,  
 Dipped by the hungry, steaming hot,  
 With spoons of clam-shell from the pot.  
 We heard the tales of witchcraft old,  
 And dream and sign and marvel told  
 250 To sleepy listeners as they lay  
 Stretched idly on the salted hay,  
 Adrift along the winding shores,  
 When favoring breezes deigned to blow  
 The square sail of the gundalow  
 255 And idle lay the useless oars.

Our mother, while she turned her wheel  
 Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,  
 Told how the Indian hordes came down  
 At midnight on Cochecho town,  
 260 And how her own great-uncle bore  
 His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.  
 Recalling, in her fitting phrase,  
 So rich and picturesque and free,  
 (The common unrhymed poetry  
 265 Of simple life and country ways,)  
 The story of her early days, —  
 She madé us welcome to her home;  
 Old hearths grew wide to give us room;  
 We stole with her a frightened look

259. Dover in New Hampshire.

- 270 At the gray wizard's conjuring-book,  
 The fame whereof went far and wide  
 Through all the simple country side;  
 We heard the hawks at twilight play,  
 The boat-horn on Piscataqua,
- 275 The loon's weird laughter far away ;  
 We fished her little trout-brook, knew  
 What flowers in wood and meadow grew,  
 What sunny hillsides autumn-brown  
 She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down,
- 280 Saw where in sheltered cove and bay  
 The ducks' black squadron anchored lay,  
 And heard the wild geese calling loud,  
 Beneath the gray November cloud.  
 Then, haply, with a look more grave,
- 285 And soberer tone, some tale she gave  
 From painful Sewel's ancient tome,  
 Beloved in every Quaker home,  
 Of faith, fire-winged by martyrdom,  
 Or Chalkley's Journal, old and quaint, —
- 290 Gentlest of skippers, rare sea-saint! —

286. William Sewel was the historian of the Quakers. Charles Lamb seemed to have as good an opinion of the book as Whittier. In his essay *A Quakers' Meeting* in *Essays of Elia*, he says: "Reader, if you are not acquainted with it, I would recommend to you, above all church-narratives, to read Sewel's 'History of the Quakers.' . . . It is far more edifying and affecting than anything you will read of Wesley or his colleagues."

289. Thomas Chalkley was an Englishman of Quaker parentage, born in 1675, who travelled extensively as a preacher, and finally made his home in Philadelphia. He died in 1749; his *Journal* was first published in 1747. His own narrative of the incident which the poet relates is as follows: "To stop their murmuring, I told them they should not need to cast lots, which was usual in such cases, which of us should die first, for I would freely offer up my life to do them good. One said, 'God bless you! I will not eat any of you.' Another said 'He would

- Who, when the dreary calms prevailed,  
And water-butt and bread-cask failed,  
And cruel, hungry eyes pursued  
His portly presence mad for food,  
295 With dark hints muttered under breath  
Of casting lots for life or death,  
Offered, if Heaven withheld supplies,  
To be himself the sacrifice.  
Then, suddenly, as if to save  
300 The good man from his living grave,  
A ripple on the water grew,  
A school of porpoise flashed in view.  
"Take, eat," he said, "and be content ;  
These fishes in my stead are sent  
305 By Him who gave the tangled ram  
To spare the child of Abraham."

Our uncle, innocent of books,  
Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,  
The ancient teachers never dumb

die before he would eat any of me;' and so said several. I can truly say, on that occasion, at that time, my life was not dear to me, and that I was serious and ingenuous in my proposition: and as I was leaning over the side of the vessel, thoughtfully considering my proposal to the company, and looking in my mind to Him that made me, a very large dolphin came up towards the top or surface of the water, and looked me in the face; and I called the people to put a hook into the sea, and take him, for here is one come to redeem me (I said to them). And they put a hook into the sea, and the fish readily took it, and they caught him. He was longer than myself. I think he was about six feet long, and the largest that ever I saw. This plainly showed us that we ought not to distrust the providence of the Almighty. The people were quieted by this act of Providence, and murmured no more. We caught enough to eat plentifully of, till we got into the capes of Delaware."



- 310 Of Nature's unhoused lyceum.  
 In moons and tides and weather wise,  
 He read the clouds as prophecies,  
 And foul or fair could well divine,  
 By many an occult hint and sign,  
 315 Holding the cunning-warded keys  
 To all the woodcraft mysteries;  
 Himself to Nature's heart so near  
 That all her voices in his ear  
 Of beast or bird had meanings clear,  
 320 Like Apollonius of old,  
 Who knew the tales the sparrows told,  
 Or Hermes, who interpreted  
 What the sage cranes of Nilus said;  
 A simple, guileless, childlike man,  
 325 Content to live where life began;  
 Strong only on his native grounds,  
 The little world of sights and sounds  
 Whose girdle was the parish bounds,  
 Whereof his fondly partial pride  
 330 The common features magnified,  
 As Surrey hills to mountains grew  
 In White of Selborne's loving view, —

310. The measure requires the accent ly'ceum, but in stricter use the accent is lyce'um.

320. A philosopher born in the first century of the Christian era, of whom many strange stories were told, especially regarding his converse with birds and animals.

322. Hermes Trismegistus, a celebrated Egyptian priest and philosopher, to whom was attributed the revival of geometry, arithmetic, and art among the Egyptians. He was little later than Apollonius.

332. Gilbert White, of Selborne, England, was a clergyman who wrote the *Natural History of Selborne*, a minute, affectionate, and charming description of what could be seen as it were from his own doorstep. The accuracy of his observation and the delightfulness of his manner have kept the book a classic.

- He told how teal and loon he shot,  
 And how the eagle's eggs he got,  
 335 The feats on pond and river done,  
 The prodigies of rod and gun;  
 Till, warming with the tales he told,  
 Forgotten was the outside cold,  
 The bitter wind unheeded blew,  
 340 From ripening corn the pigeons flew,  
 The partridge drummed i' the wood, the mink  
 Went fishing down the river-brink.  
 In fields with bean or clover gay,  
 The woodchuck, like a hermit gray,  
 345 Peered from the doorway of his cell;  
 The muskrat plied the mason's trade,  
 And tier by tier his mud-walls laid;  
 And from the shagbark overhead  
 The grizzled squirrel dropped his shell.
- 350 Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer  
 And voice in dreams I see and hear, —  
 The sweetest woman ever Fate  
 Perverse denied a household mate,  
 Who, lonely, homeless, not the less  
 355 Found peace in love's unselfishness,  
 And welcome wheresoe'er she went,  
 A calm and gracious element,  
 Whose presence seemed the sweet income  
 And womanly atmosphere of home, —  
 360 Called up her girlhood memories,  
 The huskings and the apple-bees,  
 The sleigh-rides and the summer sails,  
 Weaving through all the poor details  
 And homespun warp of circumstance  
 365 A golden woof-thread of romance.  
 For well she kept her genial mood

- And simple faith of maidenhood;  
 Before her still a cloud-land lay,  
 The mirage loomed across her way;  
 370 The morning dew, that dried so soon  
 With others, glistened at her noon;  
 Through years of toil and soil and care,  
 From glossy tress to thin gray hair,  
 All unprofaned she held apart  
 375 The virgin fancies of the heart.  
 Be shame to him of woman born  
 Who had for such but thought of scorn.

- There, too, our elder sister plied  
 Her evening task the stand beside;  
 380 A full, rich nature, free to trust,  
 Truthful and almost sternly just,  
 Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,  
 And make her generous thought a fact,  
 Keeping with many a light disguise  
 385 The secret of self-sacrifice.  
 O heart sore-tried! thou hast the best  
 That Heaven itself could give thee, — rest,  
 Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!  
 How many a poor one's blessing went  
 390 With thee beneath the low green tent  
 Whose curtain never outward swings!

- As one who held herself a part  
 Of all she saw, and let her heart  
 Against the household bosom lean,  
 395 Upon the motley-braided mat  
 Our youngest and our dearest sat,  
 Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,  
 Now bathed within the fadeless green

398. *Th' unfading green* would be harsher but more correct  
 since the termination *less* is added to nouns and not to verbs.

- And holy peace of Paradise.  
 400 Oh, looking from some heavenly hill,  
     Or from the shade of saintly palms,  
     Or silver reach of river calms,  
 Do those large eyes behold me still ?  
 With me one little year ago : —  
 405 The chill weight of the winter snow  
     For months upon her grave has lain ;  
 And now, when summer south-winds blow  
     And brier and harebell bloom again,  
 I tread the pleasant paths we trod,  
 410 I see the violet-sprinkled sod  
     Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak  
 The hillside flowers she loved to seek,  
 Yet following me where'er I went  
     With dark eyes full of love's content.  
 415 The birds are glad ; the brier-rose fills  
     The air with sweetness ; all the hills  
 Stretch green to June's unclouded sky ;  
 But still I wait with ear and eye  
     For something gone which should be nigh,  
 420 A loss in all familiar things,  
 In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.  
 And yet, dear heart ! remembering thee,  
     Am I not richer than of old ?  
     Safe in thy immortality,  
 425 What change can reach the wealth I hold ?  
     What chance can mar the pearl and gold  
 Thy love hath left in trust with me ?  
 And while in life's late afternoon,  
     Where cool and long the shadows grow,  
 430 I walk to meet the night that soon  
     Shall shape and shadow overflow,  
 I cannot feel that thou art far,  
     Since near at need the angels are ;

- And when the sunset gates unbar,  
435 Shall I not see thee waiting stand,  
And, white against the evening star,  
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

- Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,  
The master of the district school  
440 Held at the fire his favored place;  
Its warm glow lit a laughing face  
Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared  
The uncertain prophecy of beard.  
He teased the mitten-blinded cat,  
445 Played cross-pins on my uncle's hat,  
Sang songs, and told us what befalls  
In classic Dartmouth's college halls.  
Born the wild Northern hills among,  
From whence his yeoman father wrung  
450 By patient toil subsistence scant,  
Not competence and yet not want,  
He early gained the power to pay  
His cheerful, self-reliant way;  
Could doff at ease his scholar's gown  
455 To peddle wares from town to town ;  
Or through the long vacation's reach  
In lonely lowland districts teach,  
Where all the droll experience found  
At stranger hearths in boarding round,  
460 The moonlit skater's keen delight,  
The sleigh-drive through the frosty night,  
The rustic party, with its rough  
Accompaniment of blind-man's-buff,  
And whirling plate, and forfeits paid,  
465 His winter task a pastime made.  
Happy the snow-locked homes wherein  
He tuned his merry violin,

- Or played the athlete in the barn,  
Or held the good dame's winding yarn,  
470 Or mirth-provoking versions told  
Of classic legends rare and old,  
Wherein the scenes of Greece and Rome  
Had all the commonplace of home,  
And little seemed at best the odds  
475 'Twixt Yankee pedlers and old gods;  
Where Pindus-born Araxes took  
The guise of any grist-mill brook,  
And dread Olympus at his will  
Became a huckleberry hill.
- 480 A careless boy that night he seemed;  
But at his desk he had the look  
And air of one who wisely schemed,  
And hostage from the future took  
In trained thought and lore of book.
- 485 Large-brained, clear-eyed, — of such as he  
Shall Freedom's young apostles be,  
Who, following in War's bloody trail,  
Shall every lingering wrong assail;  
All chains from limb and spirit strike,  
490 Uplift the black and white alike;  
Scatter before their swift advance  
The darkness and the ignorance,  
The pride, the lust, the squalid sloth,  
Which nurtured Treason's monstrous growth,  
495 Made murder pastime, and the hell  
Of prison-torture possible;  
The cruel lie of caste refute,

476. Pindus is the mountain chain which, running from north to south, nearly bisects Greece. Five rivers take their rise from the central peak, the Aöus, the Arachthus, the Haliacmon, the Penëus, and the Achelöus.

- Old forms remould, and substitute  
For Slavery's lash the freeman's will,  
500 For blind routine, wise-handed skill;  
A school-house plant on every hill,  
Stretching in radiate nerve-lines thence  
The quick wires of intelligence;  
Till North and South together brought  
505 Shall own the same electric thought,  
In peace a common flag salute,  
And, side by side in labor's free  
And unresentful rivalry,  
Harvest the fields wherein they fought.
- 510 Another guest that winter night  
Flashed back from lustrous eyes the light.  
Unmarked by time, and yet not young,  
The honeyed music of her tongue  
And words of meekness scarcely told  
515 A nature passionate and bold,  
Strong, self-concentred, spurning guide,  
Its milder features dwarfed beside  
Her unbent will's majestic pride.  
She sat among us, at the best,  
520 A not unfeared, half-welcome guest,  
Rebuking with her cultured phrase  
Our homeliness of words and ways.  
A certain pard-like, treacherous grace  
Swayed the lithe limbs and dropped the  
lash,  
525 Lent the white teeth their dazzling flash;  
And under low brows, black with night,  
Rayed out at times a dangerous light;  
The sharp heat-lightnings of her face  
Presaging ill to him whom Fate  
530 Condemned to share her love or hate.

- A woman tropical, intense  
 In thought and act, in soul and sense,  
 She blended in a like degree  
 The vixen and the devotee,  
 535 Revealing with each freak or feint  
     The temper of Petruchio's Kate,  
     The raptures of Siena's Saint.  
     Her tapering hand and rounded wrist  
     Had facile power to form a fist;  
 540 The warm, dark languish of her eyes  
     Was never safe from wrath's surprise.  
     Brows saintly calm and lips devout  
     Knew every change of scowl and pout;  
     And the sweet voice had notes more high  
 545 And shrill for social battle-cry.  
     Since then what old cathedral town  
     Has missed her pilgrim staff and gown,  
     What convent-gate has held its lock  
     Against the challenge of her knock!  
 550 Through Smyrna's plague-hushed thoroughfares,  
     Up sea-set Malta's rocky stairs,  
     Gray olive slopes of hills that hem  
     Thy tombs and shrines, Jerusalem,  
     Or startling on her desert throne  
 555 The crazy Queen of Lebanon  
     With claims fantastic as her own,  
     Her tireless feet have held their way;  
     And still, unrestful, bowed, and gray,

536. See Shakspeare's comedy of the *Taming of the Shrew*.

537. St. Catherine of Siena, who is represented as having wonderful visions. She made a vow of silence for three years.

555. An interesting account of Lady Hester Stanhope, an English gentlewoman who led a singular life on Mount Lebanon in Syria, will be found in Kinglake's *Eothen*, chapter viii.



She watches under Eastern skies,  
560 With hope each day renewed and fresh,  
The Lord's quick coming in the flesh,  
Whereof she dreams and prophecies!

Where'er her troubled path may be,  
The Lord's sweet pity with her go!  
565 The outward wayward life we see,  
The hidden springs we may not know.  
Nor is it given us to discern  
What threads the fatal sisters spun,  
Through what ancestral years has run  
570 The sorrow with the woman born,  
What forged her cruel chain of moods,  
What set her feet in solitudes,  
And held the love within her mute,  
What mingled madness in the blood,  
575 A lifelong discord and annoy,  
Water of tears with oil of joy,  
And hid within the folded bud  
Perversities of flower and fruit.  
It is not ours to separate  
580 The tangled skein of will and fate,  
To show what metes and bounds should stand  
Upon the soul's debatable land,

582. This *not un-feared, half-welcome guest* was Miss Harriet Livermore, daughter of Judge Livermore of New Hampshire. She was a woman of fine powers, but wayward, wild, and enthusiastic. She went on an independent mission to the Western Indians, whom she, in common with some others, believed to be remnants of the lost tribes of Israel. At the time of this narrative she was about twenty-eight years old, but much of her life afterward was spent in the Orient. She was at one time the companion and friend of Lady Hester Stanhope, but finally quarreled with her about the use of the holy horses kept in the stable in waiting for the Lord's ride to Jerusalem at the second advent.

- And between choice and Providence  
Divide the circle of events;  
585 But He who knows our frame is just,  
Merciful and compassionate,  
And full of sweet assurances  
And hope for all the language is,  
That He remembereth we are dust!
- 590 At last the great logs, crumbling low,  
Sent out a dull and duller glow,  
The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,  
Ticking its weary circuit through,  
Pointed with mutely-warning sign  
605 Its black hand to the hour of nine.  
That sign the pleasant circle broke :  
My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,  
Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray,  
And laid it tenderly away,  
600 Then roused himself to safely cover  
The dull red brands with ashes over.  
And while, with care, our mother laid  
The work aside, her steps she stayed  
One moment, seeking to express  
605 Her grateful sense of happiness  
For food and shelter, warmth and health,  
And love's contentment more than wealth,  
With simple wishes (not the weak,  
Vain prayers which no fulfilment seek,  
610 But such as warm the generous heart,  
O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its part)  
That none might lack, that bitter night,  
For bread and clothing, warmth and light.

Within our beds awhile we heard  
615 The wind that round the gables roared.

With now and then a ruder shock,  
Which made our very bedsteads rock.  
We heard the loosened clapboards tost,  
The board-nails snapping in the frost ;  
620 And on us, through the unplastered wall,  
Felt the light sifted snow-flakes fall.  
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do  
When hearts are light and life is new ;  
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,  
625 Till in the summer-land of dreams  
They softened to the sound of streams,  
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,  
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

Next morn we wakened with the shout  
630 Of merry voices high and clear ;  
And saw the teamsters drawing near  
To break the drifted highways out.  
Down the long hillside treading slow  
We saw the half-buried oxen go,  
635 Shaking the snow from heads uptost,  
Their straining nostrils white with frost.  
Before our door the straggling train  
Drew up, an added team to gain.  
The elders threshed their hands a-cold,  
640 Passed, with the cider-mug, their jokes  
From lip to lip ; the younger folks  
Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling, rolled,  
Then toiled again the cavalcade  
O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine,  
645 And woodland paths that wound between  
Low drooping pine-boughs winter-weighed.  
From every barn a team afoot,  
At every house a new recruit,  
Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest law,

650 Haply the watchful young men saw  
Sweet doorway pictures of the curls  
And curious eyes of merry girls,  
Lifting their hands in mock defence  
Against the snow-ball's compliments,  
655 And reading in each missive tost  
The charm with Eden never lost.

We heard once more the sleigh-bells' sound ;  
And, following where the teamsters led,  
The wise old Doctor went his round,  
660 Just pausing at our door to say,  
In the brief autocratic way  
Of one who, prompt at Duty's call,  
Was free to urge her claim on all,  
That some poor neighbor sick abed  
665 At night our mother's aid would need.  
For, one in generous thought and deed,  
What mattered in the sufferer's sight  
The Quaker matron's inward light,  
The Doctor's mail of Calvin's creed?  
670 All hearts confess the saints elect  
Who, twain in faith, in love agree,  
And melt not in an acid sect  
The Christian pearl of charity!

So days went on: a week had passed  
675 Since the great world was heard from last.  
The Almanac we studied o'er,  
Read and reread our little store  
Of books and pamphlets, scarce a score;  
One harmless novel, mostly hid  
680 From younger eyes, a book forbid,

659. The *wise old Doctor* was Dr. Weld of Haverhill, an able man, who died at the age of ninety-six.

- And poetry, (or good or bad,  
 A single book was all we had,)  
 Where Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted Muse,  
     A stranger to the heathen Nine,  
 685 Sang, with a somewhat nasal whine,  
     The wars of David and the Jews.  
 At last the floundering carrier bore  
 The village paper to our door.  
 Lo! broadening outward as we read,  
 690 To warmer zones the horizon spread;  
     In panoramic length unrolled  
     We saw the marvels that it told.  
     Before us passed the painted Creeks,  
     And daft McGregor on his raids  
 695 In Costa Rica's everglades.  
     And up Taygetus winding slow  
     Rode Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks,  
     A Turk's head at each saddle-bow!  
     Welcome to us its week-old news,  
 700 Its corner for the rustic Muse,

683. Thomas Ellwood, one of the Society of Friends, a contemporary and friend of Milton, and the suggestor of *Paradise Regained*, wrote an epic poem in five books, called *Dauids*, the life of King David of Israel. He wrote the book, we are told, for his own diversion, so it was not necessary that others should be diverted by it. Ellwood's autobiography, a quaint and delightful book, has recently been issued in Howells's series of *Choice Autobiography*.

693. Referring to the removal of the Creek Indians from Georgia to beyond the Mississippi.

694. In 1822 Sir Gregor McGregor, a Scotchman, began an ineffectual attempt to establish a colony in Costa Rica.

697. Taygetus is a mountain on the Gulf of Messenia in Greece, and near by is the district of Maina, noted for its robbers and pirates. It was from these mountaineers that Ypsilanti, a Greek patriot, drew his cavalry in the struggle with Turkey, which resulted in the independence of Greece.

- Its monthly gauge of snow and rain,  
Its record, mingling in a breath  
The wedding knell and dirge of death;  
Jest, anecdote, and love-lorn tale,  
705 The latest culprit sent to jail;  
Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,  
Its vendue sales and goods at cost,  
And traffic calling loud for gain.  
We felt the stir of hall and street,  
710 The pulse of life that round us beat;  
The chill embargo of the snow  
Was melted in the genial glow;  
Wide swung again our ice-locked door,  
And all the world was ours once more!
- 715 Clasp, Angel of the backward look  
And folded wings of ashen gray  
And voice of echoes far away,  
The brazen covers of thy book;  
The weird palimpsest old and vast,  
720 Wherein thou hid'st the spectral past;  
Where, closely mingling, pale and glow  
The characters of joy and woe;  
The monographs of outlived years,  
Or smile-illumed or dim with tears,  
725 Green hills of life that slope to death,  
And haunts of home, whose vistaed trees  
Shade off to mournful cypresses  
With the white amaranths underneath.  
Even while I look, I can but heed  
730 The restless sands' incessant fall,  
Importunate hours that hours succeed,  
Each clamorous with its own sharp need,  
And duty keeping pace with all.

- Shut down and clasp the heavy lids;  
 735 I hear again the voice that bids  
 The dreamer leave his dream midway  
 For larger hopes and graver fears:  
 Life greatens in these later years,  
 The century's aloe flowers to-day!
- 740 Yet, haply, in some lull of life,  
 Some Truce of God which breaks its strife,  
 The wordling's eyes shall gather dew,  
 Dreaming in throngful city ways  
 Of winter joys his boyhood knew;  
 745 And dear and early friends — the few  
 Who yet remain — shall pause to view  
 These Flemish pictures of old days;  
 Sit with me by the homestead hearth,  
 And stretch the hands of memory forth  
 750 To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze!  
 And thanks untraced to lips unknown  
 Shall greet me like the odors blown  
 From unseen meadows newly mown,  
 Or lilies floating in some pond,  
 755 Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond;  
 The traveller owns the grateful sense  
 Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,  
 And, pausing, takes with forehead bare  
 The benediction of the air.

741. The name is drawn from a historic compact in 1040, when the Church forbade the barons to make any attack on each other between sunset on Wednesday and sunrise on the following Monday, or upon any ecclesiastical fast or feast day. It also provided that no man was to molest a laborer working in the fields, or to lay hands on any implement of husbandry, on pain of excommunication.

747. The Flemish school of painting was chiefly occupied with homely interiors.

II.

AMONG THE HILLS.

PRELUDE.

- ALONG the roadside, like the flowers of gold  
 That tawny Incas for their gardens wrought,  
 Heavy with sunshine droops the golden-rod,  
 And the red pennons of the cardinal-flowers  
 5 Hang motionless upon their upright staves.  
 The sky is hot and hazy, and the wind,  
 Wing-weary with its long flight from the south,  
 Unfelt; yet, closely scanned, yon maple leaf  
 With faintest motion, as one stirs in dreams,  
 10 Confesses it. The locust by the wall  
 Stabs the noon-silence with his sharp alarm.  
 A single hay-cart down the dusty road  
 Creaks slowly, with its driver fast asleep  
 On the load's top. Against the neighboring hill,  
 15 Huddled along the stone wall's shady side,  
 The sheep show white, as if a snowdrift still  
 Defied the dog-star. Through the open door  
 A drowsy smell of flowers — gray heliotrope,  
 And white sweet clover, and shy mignonette —  
 20 Comes faintly in, and silent chorus lends  
 To the pervading symphony of peace.

No time is this for hands long over-worn  
 To task their strength: and (unto Him be praise  
 Who giveth quietness!) the stress and strain

2. The Incas were the kings of the ancient Peruvians. At Yucay, their favorite residence, the gardens, according to Prescott, contained "forms of vegetable life skillfully imitated in gold and silver." See *History of the Conquest of Peru*. I. 130.



- 25 Of years that did the work of centuries  
Have ceased, and we can draw our breath once  
more  
Freely and full. So, as yon harvesters  
Make glad their nooning underneath the elms  
With tale and riddle and old snatch of song,  
30 I lay aside grave themes, and idly turn  
The leaves of memory's sketch-book, dreaming  
o'er  
Old summer pictures of the quiet hills,  
And human life, as quiet, at their feet.

- And yet not idly all. A farmer's son,  
35 Proud of field-lore and harvest craft, and feeling  
All their fine possibilities, how rich  
And restful even poverty and toil  
Become when beauty, harmony, and love  
Sit at their humble hearth as angels sat  
40 At evening in the patriarch's tent, when man  
Makes labor noble, and his farmer's frock  
The symbol of a Christian chivalry  
Tender and just and generous to her  
Who clothes with grace all duty; still, I know  
45 Too well the picture has another side,  
How wearily the grind of toil goes on  
Where love is wanting, how the eye and ear  
And heart are starved amidst the plenitude  
Of nature, and how hard and colorless  
50 Is life without an atmosphere. I look  
Across the lapse of half a century,  
And call to mind old homesteads, where no flower  
Told that the spring had come, but evil weeds,  
Nightshade and rough-leaved burdock in the place

26. The volume in which this poem stands first, and to which it gives the name, was published in the fall of 1863.

- 55 Of the sweet doorway greeting of the rose  
 And honeysuckle, where the house walls seemed  
 Blistering in sun, without a tree or vine  
 To cast the tremulous shadow of its leaves  
 Across the curtainless windows from whose panes  
 60 Fluttered the signal rags of shiftlessness;  
 Within, the cluttered kitchen floor, unwashed  
 (Broom-clean I think they called it); the best  
 room  
 Stifing with cellar damp, shut from the air  
 In hot midsummer, bookless, pictureless  
 65 Save the inevitable sampler hung  
 Over the fireplace, or a mourning piece,  
 A green-haired woman, peony-cheeked, beneath  
 Impossible willows; the wide-throated hearth  
 Bristling with faded pine-boughs half concealing  
 70 The piled-up rubbish at the chimney's back;  
 And, in sad keeping with all things about them,  
 Shrill, querulous women, sour and sullen men,  
 Untidy, loveless, old before their time,  
 With scarce a human interest save their own  
 75 Monotonous round of small economies,  
 Or the poor scandal of the neighborhood;  
 Blind to the beauty everywhere revealed,  
 Treading the May-flowers with regardless feet;  
 For them the song-sparrow and the bobolink  
 80 Sang not, nor winds made music in the leaves;  
 For them in vain October's holocaust  
 Burned, gold and crimson, over all the hills,  
 The sacramental mystery of the woods.  
 Church-goers, fearful of the unseen Powers,  
 85 But grumbling over pulpit-tax and pew-rent,  
 Saving, as shrewd economists, their souls  
 And winter pork with the least possible outlay  
 Of salt and sanctity; in daily life

- Showing as little actual comprehension  
 90 Of Christian charity and love and duty,  
 As if the Sermon on the Mount had been  
 Outdated like a last year's almanac :  
 Rich in broad woodlands and in half-tilled fields,  
 And yet so pinched and bare and comfortless,  
 95 The veriest straggler limping on his rounds,  
 The sun and air his sole inheritance,  
 Laughed at poverty that paid its taxes,  
 And hugged his rags in self-complacency!

- Not such should be the homesteads of a land  
 100 Where whoso wisely wills and acts may dwell  
 As king and lawgiver, in broad-acred state,  
 With beauty, art, taste, culture, books, to make  
 His hour of leisure richer than a life  
 Of fourscore to the barons of old time,  
 105 Our yeoman should be equal to his home  
 Set in the fair, green valleys, purple walled,  
 A man to match his mountains, not to creep  
 Dwarfed and abased below them. I would fain  
 In this light way (of which I needs must own  
 110 With the knife-grinder of whom Canning sings,  
 " Story, God bless you! I have none to tell you!")  
 Invite the eye to see and heart to feel  
 The beauty and the joy within their reach, —  
 Home, and home loves, and the beatitudes

110. The *Anti-Jacobin* was a periodical published in England in 1797-98, to ridicule democratic opinions, and in it Canning, who afterward became premier of England, wrote many light verses and *jeux d'esprit*, among them a humorous poem called the *Needy Knife-Grinder*, in burlesque of a poem by Southey. The knife-grinder is anxiously appealed to to tell his story of wrong and injustice, but answers as here: —

" Story, God bless you! I 've none to tell."

- 115 Of nature free to all. Haply in years  
 That wait to take the places of our own,  
 Heard where some breezy balcony looks down  
 On happy homes, or where the lake in the moon  
 Sleeps dreaming of the mountains, fair as Ruth,  
 120 In the old Hebrew pastoral, at the feet  
 Of Boaz, even this simple lay of mine  
 May seem the burden of a prophecy,  
 Finding its late fulfilment in a change  
 Slow as the oak's growth, lifting manhood up  
 125 Through broader culture, finer manners, love,  
 And reverence, to the level of the hills.

O Golden Age, whose light is of the dawn,  
 And not of sunset, forward, not behind,  
 Flood the new heavens and earth, and with thee  
 bring

- 130 All the old virtues, whatsoever things  
 Are pure and honest and of good repute,  
 But add thereto whatever bard has sung  
 Or seer has told of when in trance and dream  
 They saw the Happy Isles of prophecy!  
 135 Let Justice hold her scale, and Truth divide  
 Between the right and wrong, but give the heart  
 The freedom of its fair inheritance;  
 Let the poor prisoner, cramped and starved so  
 long,  
 At Nature's table feast his ear and eye  
 140 With joy and wonder; let all harmonies  
 Of sound, form, color, motion, wait upon  
 The princely guest, whether in soft attire  
 Of leisure clad, or the coarse frock of toil,  
 And, lending life to the dead form of faith,  
 145 Give human nature reverence for the sake

- Of One who bore it, making it divine  
 With the ineffable tenderness of God;  
 Let common need, the brotherhood of prayer,  
 The heirship of an unknown destiny,  
 150 The unsolved mystery round about us, make  
 A man more precious than the gold of Ophir.  
 Sacred, inviolate, unto whom all things  
 Should minister, as outward types and signs  
 Of the eternal beauty which fulfils  
 155 The one great purpose of creation, Love,  
 The sole necessity of Earth and Heaven!

## AMONG THE HILLS.

- For weeks the clouds had raked the hills  
 And vexed the vales with raining,  
 And all the woods were sad with mist,  
 160 And all the brooks complaining.

At last, a sudden night-storm tore  
 The mountain veils asunder,  
 And swept the valleys clean before  
 The besom of the thunder.

- 165 Through Sandwich notch the west-wind sang  
 Good morrow to the cotter;  
 And once again Chocorua's horn  
 Of shadow pierced the water.

165. Sandwich Notch, Chocorua Mountain, Ossipee Lake and the Bearcamp River, are all striking features of the scenery in that part of New Hampshire which lies just at the entrance of the White Mountain region. Many of Whittier's most graceful poems are drawn from the suggestions of this country, where he has been wont to spend his summer months of late, and a mountain near West Ossipee has received his name.

Above his broad lake Ossipee,  
 170 Once more the sunshine wearing,  
 Stooped, tracing on that silver shield  
 His grim armorial bearing.

Clear drawn against the hard blue sky  
 The peaks had winter's keenness;  
 175 And, close on autumn's frost, the vales  
 Had more than June's fresh greenness.

Again the sodden forest floors  
 With golden lights were checkered,  
 Once more rejoicing leaves in wind  
 180 And sunshine danced and flickered.

It was as if the summer's late  
 Atoning for its sadness  
 Had borrowed every season's charm  
 To end its days in gladness.

185 I call to mind those banded vales  
 Of shadow and of shining,  
 Through which, my hostess at my side,  
 I drove in day's declining.

We held our sideling way above  
 190 The river's whitening shallows,  
 By homesteads old, with wide-flung barns  
 Swept through and through by swallows, —

By maple orchards, belts of pine  
 And larches climbing darkly  
 195 The mountain slopes, and, over all,  
 The great peaks rising starkly.

You should have seen that long hill-range  
With gaps of brightness riven, —  
How through each pass and hollow streamed  
200 The purpling lights of heaven, —

Rivers of gold-mist flowing down  
From far celestial fountains, —  
The great sun flaming through the rifts  
Beyond the wall of mountains!

205 We paused at last where home-bound cows  
Brought down the pasture's treasure,  
And in the barn the rhythmic flails  
Beat out a harvest measure. .

We heard the night-hawk's sullen plunge,  
210 The crow his tree-mates calling:  
The shadows lengthening down the slopes  
About our feet were falling,

And through them smote the level sun  
In broken lines of splendor,  
215 Touched the gray rocks and made the green  
Of the shorn grass more tender.

The maples bending o'er the gate,  
Their arch of leaves just tinted  
With yellow warmth, the golden glow  
220 Of coming autumn hinted.

Keen white between the farm-house showed,  
And smiled on porch and trellis,  
The fair democracy of flowers  
That equals cot and palace.

225 And weaving garlands for her dog,  
       'Twixt chidings and caresses,  
 A human flower of childhood shook  
       The sunshine from her tresses.

On either hand we saw the signs  
 230 Of fancy and of shrewdness,  
 Where taste had wound its arms of vines  
       Round thrift's uncomely rudeness.

The sun-brown farmer in his frock  
       Shook hands, and called to Mary:  
 235 Bare-armed, as Juno might, she came,  
       White-aproned from her dairy.

Her air, her smile, her motions, told  
       Of womanly completeness;  
 A music as of household songs  
 240 Was in her voice of sweetness.

Not beautiful in curve and line,  
       But something more and better,  
 The secret charm eluding art,  
       Its spirit, not its letter; —

245 An inborn grace that nothing lacked  
       Of culture or appliance, —  
 The warmth of genial courtesy,  
       The calm of self-reliance.

Before her queenly womanhood  
 250 How dared our hostess utter  
 The paltry errand of her need  
       To buy her fresh-churned butter?



She led the way with housewife pride,  
Her goodly store disclosing,  
255 Full tenderly the golden balls  
With practised hands disposing.

Then, while along the western hills  
We watched the changeful glory  
Of sunset, on our homeward way,  
260 I heard her simple story.

The early crickets sang; the stream  
Plashed through my friend's narration:  
Her rustic patois of the hills  
Lost in my free translation.

265 "More wise," she said, "than those who swarm  
Our hills in middle summer,  
She came, when June's first roses blow,  
To greet the early comer.

"From school and ball and rout she came,  
270 The city's fair, pale daughter,  
To drink the wine of mountain air  
Beside the Bearcamp Water.

"Her step grew firmer on the hills  
That watch our homesteads over;  
275 On cheek and lip, from summer fields,  
She caught the bloom of clover.

"For health comes sparkling in the streams  
From cool Chocorua stealing:  
There's iron in our Northern winds;  
280 Our pines are trees of healing.

" She sat beneath the broad-armed elms  
That skirt the mowing-meadow,  
And watched the gentle west-wind weave  
The grass with shine and shadow.

285 " Beside her, from the summer heat  
To share her grateful screening,  
With forehead bared, the farmer stood,  
Upon his pitchfork leaning.

" Framed in its damp, dark locks, his face  
290 Had nothing mean or common, —  
Strong, manly, true, the tenderness  
And pride beloved of woman.

" She looked up, glowing with the health  
The country air had brought her,  
295 And, laughing, said: ' You lack a wife,  
Your mother lacks a daughter.

" ' To mend your frock and bake your bread  
You do not need a lady:  
Be sure among these brown old homes  
300 Is some one waiting ready, —

" ' Some fair, sweet girl with skilful hand  
And cheerful heart for treasure,  
Who never played with ivory keys,  
Or danced the polka's measure.'

305 " He bent his black brows to a frown,  
He set his white teeth tightly.  
' 'Tis well,' he said, ' for one like you  
To choose for me so lightly.

- “ ‘ You think, because my life is rude  
310 I take no note of sweetness:  
I tell you love has naught to do  
With meetness or unmeetness.
- “ ‘ Itself its best excuse, it asks  
No leave of pride or fashion  
315 When silken zone or homespun frock  
It stirs with throbs of passion.
- “ ‘ You think me deaf and blind: you bring  
Your winning graces hither  
As free as if from cradle-time  
320 We two had played together.
- “ ‘ You tempt me with your laughing eyes,  
Your cheek of sundown’s blushes,  
A motion as of waving grain,  
A music as of thrushes.
- 325 “ ‘ The plaything of your summer sport,  
The spells you weave around me  
You cannot at your will undo,  
Nor leave me as you found me.
- “ ‘ You go as lightly as you came,  
330 Your life is well without me;  
What care you that these hills will close  
Like prison-walls about me?
- “ ‘ No mood is mine to seek a wife,  
Or daughter for my mother:  
335 Who loves you loses in that love  
All power to love another!

“ ‘ I dare your pity or your scorn,  
 With pride your own exceeding ;  
 I fling my heart into your lap  
 340 Without a word of pleading.’

“ She looked up in his face of pain  
 So archly, yet so tender:  
 ‘ And if I lend you mine,’ she said,  
 ‘ Will you forgive the lender ?

345 “ ‘ Nor frock nor tan can hide the man;  
 And see you not, my farmer,  
 How weak and fond a woman waits  
 Behind this silken armor ?

“ ‘ I love you: on that love alone, ‘  
 350 And not my worth, presuming,  
 Will you not trust for summer fruit  
 The tree in May-day blooming ? ’

“ Alone the hangbird overhead,  
 His hair-swung cradle straining,  
 355 Looked down to see love’s miracle, —  
 The giving that is gaining.

“ And so the farmer found a wife,  
 His mother found a daughter:  
 There looks no happier home than hers  
 360 On pleasant Bearcamp Water.

“ Flowers spring to blossom where she walks  
 The careful ways of duty;  
 Our hard, stiff lines of life with her  
 Are flowing curves of beauty.

365 " Our homes are cheerier for her sake,  
Our door-yards brighter blooming,  
And all about the social air  
Is sweeter for her coming.

" Unspoken homilies of peace  
370 Her daily life is preaching;  
The still refreshment of the dew  
Is her unconscious teaching.

" And never tenderer hand than hers  
Unknits the brow of ailing;  
375 Her garments to the sick man's ear  
Have music in their trailing.

" And when, in pleasant harvest moons,  
" The youthful huskers gather,  
Or sleigh-drives on the mountain ways  
380 Defy the winter weather, —

" In sugar-camps, when south and warm  
The winds of March are blowing,  
And sweetly from its thawing veins  
The maple's blood is flowing, —

385 " In summer, where some lily pond  
Its virgin zone is bearing,  
Or where the ruddy autumn fire  
Lights up the apple-paring; —

" The coarseness of a ruder time  
390 Her finer mirth displaces,  
A subtler sense of pleasure fills  
Each rustic sport she graces.

“ Her presence lends its warmth and health  
 To all who come before it.  
 395 If woman lost us Eden, such  
 As she alone restore it.

“ For larger life and wiser aims  
 The farmer is her debtor ;  
 Who holds to his another's heart  
 400 Must needs be worse or better.

“ Through her his civic service shows  
 A purer-toned ambition ;  
 No double consciousness divides  
 The man and politician.

405 “ In party's doubtful ways he trusts  
 Her instincts to determine ;  
 At the loud polls, the thought of her  
 Recalls Christ's Mountain Sermon.

“ He owns her logic of the heart,  
 410 And wisdom of unreason,  
 Supplying, while he doubts and weighs,  
 The needed word in season.

“ He sees with pride her richer thought,  
 Her fancy's freer ranges ;  
 415 And love thus deepened to respect  
 Is proof against all changes.

“ And if she walks at ease in ways  
 His feet are slow to travel,  
 And if she reads with cultured eyes  
 420 What his may scarce unravel,

- “ Still clearer, for her keener sight  
Of beauty and of wonder,  
He learns the meaning of the hills  
He dwelt from childhood under.
- 425 “ And higher, warmed with summer lights,  
Or winter-crowned and hoary,  
The ridged horizon lifts for him  
Its inner veils of glory.
- 430 “ He has his own free, bookless lore,  
The lessons nature taught him,  
The wisdom which the woods and hills  
And toiling men have brought him:
- “ The steady force of will whereby  
Her flexile grace seems sweeter;  
435 The sturdy counterpoise which makes  
Her woman's life completer:
- “ A latent fire of soul which lacks  
No breath of love to fan it;  
And wit, that, like his native brooks,  
440 Plays over solid granite.
- “ How dwarfed against his manliness  
She sees the poor pretension,  
The wants, the aims, the follies, born  
Of fashion and convention!
- 445 “ How life behind its accidents  
Stands strong and self-sustaining,  
The human fact transcending all  
The losing and the gaining.

“ And so, in grateful interchange  
 450 Of teacher and of hearer,  
 Their lives their true distinctness keep  
 While daily drawing nearer.

“ And if the husband or the wife  
 In home's strong light discovers  
 455 Such slight defaults as failed to meet  
 The blinded eyes of lovers,

“ Why need we care to ask ? — who dreams  
 Without their thorns of roses,  
 Or wonders that the truest steel  
 460 The readiest spark discloses ?

“ For still in mutual sufferance lies  
 The secret of true living :  
 Love scarce is love that never knows  
 The sweetness of forgiving.

465 “ We send the Squire to General Court,  
 He takes his young wife thither;  
 No prouder man election day  
 Rides through the sweet June weather.

“ He sees with eyes of manly trust  
 470 All hearts to her inclining;  
 Not less for him his household light  
 That others share its shining.”

Thus, while my hostess spake, there grew  
 Before me, warmer tinted  
 475 And outlined with a tenderer grace,  
 The picture that she hinted.



The sunset smouldered as we drove  
Beneath the deep hill-shadows.  
Below us wreaths of white fog walked  
480 Like ghosts the haunted meadows.

Sounding the summer night, the stars  
Dropped down their golden plummet; —  
The pale arc of the Northern lights  
Rose o'er the mountain summits, —

485 Until, at last, beneath its bridge,  
We heard the Bearcamp flowing,  
And saw across the mapled lawn  
The welcome home-lights glowing; —

And, musing on the tale I heard,  
490 'T were well, thought I, if often  
To rugged farm-life came the gift  
To harmonize and soften; —

If more and more we found the troth  
Of fact and fancy plighted,  
495 And culture's charm and labor's strength  
In rural homes united, —

The simple life, the homely hearth,  
With beauty's sphere surrounding,  
And blessing toil where toil abounds  
500 With graces more abounding.

### III.

#### MABEL MARTIN.

[THIS poem was published in 1875, but it had already appeared in an earlier version in 1860 under the title of *The Witch's Daughter*, in *Home Ballads and other Poems*. *Mabel Martin* is in the same measure as *The Witch's Daughter*, and many of the verses are the same, but the poet has taken the first draft as a sketch, filled it out, adding verses here and there, altering lines and making an introduction, so that the new version is a third longer than the old. The reader will find it interesting to compare the two poems. The scene is laid on the Merrimack, as Deer Island and Hawkswood near Newburyport intimate. A fruitful comparison might be drawn between the treatment of such subjects by Whittier and by Hawthorne.]

#### PART I.

##### THE RIVER VALLEY.

Across the level tableland,  
A grassy, rarely trodden way,  
With thinnest skirt of birchen spray

And stunted growth of cedar, leads  
5 To where you see the dull plain fall  
Sheer off, steep-slanted, ploughed by all

The seasons' rainfalls. On its brink  
The over-leaning harebells swing;  
With roots half bare the pine-trees cling;

10 And, through the shadow looking west,  
You see the wavering river flow  
Along a vale, that far below

Holds to the sun, the sheltering hills,  
And glimmering water-line between,  
15 Broad fields of corn and meadows green,

And fruit-bent orchards grouped around  
The low brown roofs and painted eaves,  
And chimney-tops half hid in leaves.

No warmer valley hides behind  
20 Yon wind-scourged sand-dunes, cold and bleak  
No fairer river comes to seek

The wave-sung welcome of the sea,  
Or mark the northmost border line  
Of sun-loved growths of nut and vine.

25 Here, ground-fast in their native fields,  
Untempted by the city's gain,  
The quiet farmer folk remain

Who bear the pleasant name of Friends,  
And keep their fathers' gentle ways  
30 And simple speech of Bible days;

In whose neat homesteads woman holds  
With modest ease her equal place,  
And wears upon her tranquil face

The look of one who, merging not  
35 Her self-hood in another's will,  
Is love's and duty's handmaid still.

Pass with me down the path that winds  
Through birches to the open land,  
Where, close upon the river strand

40 You mark a cellar, vine-o'errun,  
Above whose wall of loosened stones  
The sumach lifts its reddening cones,

And the black nightshade's berries shine,  
And broad, unsightly burdocks fold  
45 The household ruin, century-old.

Here, in the dim colonial time  
Of sterner lives and gloomier faith,  
A woman lived, tradition saith,

Who wrought her neighbors foul annoy,  
50 And witched and plagued the country-side,  
Till at the hangman's hand she died.

Sit with me while the westering day  
Falls slantwise down the quiet vale,  
And, haply, ere yon loitering sail,

55 That round the upper headland falls  
Below Deer Island's pines, or sees  
Behind it Hawkswood's belt of trees

Rise black against the sinking sun,  
My idyl of its days of old,  
60 The valley's legend shall be told.

## PART II.

## THE HUSKING.

It was the pleasant harvest-time,  
When cellar-bins are closely stowed,  
And garrets bend beneath their load,

And the old swallow-haunted barns, —  
65 Brown-gabled, long, and full of seams  
Through which the moted sunlight streams,

And winds blow freshly in, to shake  
The red plumes of the roosted cocks,  
And the loose hay-mow's scented locks, —

70 Are filled with summer's ripened stores,  
Its odorous grass and barley sheaves,  
From their low scaffolds to their eaves.

On Esek Harden's oaken floor,  
With many an autumn threshing worn,  
75 Lay the heaped ears of unhusked corn.

And thither came young men and maids,  
Beneath a moon that, large and low,  
Lit that sweet eve of long ago.

They took their places; some by chance,  
80 And others by a merry voice  
Or sweet smile guided to their choice.

How pleasantly the rising moon,  
Between the shadow of the mows,  
Looked on them through the great elm-boughs

85 On sturdy boyhood, sun-embrowned,  
     On girlhood with its solid curves  
     Of healthful strength and painless nerves!

    And jests went round, and laughs that made  
     The house-dog answer with his howl,  
 90 And kept astir the barn-yard fowl;

    And quaint old songs their fathers sung  
     In Derby dales and Yorkshire moors,  
     Ere Norman William trod their shores;

    And tales, whose merry license shook  
 95 The fat sides of the Saxon thane,  
     Forgetful of the hovering Dane, —

    Rude plays to Celt and Cimbri known,  
     The charms and riddles that beguiled  
     On Oxus' banks the young world's child, —

100 That primal picture-speech wherein  
     Have youth and maid the story told,  
     So new in each, so dateless old,

    Recalling pastoral Ruth in her  
     Who waited, blushing and demure,  
 105 The red-ear's kiss of forfeiture.

99. The Oxus, which was the great river of Upper Asia, flowed past what has been regarded as the birthplace of Western people, who emigrated from that centre. Some of the riddles and plays which we have are of great antiquity and may have been handed down from the time when our ancestors were still Asiatics.

## PART III.

## THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER.

BUT still the sweetest voice was mute  
 That river-valley ever heard  
 From lips of maid or throat of bird;

For Mabel Martin sat apart,  
 110 And let the hay-mow's shadow fall  
 Upon the loveliest face of all.

She sat apart, as one forbid,  
 Who knew that none would condescend  
 To own the Witch-wife's child a friend.

115 The seasons scarce had gone their round,  
 Since curious thousands thronged to see  
 Her mother at the gallows-tree;

And mocked the prison-palsied limbs  
 That faltered on the fatal stairs,  
 120 And wan lip trembling with its prayers!

Few questioned of the sorrowing child,  
 Or, when they saw the mother die,  
 Dreamed of the daughter's agony.

They went up to their homes that day,  
 125 As men and Christians justified:  
 God willed it, and the wretch had died!

117. In Upham's *History of Salem Witchcraft* will be found an account of the trial and execution of Susanna Martin for witchcraft.

Dear God and Father of us all,  
 Forgive our faith in cruel lies, —  
 Forgive the blindness that denies!

130 Forgive thy creature when he takes,  
 For the all-perfect love thou art,  
 Some grim creation of his heart.

Cast down our idols, overturn  
 Our bloody altars; let us see  
 135 Thyself in Thy humanity!

Young Mabel from her mother's grave  
 Crept to her desolate hearth-stone,  
 And wrestled with her fate alone;

With love, and anger, and despair,  
 140 The phantoms of disordered sense,  
 The awful doubts of Providence!

Oh, dreary broke the winter days,  
 And dreary fell the winter nights  
 When, one by one, the neighboring lights

145 Went out, and human sounds grew still,  
 And all the phantom-peopled dark  
 Closed round her hearth-fire's dying spark.

And summer days were sad and long,  
 And sad the uncompanioned eves,  
 150 And sadder sunset-tinted leaves,

And Indian Summer's airs of balm;  
 She scarcely felt the soft caress,  
 The beauty died of loneliness!



The school-boys jeered her as they passed,  
155 And, when she sought the house of prayer,—  
Her mother's curse pursued her there.

And still o'er many a neighboring door  
She saw the horseshoe's curv'd charm,  
To guard against her mother's harm:

160 That mother, poor and sick and lame,  
Who daily, by the old arm-chair,  
Folded her withered hands in prayer;—

Who turned, in Salem's dreary jail,  
Her worn old Bible o'er and o'er,  
165 When her dim eyes could read no more!

Sore tried and pained, the poor girl kept  
Her faith, and trusted that her way,  
So dark, would somewhere meet the day.

And still her weary wheel went round  
170 Day after day, with no relief:  
Small leisure have the poor for grief.

#### PART IV.

##### THE CHAMPION.

So in the shadow Mabel sits;  
Untouched by mirth she sees and hears,  
Her smile is sadder than her tears.

175 But cruel eyes have found her out,  
And cruel lips repeat her name,  
And taunt her with her mother's shame.

She answered not with railing words,  
But drew her apron o'er her face,  
180 And, sobbing, glided from the place.

And only pausing at the door,  
Her sad eyes met the troubled gaze  
Of one who, in her better days,

Had been her warm and steady friend,  
185 Ere yet her mother's doom had made  
Even Esek Harden half afraid.

He felt that mute appeal of tears,  
And, starting, with an angry frown,  
Hushed all the wicked murmurs down.

190 "Good neighbors mine," he sternly said,  
"This passes harmless mirth or jest;  
I brook no insult to my guest.

"She is indeed her mother's child;  
But God's sweet pity ministers  
195 Unto no whiter soul than hers.

"Let Goody Martin rest in peace;  
I never knew her harm a fly,  
And witch or not, God knows — not I.

"I know who swore her life away;  
200 And as God lives, I'd not condemn  
An Indian dog on word of them."

The broadest lands in all the town,  
The skill to guide, the power to awe,  
Were Harden's; and his word was law.

205 None dared withstand him to his face,  
But one sly maiden spake aside:  
" The little witch is evil-eyed!

" Her mother only killed a cow,  
Or witched a churn or dairy-pan;  
210 But she, forsooth, must charm a man! "

## PART V.

## IN THE SHADOW.

Poor Mabel, homeward turning, passed  
The nameless terrors of the wood,  
And saw, as if a ghost pursued,

Her shadow gliding in the moon;  
215 The soft breath of the west-wind gave  
A chill as from her mother's grave.

How dreary seemed the silent house!  
Wide in the moonbeams' ghastly glare  
Its windows had a dead man's stare!

220 And, like a gaunt and spectral hand,  
The tremulous shadow of a birch  
Reached out and touched the door's low porch

As if to lift its latch: hard by,  
A sudden warning call she heard,  
225 The night-cry of a brooding bird.

She leaned against the door; her face,  
So fair, so young, so full of pain,  
White in the moonlight's silver rain.

The river, on its pebbled rim,  
 230 Made music such as childhood knew;  
 The door-yard tree was whispered through

By voices such as childhood's ear  
 Had heard in moonlights long ago;  
 And through the willow-boughs below

235 She saw the rippled waters shine;  
 Beyond, in waves of shade and light,  
 The hills rolled off into the night.

She saw and heard, but over all  
 A sense of some transforming spell,  
 240 The shadow of her sick heart fell.

And still across the wooded space  
 The harvest lights of Harden shone,  
 And song and jest and laugh went on.

And he, so gentle, true, and strong,  
 245 Of men the bravest and the best,  
 Had he, too, scorned her with the rest?

She strove to drown her sense of wrong,  
 And, in her old and simple way,  
 To teach her bitter heart to pray.

250 Poor child! the prayer, begun in faith  
 Grew to a low, despairing cry  
 Of utter misery: "Let me die!

"Oh! take me from the scornful eyes,  
 And hide me where the cruel speech  
 255 And mocking finger may not reach!

' I dare not breathe my mother's name:  
A daughter's right I dare not crave  
To weep above her unblest grave!

260 " Let me not live until my heart,  
With few to pity, and with none  
To love me, hardens into stone.

" O God! have mercy on thy child,  
Whose faith in thee grows weak and small,  
And take me ere I lose it all! "

265 A shadow on the moonlight fell,  
And murmuring wind and wave became  
A voice whose burden was her name.

## PART IV.

## THE BETROTHAL.

HAD then God heard her? Had He sent  
His angel down? In flesh and blood,  
270 Before her Esek Harden stood!

He laid his hand upon her arm:  
" Dear Mabel, this no more shall be;  
Who scoffs at you must scoff at me.

275 " You know rough Esek Harden well;  
And if he seems no suitor gay,  
And if his hair is touched with gray,

" The maiden grown shall never find  
His heart less warm than when she smiled,  
Upon his knees, a little child! "

280 Her tears of grief were tears of joy,  
       As, folded in his strong embrace,  
       She looked in Esek Harden's face.

      " Oh, truest friend of all!" she said,  
       " God bless you for your kindly thought,  
 285 And make me worthy of my lot!"

      He led her forth, and, blent in one,  
       Beside their happy pathway ran  
       The shadows of the maid and man.

      He led her through his dewy fields,  
 290 To where the swinging lanterns glowed,  
       And through the doors the huskers showed.

      " Good friends and neighbors!" Esek said,  
       " I'm weary of this lonely life;  
       In Mabel see my chosen wife!

295 " She greets you kindly, one and all;  
       The past is past, and all offence  
       Falls harmless from her innocence.

      " Henceforth she stands no more alone:  
       You know what Esek Harden is; —  
 300 He brooks no wrong to him or his.

      " Now let the merriest tales be told,  
       And let the sweetest songs be sung  
       That ever made the old heart young!

      " For now the lost has found a home;  
 305 And a lone hearth shall brighter burn,  
       As all the household joys return!"

Oh, pleasantly the harvest-moon,  
Between the shadow of the mows,  
Looked on them through the great elm-boughs!

310 On Mabel's curls of golden hair,  
On Esek's shaggy strength it fell;  
And the wind whispered, "It is well!"

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## IV.

## COBBLER KEEZAR'S VISION.

[“THIS ballad was written,” Mr. Whittier says,  
“on the occasion of a Horticultural Festival. Cob-  
bler Keezar was a noted character among the first  
settlers in the valley of the Merrimack.”]

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THE beaver cut his timber  
With patient teeth that day,  
The minks were fish-wards, and the crows  
Surveyors of highway, —

5 When Keezar sat on the hillside  
Upon his cobbler's form,  
With a pan of coals on either hand  
To keep his waxed-ends warm.

And there, in the golden weather,  
10 He stitched and hammered and sung;  
In the brook he moistened his leather,  
In the pewter mug his tongue.

Well knew the tough old Teuton  
Who brewed the stoutest ale,  
15 And he paid the goodwife's reckoning  
In the coin of song and tale.

The songs they still are singing  
Who dress the hills of vine,  
The tales that haunt the Brocken  
20 And whisper down the Rhine.

Woodsy and wild and lonesome,  
The swift stream wound away,  
Through birches and scarlet maples  
Flashing in foam and spray, —

25 Down on the sharp-horned ledges  
Plunging in steep cascade,  
Tossing its white-maned waters  
Against the hemlock's shade.

Woodsy and wild and lonesome,  
30 East and west and north and south;  
Only the village of fishers  
Down at the river's mouth;

Only here and there a clearing,  
With its farm-house rude and new,  
35 And tree-stumps, swart as Indians,  
Where the scanty harvest grew.

No shout of home-bound reapers,  
No vintage-song he heard,

19. The *Brocken* is the highest summit of the Hartz range in Germany, and a great body of superstitions has gathered about the whole range. May-day night, called Walpurgis Night, is held to be the time of a great witch festival on the Brocken.



And on the green no dancing feet  
40 The merry violin stirred.

"Why should folk be glum," said Keezar,  
"When nature herself is glad,  
And the painted woods are laughing  
At the faces so sour and sad?"

45 Small heed had the careless cobbler  
What sorrow of heart was theirs  
Who travailed in pain with the births of God,  
And planted a state with prayers, —

Hunting of witches and warlocks,  
50 Smiting the heathen horde, —  
One hand on the mason's trowel,  
And one on the soldier's sword!

But give him his ale and cider,  
Give him his pipe and song,  
55 Little he cared for Church or State,  
Or the balance of right and wrong.

"'T is work, work, work," he muttered, —  
"And for rest a snuffle of psalms!"  
He smote on his leathern apron  
60 With his brown and waxen palms.

"Oh for the purple harvests  
Of the days when I was young!  
For the merry grape-stained maidens,  
And the pleasant songs they sung!

65 "Oh for the breath of vineyards,  
Of apples and nuts and wine!

For an oar to row and a breeze to blow  
Down the grand old river Rhine! "

A tear in his blue eye glistened,  
70 And dropped on his beard so gray.  
" Old, old am I," said Keezar,  
" And the Rhine flows far away! "

But a cunning man was the cobbler;  
He could call the birds from the trees,  
75 Charm the black snake out of the ledges,  
And bring back the swarming bees.

All the virtues of herbs and metals,  
All the lore of the woods, he knew,  
And the arts of the Old World mingled  
80 With the marvels of the New.

Well he knew the tricks of magic,  
And the lapstone on his knee  
Had the gift of the Mormon's goggles,  
Or the stone of Doctor Dee.

85 For the mighty master Agrippa  
Wrought it with spell and rhyme  
From a fragment of mystic moonstone  
In the tower of Nettesheim.

To a cobbler Minnesinger  
90 The marvellous stone gave he, —

84. Dr. John Dee was a man of vast knowledge, who had an extensive museum, library, and apparatus; he claimed to be an astrologer, and had acquired the reputation of having dealings with evil spirits, and a mob was raised which destroyed the greater part of his possessions. He professed to raise the dead and had a magic crystal. He died a pauper in 1608.

85. Henry Cornelius Agrippa (1486-1535) was an alchemist.

And he gave it, in turn, to Keezar,  
Who brought it over the sea.

He held up that mystic lapstone,  
He held it up like a lens,  
95 And he counted the long years coming  
By twenties and by tens.

"One hundred years," quoth Keezar,  
"And fifty have I told:  
Now open the new before me,  
100 And shut me out the old!"

Like a cloud of mist, the blackness  
Rolled from the magic stone,  
And a marvellous picture mingled  
The unknown and the known.

105 Still ran the stream to the river,  
And river and ocean joined;  
And there were the bluffs and the blue sea-line,  
And cold north hills behind.

But the mighty forest was broken  
110 By many a steepled town,  
By many a white-walled farm-house,  
And many a garner brown.

Turning a score of mill-wheels,  
The stream no more ran free;  
15 White sails on the winding river,  
White sails on the far-off sea.

Below in the noisy village  
The flags were floating gay,

And shone on a thousand faces  
120 The light of a holiday.

Swiftly the rival ploughmen  
Turned the brown earth from their shares;  
Here were the farmer's treasures,  
There were the craftsman's wares.

125 Golden the goodwife's butter,  
Ruby her currant-wine;  
Grand were the strutting turkeys,  
Fat were the beeves and swine.

Yellow and red were the apples,  
130 And the ripe pears russet-brown,  
And the peaches had stolen blushes  
From the girls who shook them down.

And with blooms of hill and wild-wood,  
That shame the toil of art,  
135 Mingled the gorgeous blossoms  
Of the garden's tropic heart.

"What is it I see?" said Keezar:  
"Am I here, or am I there?  
Is it a fête at Bingen?  
140 Do I look on Frankfort fair?

"But where are the clowns and puppets,  
And imps with horns and tail?  
And where are the Rhenish flagons?  
And where is the foaming ale?

145 "Strange things, I know, will happen, —  
Strange things the Lord permits;

But that doughty folk should be jolly  
Puzzles my poor old wits.

“ Here are smiling manly faces,  
150 And the maiden’s step is gay ;  
Nor sad by thinking, nor mad by drinking,  
Nor mopes, nor fools, are they.

“ Here’s pleasure without regretting,  
And good without abuse,  
155 The holiday and the bridal  
Of beauty and of use.

“ Here’s a priest and there is a Quaker, —  
Do the cat and dog agree ?  
Have they burned the stocks for oven-wood ?  
160 Have they cut down the gallows-tree ?

“ Would the old folk know their children ?  
Would they own the graceless town,  
With never a ranter to worry  
And never a witch to drown ? ”

165 Loud laughed the cobbler Keezar,  
Laughed like a school-boy gay ;  
Tossing his arms above him,  
The lapstone rolled away.

It rolled down the rugged hillside,  
70 It spun like a wheel bewitched,  
It plunged through the leaning willows,  
And into the river pitched.

There, in the deep, dark water,  
The magic stone lies still,

175 Under the leaning willows  
In the shadow of the hill.

But oft the idle fisher  
Sits on the shadowy bank,  
And his dreams make marvellous pictures  
180 Where the wizard's lapstone sank.

And still, in the summer twilights,  
When the river seems to run  
Out from the inner glory,  
Warm with the melted sun,

185 The weary mill-girl lingers  
Beside the charmed stream,  
And the sky and the golden water  
Shape and color her dream.

Fair wave the sunset gardens,  
190 The rosy signals fly;  
Her homestead beckons from the cloud,  
And love goes sailing by!

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V.

BARCLAY OF URY.

AMONG the earliest converts to the doctrines of Friends in Scotland was Barclay of Ury, an old and distinguished soldier, who had fought under Gustavus Adolphus in Germany. As a Quaker, he became the object of persecution and abuse at

the hands of the magistrates and the populace. None bore the indignities of the mob with greater patience and nobleness of soul than this once proud gentleman and soldier. One of his friends, on an occasion of uncommon rudeness, lamented that he should be treated so harshly in his old age who had been so honored before. "I find more satisfaction," said Barclay, "as well as honor, in being thus insulted for my religious principles, than when, a few years ago, it was usual for the magistrates, as I passed the city of Aberdeen, to meet me on the road and conduct me to public entertainment in their hall, and then escort me out again, to gain my favor." — *Whittier*.

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Up the streets of Aberdeen,  
By the kirk and college green,  
Rode the Laird of Ury;  
Close behind him, close beside,  
5 Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,  
Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,  
Jeered at him the serving-girl,  
Prompt to please her master;  
10 And the begging carlin, late  
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,  
Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,  
Up the streets of Aberdeen  
15 Came he slowly riding;

And, to all he saw and heard  
 Answering not with bitter word,  
 Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,  
 20 Bits and bridles sharply ringing,  
 Loose and free and froward;  
 Quoth the foremost, " Ride him down!  
 Push him! prick him! through the town  
 Drive the Quaker coward!"

25 But from out the thickening crowd  
 Cried a sudden voice and loud :  
 " Barclay! Ho! a Barclay!"  
 And the old man at his side  
 Saw a comrade, battle tried,  
 30 Scarred and sunburned darkly;

Who with ready weapon bare,  
 Fronting to the troopers there,  
 Cried aloud: " God save us,  
 Call ye coward him who stood  
 35 Ankle deep in Lützen's blood,  
 With the brave Gustavus?"

" Nay, I do not need thy sword,  
 Comrade mine," said Ury's lord;  
 " Put it up, I pray thee:  
 40 Passive to his holy will,  
 Trust I in my Master still,  
 Even though he slay me.

35. It was at Lützen, near Leipzig, that Gustavus Adolphus fell in 1632. He was the hero of Schiller's *Wallenstein*, which Carlyle calls "the greatest tragedy of the eighteenth century."



" Pledges of thy love and faith,  
 Proved on many a field of death,  
 45 Not by me are needed."  
 marvelled much that henchman bold,  
 That his laird, so stout of old,  
 Now so meekly pleaded.

" Woe's the day ! " he sadly said,  
 50 With a slowly shaking head,  
 And a look of pity;  
 " Ury's honest lord reviled,  
 Mock of knave and sport of child,  
 In his own good city !

55 " Speak the word, and, master mine,  
 As we charged on Tilly's line,  
 And his Walloon lancers,  
 Smiting through their midst we'll teach  
 Civil look and decent speech  
 60 To these boyish prancers ! "

" Marvel not, mine ancient friend,  
 Like beginning, like the end : "  
 Quoth the Laird of Ury,  
 " Is the sinful servant more  
 65 Than his gracious Lord who bore  
 Bonds and stripes in Jewry ?

" Give me joy that in His name  
 I can bear, with patient frame,  
 All these vain ones offer ;

56. Count de Tilly was a fierce soldier under Wallenstein who in the Thirty Years' War laid siege to Magdeburg, and after two years took it and displayed great barbarity toward the inhabitants. The phrase, "like old Tilly," is still heard sometimes in New England of any piece of special ferocity.

70 While for them He suffereth long,  
 Shall I answer wrong with wrong,  
 Scoffing with the scoffer ?

“ Happier I, with loss of all,  
 Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,  
 75 With few friends to greet me,  
 Than when reeve and squire were seen,  
 Riding out from Aberdeen,  
 With bared heads to meet me.

“ When each goodwife, o’er and o’er,  
 80 Blessed me as I passed her door;  
 And the snooded daughter,  
 Through her casement glancing down,  
 Smiled on him who bore renown  
 From red fields of slaughter.

85 “ Hard to feel the stranger’s scoff,  
 Hard the old friend’s falling off,  
 Hard to learn forgiving;  
 But the Lord His own rewards,  
 And His love with theirs accords,  
 90 Warm and fresh and living.

“ Through this dark and stormy night  
 Faith beholds a feeble light  
 Up the blackness streaking ;  
 Knowing God’s own time is best,  
 95 In a patient hope I rest  
 For the full day-breaking! ”

So the Laird of Ury said,  
 Turning slow his horse’s head  
 Towards the Tolbooth prison,

100 Where, through iron grates, he heard  
Poor disciples of the Word  
Preach of Christ arisen!

Not in vain, Confessor old,  
Unto us the tale is told  
105 Of thy day of trial ;  
Every age on him, who strays  
From its broad and beaten ways,  
Pours its sevenfold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear  
110 Angel comfortings can hear,  
O'er the rabble's laughter;  
And while Hatred's fagots burn,  
Glimpses through the smoke discern  
Of the good hereafter.

115 Knowing this, that never yet  
Share of Truth was vainly set  
In the world's wide fallow;  
After hands shall sow the seed,  
After hands from hill and mead  
120 Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the Seer,  
Must the moral pioneer  
From the Future borrow ;  
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,  
125 And, on midnight's sky of rain,  
Paint the golden morrow!

## VI.

## THE TWO RABBIS.

THE Rabbi Nathan, twoscore years and ten,  
Walked blameless through the evil world, and  
then,

- Just as the almond blossomed in his hair,  
Met a temptation all too strong to bear,  
5 And miserably sinned. So, adding not  
Falsehood to guilt, he left his seat, and taught  
No more among the elders, but went out  
From the great congregation girt about  
With sackcloth, and with ashes on his head,  
10 Making his gray locks grayer. Long he prayed,  
Smiting his breast; then, as the Book he laid  
Open before him for the Bath-Col's choice,  
Pausing to hear that Daughter of a Voice,  
Behold the royal preacher's words: "A friend  
15 Loveth at all times, yea, unto the end;  
And for the evil day thy brother lives."  
Marvelling, he said: "It is the Lord who gives  
Counsel in need. At Ecbatana dwells  
Rabbi Ben Isaac, who all men excels  
20 In righteousness and wisdom. as the trees  
Of Lebanon the small weeds that the bees  
Bow with their weight. I will arise, and lay  
My sins before him."

12. Daughter of the Voice is the meaning of *Bath-Col*, which was a sort of divination practised by the Jews when the gift of prophecy had died out. Something of the same sort of divination has been used amongst Christians when the Bible has been opened at hap-hazard and some answer expected to a question in the first passage that meets the eye.

- And he went his way  
Barefooted, fasting long, with many prayers;  
25 But even as one who, followed unawares,  
Suddenly in the darkness feels a hand  
Thrill with its touch his own, and his cheek fanned  
By odors subtly sweet, and whispers near  
Of words he loathes, yet cannot choose but hear,  
30 So, while the Rabbi journeyed, chanting low  
The wail of David's penitential woe,  
Before him still the old temptation came,  
And mocked him with the motion and the shame  
Of such desires that, shuddering, he abhorred  
35 Himself; and, crying mightily to the Lord  
To free his soul and cast the demon out,  
Smote with his staff the blankness round about.

- At length, in the low light of a spent day,  
The towers of Ecbatana far away  
40 Rose on the desert's rim; and Nathan, faint  
And footsore, pausing where for some dead saint  
The faith of Islam reared a doméd tomb,  
Saw some one kneeling in the shadow, whom  
He greeted kindly: "May the Holy One  
45 Answer thy prayers, O stranger!" Whereupon  
The shape stood up with a loud cry, and then,  
Clasped in each other's arms, the two gray men  
Wept, praising Him whose gracious providence  
Made their paths one. But straightway, as the  
sense  
50 Of his transgression smote him, Nathan tore  
Himself away: "O friend beloved, no more  
Worthy am I to touch thee, for I came,  
Foul from my sins, to tell thee all my shame.  
Haply thy prayers, since nought availeth mine,

- 55 May purge my soul, and make it white like thine.  
Pity me, O Ben Isaac, I have sinned ! ”

Awestruck Ben Isaac stood. The desert wind  
Blew his long mantle backward, laying bare  
The mournful secret of his shirt of hair.

- 60 “ I too, O friend, if not in act,” he said,  
“ In thought have verily sinned. Hast thou not  
read,  
‘ Better the eye should see than that desire  
Should wander ’ ? Burning with a hidden fire  
That tears and prayers quench not, I come to thee  
65 For pity and for help, as thou to me.  
Pray for me, O my friend ! ” But Nathan cried,  
“ Pray thou for me, Ben Isaac ! ”

Side by side

- In the low sunshine by the turban stone  
They knelt; each made his brother’s woe his own,  
70 Forgetting, in the agony and stress  
Of pitying love, his claim of selfishness;  
Peace, for his friend besought, his own became;  
His prayers were answered in another’s name;  
And, when at last they rose up to embrace,  
75 Each saw God’s pardon in his brother’s face !

Long after, when his headstone gathered moss,  
Traced on the targum-marge of Onkelos  
In Rabbi Nathan’s hand these words we read :  
“ *Hope not the cure of sin till Self is dead ;*

59. Which he wore as a mortification of the flesh.  
77. The targum was a paraphrase of some portion of Scripture in the Chaldee language. It was on the margin of the most ancient targum — that of Onkelos — that Rabbi Nathan wrote his words.

- 80 *Forget it in love's service, and the debt  
 Thou canst not pay the angels shall forget ;  
 Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone ;  
 Save thou a soul, and it shall save thy own ! "*
- 

## VII.

## THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS.

- TRITEMIUS OF HERBIPOLIS, one day,  
 While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray,  
 Alone with God, as was his pious choice,  
 Heard from without a miserable voice,  
 5 A sound which seemed of all sad things to tell,  
 As of a lost soul crying out of hell.

- Thereat the Abbot paused : the chain whereby  
 His thoughts went upward broken by that cry ;  
 And, looking from the casement, saw below  
 10 A wretched woman, with gray hair a-flow,  
 And withered hands held up to him, who cried  
 For alms as one who might not be denied.

- She cried, " For the dear love of Him who gave  
 His life for ours, my child from bondage save, —  
 15 My beautiful, brave first-born, chained with slaves  
 In the Moor's galley, where the sun-smit waves  
 Lap the white walls of Tunis ! " — " What I can  
 I give," Tritemius said : " my prayers." — " O  
                   man  
 Of God ! " she cried, for grief had made her bold  
 20 " Mock me not thus ; I ask not prayers, but gold.

Words will not serve me, alms alone suffice;  
Even while I speak perchance my first-born dies."

- "Woman!" Tritemius answered, "from our door  
None go unfed; hence are we always poor:  
25 A single soldo is our only store.  
Thou hast our prayers;—what can we give thee  
more?"

- "Give me," she said, "the silver candlesticks  
On either side of the great crucifix.  
God well may spare them on His errands sped,  
30 Or He can give you golden ones instead."

- Then spake Tritemius, "Even as thy word,  
Woman, so be it! (Our most gracious Lord,  
Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,  
Pardon me if a human soul I prize  
35 Above the gifts upon His altar piled!)  
Take what thou askest, and redeem thy child."

- But his hand trembled as the holy alms  
He placed within the beggar's eager palms;  
And as she vanished down the linden shade,  
40 He bowed his head and for forgiveness prayed.

So the day passed, and when the twilight came  
He woke to find the chapel all aflame,  
And, dumb with grateful wonder, to behold  
Upon the altar candlesticks of gold!



## VIII.

## THE BROTHER OF MERCY.

PIERO LUCA, known of all the town  
 As the gray porter by the Pitti wall  
 Where the noon shadows of the gardens fall,  
 Sick and in dolor, waited to lay down  
 5 His last sad burden, and beside his mat  
 The barefoot monk of La Certosa sat.

Unseen, in square and blossoming garden drifted,  
 Soft sunset lights through green Val d'Arno sifted;  
 Unheard, below the living shuttles shifted  
 10 Backward and forth, and wove, in love or strife,  
 In mirth or pain, the mottled web of life:  
 But when at last came upward from the street  
 Tinkle of bell and tread of measured feet,  
 The sick man started, strove to rise in vain,  
 15 Sinking back heavily with a moan of pain.  
 And the monk said, "'T is but the Brotherhood  
 Of Mercy going on some errand good:

6. The monastery of La Certosa is about four miles distant from Florence, the scene of this little poem.

8. The Val d'Arno is the valley of the river Arno, upon which Florence lies.

16. The Brethren of the Misericordia, an association which had its origin in the thirteenth century, is composed mainly of the wealthy and prosperous, whose duty it is to nurse the sick, to aid those who have been injured by accident, and to secure decent burial to the poor and friendless. They are summoned by the sound of a bell, and, when it is heard, the member slips away from ball-room, or dinner party, or wherever he may be, puts on the black robe and hood, entirely concealing his face, slit openings being provided for the eyes, and performs the

Their black masks by the palace-wall I see."

Piero answered faintly, "Woe is me!

- 20 This day for the first time in forty years  
In vain the bell hath sounded in my ears,  
Calling me with my brethren of the mask,  
Beggar and prince alike, to some new task  
Of love or pity, — haply from the street
- 25 To bear a wretch plague-stricken, or, with feet  
Hushed to the quickened ear and feverish brain,  
To tread the crowded lazaretto's floors,  
Down the long twilight of the corridors,  
Midst tossing arms and faces full of pain.
- 30 I loved the work: it was its own reward.  
I never counted on it to offset  
My sins, which are many, or make less my debt  
To the free grace and mercy of our Lord;  
But somehow, father, it has come to be
- 35 In these long years so much a part of me,  
I should not know myself, if lacking it,  
But with the work the worker too would die,  
And in my place some other self would sit  
Joyful or sad, — what matters, if not I?
- 40 And now all's over. Woe is me!"

"My son,"

The monk said soothingly, "thy work is done;

And no more as a servant, but the guest

Of God thou enterest thy eternal rest.

No toil, no tears, no sorrow for the lost

- 45 Shall mar thy perfect bliss. Thou shalt sit down  
Clad in white robes, and wear a golden crown  
Forever and forever." — Piero tossed  
On his sick-pillow: "Miserable me!  
I am too poor for such grand company;

duty assigned to him. This perfect concealment is to aid in  
securing the perfect equality enjoined by the Order.

50 The crown would be too heavy for this gray  
 Old head; and God forgive me if I say  
 It would be hard to sit there night and day,  
 Like an image in the Tribune, doing naught  
 With these hard hands, that all my life have  
 wrought,

55 Not for bread only, but for pity's sake.  
 I'm dull at prayers: I could not keep awake,  
 Counting my beads. Mine's but a crazy head,  
 Scarce worth the saving, if all else be dead.  
 And if one goes to heaven without a heart,

60 God knows he leaves behind his better part.  
 I love my fellow-men: the worst I know  
 I would do good to. Will death change me so  
 That I shall sit among the lazy saints,  
 Turning a deaf ear to the sore complaints

65 Of souls that suffer? Why, I never yet  
 Left a poor dog in the *strada* hard beset,  
 Or ass o'erladen! Must I rate man less  
 Than dog or ass, in holy selfishness?  
 Methinks (Lord, pardon, if the thought be sin!)

70 The world of pain were better, if therein  
 One's heart might still be human, and desires  
 Of natural pity drop upon its fires  
 Some cooling tears."

•                                Thereat the pale monk crossed  
 His brow, and, muttering, "Madman! thou art  
 lost!"

75 Took up his pyx and fled; and, left alone,  
 The sick man closed his eyes with a great groan  
 That sank into a prayer, "Thy will be done!"

53. The Tribune is a hall in the Uffizi Palace in Florence  
 where are assembled some of the most world-renowned statues  
 including the Venus de' Medici.

66. *Strada*, street.

Then was he made aware, by soul or ear,  
 Of somewhat pure and holy bending o'er him,  
 80 And of a voice like that of her who bore him,  
 Tender and most compassionate: "Never fear!  
 For heaven is love, as God himself is love;  
 Thy work below shall be thy work above."  
 And when he looked, lo! in the stern monk's place  
 85 He saw the shining of an angel's face!

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The Traveller broke the pause. "I've seen  
 The Brothers down the long street steal,  
 Black, silent, masked, the crowd between,  
 And felt to doff my hat and kneel  
 90 With heart, if not with knee, in prayer,  
 For blessings on their pious care."

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## IX.

### THE PROPHECY OF SAMUEL SEWALL.

1697.

[SAMUEL SEWALL was one of a family notable in New England annals, and himself an eminent man in his generation. He was born in England in 1652, and was brought by his father to this country in 1661; but his father and grandfather

86. The poem of *The Brother of Mercy* forms a part of *The Tent on the Beach*, in which Whittier pictures himself, the Traveller (Bayard Taylor), the Man of Books (J. T. Fields), camping upon Salisbury beach and telling stories.

were both pioneers in New England, and the family home was in Newbury, Massachusetts. Here Sewall spent his boyhood, but after graduating at Harvard he first essayed preaching, and then entered upon secular pursuits, becoming a member of the government and finally chief justice. He presided at the sad trial of witches, and afterward made public confession of his error in a noble paper which was read in church before the congregation, and assented to by the judge, who stood alone as it was read and bowed at its conclusion. The paper is preserved in the first volume of the *Diary of Samuel Sewall*, published by the Massachusetts Historical Society. He was an upright man, of tender conscience and reverent mind. His character is well drawn by the poet in lines 13-20.]

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Up and down the village streets  
Strange are the forms my fancy meets,  
For the thoughts and things of to-day are hid,  
And through the veil of a closed lid  
5 The ancient worthies I see again:  
I hear the tap of the elder's cane,  
And his awful periwig I see,  
And the silver buckles of shoe and knee.  
Stately and slow, with thoughtful air,  
10 His black cap hiding his whitened hair,  
Walks the Judge of the great Assize,  
Samuel Sewall the good and wise.  
His face with lines of firmness wrought,  
He wears the look of a man unbought,

- 15 Who swears to his hurt and changes not;  
 Yet, touched and softened nevertheless,  
 With the grace of Christian gentleness,  
 The face that a child would climb to kiss!  
 True and tender and brave and just,  
 20 That man might honor and woman trust.

- Touching and sad, a tale is told,  
 Like a penitent hymn of the Psalmist old,  
 Of the fast which the good man lifelong kept  
 With a haunting sorrow that never slept,  
 25 As the circling year brought round the time  
 Of an error that left the sting of crime,  
 When he sat on the bench of the witchcraft  
 courts,  
 With the laws of Moses and Hale's Reports,  
 And spake, in the name of both, the word  
 30 That gave the witch's neck to the cord,  
 And piled the oaken planks that pressed  
 The feeble life from the warlock's breast!  
 All the day long, from dawn to dawn,  
 His door was bolted, his curtain drawn;

15. See Psalm xv. 4.

23. It was the custom in Sewall's time for churches and individuals to hold fasts whenever any public or private need suggested the fitness; and as state and church were very closely connected, the General Court sometimes ordered a fast; out of this custom sprang the annual fast in spring, now observed, but it is of comparatively recent date. Such a fast was ordered on the 14th of January, 1697, when Sewall made his special confession. He is said to have observed the day privately on each annual return thereafter. The custom still holds for churches to appoint their own fasts.

28. Sir Matthew Hale, the great English judge, was a devout believer in the existence of witchcraft, and in 1645 a great number of trials were held before him. The reports of those trials furnished precedents for Sewall and his court, not unassisted by the records in the Old Testament.

- 35 No foot on his silent threshold trod,  
No eye looked on him save that of God,  
As he baffled the ghosts of the dead with charms  
Of penitent tears, and prayers, and psalms,  
And, with precious proofs from the sacred word  
40 Of the boundless pity and love of the Lord,  
His faith confirmed and his trust renewed  
That the sin of his ignorance, sorely rued,  
Might be washed away in the mingled flood  
Of his human sorrow and Christ's dear blood !
- 45 Green forever the memory be  
Of the Judge of the old Theocracy,  
Whom even his errors glorified,  
Like a far-seen, sunlit mountain-side  
By the cloudy shadows which o'er it glide !  
50 Honor and praise to the Puritan  
Who the halting step of his age outran,  
And, seeing the infinite worth of man  
In the priceless gift the Father gave,  
In the infinite love that stooped to save,  
55 Dared not brand his brother a slave !  
" Who doth such wrong," he was wont to say,  
In his own quaint, picture-loving way,  
" Flings up to Heaven a hand-grenade  
Which God shall cast down upon his head ! "
- 60 Widely as heaven and hell, contrast  
That brave old jurist of the past

55. In 1700 Sewall wrote a little tract of three pages on *The Selling of Joseph*, which has been characterized as "an acute, compact, powerful statement of the case against American slavery, leaving, indeed, almost nothing new to be said a century and a half afterward, when the sad thing came up for final adjustment." Reprinted in Mass. Hist. Society's *Proceedings* for 1863-1864, pp. 161-165.

- And the cunning trickster and knave of courts  
 Who the holy features of Truth distorts, —  
 Ruling as right the will of the strong,  
 65 Poverty, crime, and weakness wrong;  
 Wide-eared to power, to the wronged and weak  
 Deaf as Egypt's gods of leek;  
 Scoffing aside at party's nod  
 Order of nature and law of God ;  
 70 For whose dabbled ermine respect were waste,  
 Reverence folly, and awe misplaced;  
 Justice of whom 't were vain to seek  
 As from Koordish robber or Syrian Sheik !  
 Oh, leave the wretch to his bribes and sins ;  
 75 Let him rot in the web of lies he spins !  
 To the saintly soul of the early day,  
 To the Christian judge, let us turn and say :  
 " Praise and thanks for an honest man ! —  
 Glory to God for the Puritan ! "

- 80 I see, far southward, this quiet day,  
 The hills of Newbury rolling away,  
 With the many tints of the season gay,  
 Dreamily blending in autumn mist  
 Crimson, and gold, and amethyst.  
 85 Long and low, with dwarf trees crowned,  
 Plum Island lies, like a whale aground,  
 A stone's toss over the narrow sound.  
 Inland, as far as the eye can go,  
 The hills curve round like a bended bow ;  
 90 A silver arrow from out them sprung,  
 I see the shine of the Quasycung ;

67. There was an early belief that the Egyptians worshipped *gods of leek*, but it has been shown that the belief rose from certain restrictions in the use of onions laid upon the priests, and from the offering of them as a part of sacrifice.



- And, round and round, over valley and hill,  
Old roads winding, as old roads will,  
Here to a ferry, and there to a mill ;  
95 And glimpses of chimneys and gabled eaves,  
Through green elm arches and maple leaves, —  
Old homesteads sacred to all that can  
Gladden or sadden the heart of man, —  
Over whose threshold of oak and stone  
100 Life and Death have come and gone!  
There pictured tiles in the fireplace show,  
Great beams sag from the ceiling low,  
The dresser glitters with polished wares,  
The long clock ticks on the foot-worn stairs,  
105 And the low, broad chimney shows the crack  
By the earthquake made a century back.  
Up from their midst springs the village spire  
With the crest of its cock in the sun afire ;  
Beyond are orchards and planting lands,  
110 And great salt marshes and glimmering sands,  
And, where north and south the coastlines run  
The blink of the sea in breeze and sun!

- I see it all like a chart unrolled,  
But my thoughts are full of the past and old,  
115 I hear the tales of my boyhood told ;  
And the shadows and shapes of early days  
Flit dimly by in the veiling haze,  
With measured movement and rhythmic chime  
Weaving like shuttles my web of rhyme.  
120 I think of the old man wise and good  
Who once on yon misty hillsides stood,  
(A poet who never measured rhyme,  
A seer unknown to his dull-eared time,)  
And, propped on his staff of age, looked down,

124. As a matter of fact Sewall was forty-five years old when he uttered his prophecy.

- 125 With his boyhood's love, on his native town,  
Where, written, as if on its hills and plains,  
His burden of prophecy yet remains,  
For the voices of wood, and wave, and wind  
To read in the ear of the musing mind : —
- 13c “ As long as Plum Island, to guard the coast  
As God appointed, shall keep its post;  
As long as salmon shall haunt the deep  
Of Merrimack River, or sturgeon leap;  
As long as pickerel swift and slim,  
135 Or red-backed perch, in Crane Pond swim;  
As long as the annual sea-fowl know  
Their time to come and their time to go ;  
As long as cattle shall roam at will  
The green, grass meadows by Turkey Hill ;  
140 As long as sheep shall look from the side  
Of Oldtown Hill on marishes wide,  
And Parker River, and salt-sea tide ;  
As long as a wandering pigeon shall search  
The fields below from his white-oak perch,  
145 When the barley-harvest is ripe and shorn,  
And the dry husks fall from the standing corn ;  
As long as Nature shall not grow old,  
Nor drop her work from her doting hold,  
And her care for the Indian corn forget,  
150 And the yellow rows in pairs to set ; —  
So long shall Christians here be born,  
Grow up and ripen as God's sweet corn! —  
By the beak of bird, by the breath of frost,  
Shall never a holy ear be lost,

130. This prophecy in very rhythmic prose was first published in Sewall's *Phænomena Quædam Apocalyptica*. It will be found in Coffin's *History of Newburyport* and in *The Bodleys on Wheels*, pp. 207, 208.

- 155 But, husked by Death in the Planter's sight,  
Be sown again in the fields of light!"

- The Island still is purple with plums,  
Up the river the salmon comes,  
The sturgeon leaps, and the wild-fowl feeds  
160 On hillside berries and marish seeds, —  
All the beautiful signs remain,  
From spring-time sowing to autumn rain  
The good man's vision returns again!  
And let us hope, as well we can,  
165 That the Silent Angel who garners man  
May find some grain as of old he found  
In the human cornfield ripe and sound,  
And the Lord of the Harvest deign to own  
The precious seed by the fathers sown!
- 

## X.

## MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,  
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth  
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

- 5 Singing she wrought, and her merry glee  
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,  
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest  
10 And a nameless longing filled her breast, —

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,  
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,  
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

15 He drew his bridle in the shade  
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And asked a draught from the spring that flowed  
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,  
20 And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down  
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge; "a sweeter draught  
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

25 He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,  
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether  
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,  
30 And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise  
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay  
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

35 Maud Muller looked and sighed: " Ah me!  
That I the Judge's bride might be!

" He would dress me up in silks so fine,  
And praise and toast me at his wine.

" My father should wear a broadcloth coat  
40 My brother should sail a painted boat.

" I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,  
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

" And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,  
And all should bless me who left our door."

45 The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,  
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

" A form more fair, a face more sweet,  
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

" And her modest answer and graceful air  
50 Show her wise and good as she is fair.

" Would she were mine, and I to-day,  
Like her, a harvester of hay :

" No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,  
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

55 " But low of cattle and song of birds,  
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,  
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,  
60 And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,  
When he hummed in court an old love-tune ;

And the young girl mused beside the well  
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

65 He wedded a wife of richest dower,  
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,  
He watched a picture come and go ;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes  
70 Looked out in their innocent surprise. . .

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,  
He longed for the wayside well instead ;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms  
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.

75 And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,  
" Ah, that I were free again !

" Free as when I rode that day,  
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay." .

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,  
80 And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,  
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft; when the summer sun shore hot  
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

85 And she heard the little spring brook fall  
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again  
She saw a rider draw his rein.

And, gazing down with timid grace,  
90 She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls  
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,  
The tallow candle an astral burned,

95 And for him who sat by the chimney lug,  
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,  
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,  
100 Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,  
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,  
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

105 For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these : " It might have been ! "

Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes ;

And, in the hereafter, angels may  
110 Roll the stone from its grave away !

106. The exigencies of rhyme have a heavy burden to bear in  
this line.



## WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

**W**ILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was born at Cummington, Massachusetts, November 3, 1794; he died in New York, June 12, 1878. His first poem, *The Embargo*, was published in Boston in 1809, and was written when he was but thirteen years old; his last poem, *Our Fellow Worshippers*, was published in 1878. His long life thus was also a long career as a writer, and his first published poem prefigured the twofold character of his literary life, for while it was in poetic form it was more distinctly a political article. He showed very early a taste for poetry, and was encouraged to read and write verse by his father, Dr. Peter Bryant, a country physician of strong character and cultivated tastes. He was sent to Williams College in the fall of 1810, where he remained two terms, when he decided to leave and enter Yale College; but pecuniary troubles interfered with his plans and he never completed his college course. He pursued his literary studies at home, then began the study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1815. Meantime he had been continuing to

write, and during this period wrote with many corrections and changes the poem by which he is still perhaps best known, *Thanatopsis*. It was published in the *North American Review* for September, 1817, and the same periodical published a few months afterward his lines *To a Waterfowl*, one of the most characteristic and lovely of Bryant's poems. Literature divided his attention with law, but evidently had his heart. In 1821 he was invited to read a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College, and he read *The Ages*, a stately grave poem which shows his own poetic power, his familiarity with the great masters of literature, and his lofty, philosophic nature. Shortly after this he issued a small volume of poems, and his name began to be known as that of the first American who had written poetry that could take its place in universal literature. His own decided preference for literature and the encouragement of friends led to his abandonment of the law in 1825, and his removal to New York, where he undertook the associate-editorship of *The New York Review and Athenæum Magazine*. Poetic genius is not caused or controlled by circumstance, but a purely literary life in a country not yet educated in literature was impossible to a man of no other means of support, and in a few months, after the *Review* had vainly tried to maintain life by a frequent change of name, Bryant accepted an appointment as assistant editor of *The Evening Post*. From 1826, then, until his death,

Bryant was a journalist by profession. One effect of this change in his life was to eliminate from his poetry the political character which was displayed in his first published poem and had several times since showed itself. Thenceafter, he threw into his journalistic occupation all those thoughts and experiences which made him by nature a patriot and political thinker; he reserved for poetry the calm reflection, love of nature, and purity of aspiration which made him a poet. His editorial writing was rendered strong and pure by his cultivated taste and lofty ideals, but he presented the rare combination of a poet who never sacrificed his love of high literature and his devotion to art, and of a publicist who retained a sound judgment and pursued the most practical ends.

His life outwardly was uneventful. He made four journeys to Europe, in 1834, 1845, 1852, 1857, and he made frequent tours in his own country. His observations on his travels were published in *Letters from a Traveller*, *Letters from the East*, and *Letters from Spain and Other Countries*. He never held public office, except that in 1860 he was a Presidential Elector, but he was connected intimately with important movements in society, literature, and politics, and was repeatedly called upon to deliver addresses commemorative of eminent citizens, as of Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper, and at the unveiling of the bust of Mazzini in the Central Park. His *Orations and Addresses* have been gathered into a volume

The bulk of his poetry apart from his poetic translations is not considerable, and is made up almost wholly of short poems which are chiefly inspired by his love of nature. R. H. Dana in his preface to the *Idle Man* says: "I shall never forget with what feeling my friend Bryant some years ago<sup>1</sup> described to me the effect produced upon him by his meeting for the first time with Wordsworth's *Ballads*. He lived, when quite young, where but few works of poetry were to be had; at a period, too, when Pope was still the great idol of the Temple of Art. He said, that upon opening Wordsworth, a thousand springs seemed to gush up at once in his heart, and the face of nature of a sudden to change into a strange freshness and life."

This was the interpreting power of Wordsworth suddenly disclosing to Bryant, not the secrets of nature, but his own powers of perception and interpretation. Bryant is in no sense an imitator of Wordsworth, but a comparison of the two poets would be of great interest as showing how individually each pursued the same general poetic end. Wordsworth's *Three Years she grew in Sun and Shower* and Bryant's *O Fairest of the Rural Maids* offer an admirable opportunity for disclosing the separate treatment of similar subjects. In Bryant's lines, musical and full of a gentle revery, the poet seems to go deeper and deeper into the forest, almost forgetful of the "fairest of the rural maids;" in Wordsworth's lines, with what simple yet pro-

<sup>1</sup> This was written in 1833.

found feeling the poet, after delicately disclosing the interchange of nature and human life, retires into those depths of human sympathy where nature must forever remain as a remote shadow.

Bryant translated many short poems from the Spanish, but his largest literary undertaking was the translation of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* of Homer. He brought to this task great requisite powers, and if there is any failure it is in the absence of Homer's lightness and rapidity, qualities which the elasticity of the Greek language especially favored.

A pleasant touch of simple humor appeared in some of his social addresses, and occasionally is found in his poems, as in *Robert of Lincoln*. Suggestions of personal experience will be read in such poems as *The Cloud on the Way*, *The Life that Is*, and in the half-autobiographic poem, *A Lifetime*.

The two poems which follow are the longest of Bryant's original poems, and while as fairy tales distinct from the usual subjects which he has taken, present many of his characteristics.

## L

### SELLA.

[SELLA is the name given by the Vulgate to one of the wives of Lamech, mentioned in the fourth chapter of the Book of Genesis, and called Zillah in the common English version of the Bible. The meaning of the name is Shadow, and in choosing it the poet seems to have had no reference to the Biblical fact, but to the significance of the name, since he was telling of a creature who had the form without the substance of human kind. The story naturally suggests Fouqué's *Undine*, and is in some respects a complement to that lovely romance. Undine is a water-nymph without a soul, who gains one only by marrying a human being, and in marrying tastes of the sorrows of life. Sella is of the human race, gifted with a soul, but having a longing for life among the water-nymphs. That life withdraws her from the troubles and cares of the world, and she loses more and more her interest in them; when at last she is rudely cut off from sharing in the water-nymphs' life, is awakened as it were from a dream of beauty, she returns to the world after a brief struggle, mingles with it, and makes the knowledge gained among the water-nymphs minister to the needs of men.

The story must not be probed too ingeniously

for its moral ; it is an exquisite fairy tale, but like many of such tales it involves a gentle parable, which has been hinted at above. If a more explicit interpretation is desired, we may say that the passion for ideals, gradually withdrawing one from human sympathy, is made finally to ennoble and lift real life. The poet has not localized the poem nor given it a specific time, but left himself and the reader free by using the large terms of nature and human life, and referring the action to the early, formative period of the world. Observe Bryant's delicate and accurate transcriptions of faint characteristics of nature, as in lines 8, 12, 30, 35, 41, 215, 238, 389.]

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HEAR now a legend of the days of old —  
The days when there were goodly marvels yet,  
When man to man gave willing faith, and loved  
A tale the better that 't was wild and strange.

- 5    Beside a pleasant dwelling ran a brook  
     Scudding along a narrow channel, paved  
     With green and yellow pebbles; yet full clear  
     Its waters were, and colorless and cool,  
     As fresh from granite rocks. A maiden oft  
10   Stood at the open window, leaning out,  
     And listening to the sound the water made,  
     A sweet, eternal murmur, still the same,  
     And not the same ; and oft, as spring came on,  
     She gathered violets from its fresh moist bank,  
15   To place within her bower, and when the herbs  
     Of summer drooped beneath the midday sun,

11. Observe the various suggestions in the early lines of the poem of Sella's sympathy with water life.

She sat within the shade of a great rock,  
 Dreamily listening to the streamlet's song.

Ripe were the maiden's years ; her stature  
 showed

- 20 Womanly beauty, and her clear, calm eye  
 Was bright with venturous spirit, yet her face  
 Was passionless, like those by sculptor graved  
 For niches in a temple. Lovers oft  
 Had wooed her, but she only laughed at love,  
 25 And wondered at the silly things they said.  
 'T was her delight to wander where wild vines  
 O'erhang the river's brim, to climb the path  
 Of woodland streamlet to its mountain springs,  
 To sit by gleaming wells and mark below  
 30 The image of the rushes on its edge,  
 And, deep beyond, the trailing clouds that slid  
 Across the fair blue space. No little fount  
 Stole forth from hanging rock, or in the side  
 Of hollow dell, or under roots of oak,  
 35 No rill came trickling, with a stripe of green,  
 Down the bare hill, that to this maiden's eyes  
 Was not familiar. Often did the banks  
 Of river or of sylvan lakelet hear  
 The dip of oars with which the maiden rowed  
 40 Her shallop, pushing ever from the prow  
 A crowd of long, light ripples toward the shore.  
 Two brothers had the maiden, and she thought,  
 Within herself : " I would I were like them ;  
 For then I might go forth alone, to trace  
 45 The mighty rivers downward to the sea,  
 And upward to the brooks that, through the year,  
 Prattle to the cool valleys. I would know

31. The clouds which she sees deep beyond are of course the  
 reflection of the clouds passing over the well, as it is not the  
 rushes but the image of the rushes which she sees in the water.



What races drink their waters; how their chiefs  
 Bear rule, and how men worship there, and how  
 50 They build, and to what quaint device they frame,  
 Where sea and river meet, their stately ships;  
 What flowers are in their gardens, and what trees  
 Bear fruit within their orchards; in what garb  
 Their bowmen meet on holidays, and how  
 55 Their maidens bind the waist and braid the hair.  
 Here, on these hills, my father's house o'erlooks  
 Broad pastures grazed by flocks and herds, but  
 there

I hear they sprinkle the great plains with corn  
 And watch its springing up, and when the green  
 60 Is changed to gold, they cut the stems and bring  
 The harvest in, and give the nations bread.  
 And there they hew the quarry into shafts,  
 And pile up glorious temples from the rock,  
 And chisel the rude stones to shapes of men.  
 65 All this I pine to see, and would have seen,  
 But that I am a woman, long ago."

Thus in her wanderings did the maiden dream,  
 Until, at length, one morn in early spring,  
 When all the glistening fields lay white with frost,  
 70 She came half breathless where her mother sat :  
 " See, mother dear," said she, " what I have  
 found,

Upon our rivulet's bank; two slippers, white  
 As the mid-winter snow, and spangled o'er  
 With twinkling points, like stars, and on the edge

72. The reader will recall instances of the magical or transforming character of slippers and the like: Mercury with his winged sandals, Cinderella with her glass slippers, the seven eagued boots, Puss in boots. A covering for the head is connected with the power of command and the power of invisibility: a covering for the foot with magical power of motion.

- 75 My name is wrought in silver ; read, I pray,  
Sella, the name thy mother, now in heaven,  
Gave at my birth ; and sure, they fit my feet ! ”  
“ A dainty pair,” the prudent matron said,  
“ But thine they are not. We must lay them by  
80 For those whose careless hands have left them  
here,  
Or haply they were placed beside the brook  
To be a snare. I cannot see thy name  
Upon the border, — only characters  
Of mystic look and dim are there, like signs  
85 Of some strange art ; nay, daughter, wear them  
not.”

- Then Sella hung the slippers in the porch  
Of that broad rustic lodge, and all who passed,  
Admired their fair contexture, but none knew  
Who left them by the brook. And now, at length,  
90 May, with her flowers and singing birds, had gone,  
And on bright streams and into deep wells shone  
The high, mid-summer sun. One day, at noon,  
Sella was missed from the accustomed meal.  
They sought her in her favorite haunts, they looked  
95 By the great rock, and far along the stream,  
And shouted in the sounding woods her name.  
Night came and forth the sorrowing household  
went  
With torches over the wide pasture grounds  
To pool and thicket, marsh and briery dell,  
100 And solitary valley far away.  
The morning came, and Sella was not found.

82. In the mother's inability to read Sella's name on the slipper is suggested that unimaginative nature which is so often represented in fairy tales for a foil to the imagination. Hawthorne has used this open-eyed blindness with excellent effect in his story of the *Snow Image*.

- The sun climbed high; they sought her still; the  
noon,  
The hot and silent noon, heard Sella's name,  
Uttered with a despairing cry, to wastes  
105 O'er which the eagle hovered. As the sun  
Stooped toward the amber west to bring the close  
Of that sad second day, and, with red eyes,  
The mother sat within her home alone,  
Sella was at her side. A shriek of joy  
110 Broke the sad silence; glad, warm tears were shed,  
And words of gladness uttered. "Oh, forgive,"  
The maiden said, "that I could ever forget  
Thy wishes for a moment. I just tried  
The slippers on, amazed to see them shaped  
115 So fairly to my feet, when, all at once,  
I felt my steps upborne and hurried on  
Almost as if with wings. A strange delight,  
Blent with a thrill of fear, o'ermastered me,  
And, ere I knew, my plashing steps were set  
120 Within the rivulet's pebbly bed, and I  
Was rushing down the current. By my side  
Tripped one as beautiful as ever looked  
From white clouds in a dream; and, as we ran,  
She talked with musical voice and sweetly laughed  
125 Gayly we leaped the crag and swam the pool,  
And swept with dimpling eddies round the rock,  
And glided between shady meadow banks.  
The streamlet, broadening as we went, became  
A swelling river, and we shot along  
130 By stately towns, and under leaning masts  
Of gallant barks, nor lingered by the shore  
Of blooming gardens; onward, onward still,  
The same strong impulse bore me till, at last,  
We entered the great deep, and passed below  
135 His billows, into boundless spaces, lit

- With a green sunshine. Here were mighty groves  
Far down the ocean valleys, and between  
Lay what might seem fair meadows, softly tinged  
With orange and with crimson. Here arose  
140 Tall stems, that, rooted in the depths below,  
Swung idly with the motions of the sea;  
And here were shrubberies in whose mazy screen  
The creatures of the deep made haunt. My  
friend  
Named the strange growths, the pretty coralline,  
145 The dulse with crimson leaves, and streaming far,  
Sea-thong and sea-lace. Here the tangle spread  
Its broad, thick fronds, with pleasant bowers beneath,  
And oft we trod a waste of pearly sands,  
Spotted with rosy shells, and thence looked in  
150 At caverns of the sea whose rock-roofed halls  
Lay in blue twilight. As we moved along,  
The dwellers of the deep, in mighty herds,  
Passed by us, reverently they passed us by,  
Long trains of dolphins rolling through the brine,  
155 Huge whales, that drew the waters after them,  
A torrent stream, and hideous hammer-sharks,  
Chasing their prey; I shuddered as they came;  
Gently they turned aside and gave us room."  
Hereat broke in the mother, "Sella, dear,  
160 This is a dream, the idlest, vainest dream."  
"Nay, mother, nay; behold this sea-green  
scarf,  
Woven of such threads as never human hand  
Twined from the distaff. She who led my way  
Through the great waters, bade me wear it home,  
165 A token that my tale is true. 'And keep,'  
She said, 'the slippers thou hast found, for thou,  
When shod with them, shalt be like one of us,

- With power to walk at will the ocean floor,  
Among its monstrous creatures unafraid,  
170 And feel no longing for the air of heaven  
To fill thy lungs, and send the warm, red blood  
Along thy veins. But thou shalt pass the hours  
In dances with the sea-nymphs, or go forth,  
To look into the mysteries of the abyss  
175 Where never plummet reached. And thou shalt  
sleep  
Thy weariness away on downy banks  
Of sea-moss, where the pulses of the tide  
Shall gently lift thy hair, or thou shalt float  
On the soft currents that go forth and wind  
180 From isle to isle, and wander through the sea.  
“So spake my fellow-voyager, her words  
Sounding like wavelets on a summer shore,  
And then we stopped beside a hanging rock  
With a smooth beach of white sands at its foot,  
185 Where three fair creatures like herself were set  
At their sea-banquet, crisp and juicy stalks,  
Culled from the ocean’s meadows, and the sweet  
Midrib of pleasant leaves, and golden fruits,  
Dropped from the trees that edge the southern  
isles,  
190 And gathered on the waves. Kindly they prayed  
That I would share their meal, and I partook  
With eager appetite, for long had been  
My journey, and I left the spot refreshed.  
“And then we wandered off amid the groves  
95 Of coral loftier than the growths of earth;  
The mightiest cedar lifts no trunk like theirs,  
So huge, so high, toward heaven, nor overhangs  
Alleys and bowers so dim. We moved between  
Pinnacles of black rock, which, from beneath,  
200 Molten by inner fires, so said my guide,

- Gushed long ago into the hissing brine,  
 That quenched and hardened them, and now they  
     stand  
 Motionless in the currents of the sea  
 That part and flow around them. As we went,  
 205 We looked into the hollows of the abyss,  
 To which the never-resting waters sweep  
 The skeletons of sharks, the long white spines  
 Of narwhale and of dolphin, bones of men  
 Shipwrecked, and mighty ribs of foundered barks.  
 210 Down the blue pits we looked, and hastened on.  
     " But beautiful the fountains of the sea  
 Sprang upward from its bed ; the silvery jets  
 Shot branching far into the azure brine,  
 And where they mingled with it, the great deep  
 215 Quivered and shook, as shakes the glimmering air  
 Above a furnace. So we wandered through  
 The mighty world of waters, till at length  
 I wearied of its wonders, and my heart  
 Began to yearn for my dear mountain home.  
 220 I prayed my gentle guide to lead me back  
 To the upper air. ' A glorious realm,' I said,  
 ' Is this thou openest to me ; but I stray  
 Bewildered in its vastness ; these strange sights  
 And this strange light oppress me. I must see  
 225 The faces that I love, or I shall die.'  
     " She took my hand, and, darting through the  
     waves,  
 Brought me to where the stream, by which we  
     came,  
 Rushed into the main ocean. Then began

224. How very often in fairy tales the human being has but  
 to exercise the will to attain or to renounce the fairy power ! It  
 is only when one is under a spell, in the classic fairy tales, that  
 the will is not recognized as the supreme authority.

- A slower journey upward. Wearily  
230 We breasted the strong current, climbing through  
The rapids tossing high their foam. The night  
Came down, and, in the clear depth of a pool,  
Edged with o'erhanging rock, we took our rest  
Till morning; and I slept, and dreamed of home  
235 And thee. A pleasant sight the morning showed;  
The green fields of this upper world, the herds  
That grazed the bank, the light on the red clouds,  
The trees, with all their host of trembling leaves,  
Lifting and lowering to the restless wind  
240 Their branches. As I woke I saw them all  
From the clear stream; yet strangely was my heart  
Parted between the watery world and this,  
And as we journeyed upward, oft I thought  
Of marvels I had seen, and stopped and turned,  
245 And lingered, till I thought of thee again;  
And then again I turned and clambered up  
The rivulet's murmuring path, until we came  
Beside this cottage door. There tenderly  
My fair conductor kissed me, and I saw  
250 Her face no more. I took the slippers off.  
Oh! with what deep delight my lungs drew in  
The air of heaven again, and with what joy  
I felt my blood bound with its former glow;  
And now I never leave thy side again."
- 255 So spoke the maiden Sella, with large tears  
Standing in her mild eyes, and in the porch  
Replaced the slippers. Autumn came and went;  
The winter passed; another summer warmed  
The quiet pools; another autumn tinged  
260 The grape with red, yet while it hung unplucked,  
245. The humanizing of the character of Sella is effected by  
such touches as this.

The mother ere her time was carried forth  
To sleep among the solitary hills.

A long still sadness settled on that home  
Among the mountains. The stern father there  
265 Wept with his children, and grew soft of heart,  
And Sella, and the brothers twain, and one  
Younger than they, a sister fair and shy,  
Strewed the new grave with flowers, and round  
it set

Shrubs that all winter held their lively green.  
270 Time passed; the grief with which their hearts  
were wrung

Waned to a gentle sorrow. Sella, now,  
Was often absent from the patriarch's board;  
The slippers hung no longer in the porch;  
And sometimes after summer nights her couch  
275 Was found unpressed at dawn, and well they  
knew

That she was wandering with the race who make  
Their dwelling in the waters. Oft her looks  
Fixed on blank space, and oft the ill-suited word  
Told that her thoughts were far away. In vain  
280 Her brothers reasoned with her tenderly.

"Oh leave not thus thy kindred;" so they  
prayed:

"Dear Sella, now that she who gave us birth  
Is in her grave, oh go not hence, to seek  
Companions in that strange cold realm below,  
285 For which God made not us nor thee, but stay  
To be the grace and glory of our home."  
She looked at them with those mild eyes and  
wept,

But said no word in answer, nor refrained  
From those mysterious wanderings that filled  
290 Their loving hearts with a perpetual pain.



- And now the younger sister, fair and shy,  
Had grown to early womanhood, and one  
Who loved her well had wooed her for his bride,  
And she had named the wedding day. The herd  
295 Had given its fatlings for the marriage feast ;  
The roadside garden and the secret glen  
Were rifled of their sweetest flowers to twine  
The door posts, and to lie among the locks  
Of maids, the wedding guests; and from the  
boughs  
300 Of mountain orchards had the fairest fruit  
Been plucked to glisten in the canisters.  
Then, trooping over hill and valley, came  
Matron and maid, grave men and smiling youths,  
Like swallows gathering for their autumn flight.  
305 In costumes of that simpler age they came,  
That gave the limbs large play, and wrapt the  
form  
In easy folds, yet bright with glowing hues  
As suited holidays. All hastened on  
To that glad bridal. There already stood  
310 The priest prepared to say the spousal rite,  
And there the harpers in due order sat,  
And there the singers. Sella, midst them all,  
Moved strangely and serenely beautiful,  
With clear blue eyes, fair locks, and brow and  
cheek  
315 Colorless as the lily of the lakes,  
Yet moulded to such shape as artists give  
To beings of immortal youth. Her hands  
Had decked her sister for the bridal hour  
With chosen flowers, and lawn whose delicate  
threads  
320 Vied with the spider's spinning. There she stood  
With such a gentle pleasure in her looks

As might beseem a river-nymph's soft eyes  
 Gracing a bridal of the race whose flocks  
 Were pastured on the borders of her stream.

325 She smiled, but from that calm sweet face the  
 smile

Was soon to pass away. That very morn  
 The elder of the brothers, as he stood  
 Upon the hillside, had beheld the maid,  
 Emerging from the channel of the brook,

330 With three fresh water lilies in her hand,  
 Wring dry her dripping locks, and in a cleft  
 Of hanging rock, beside a screen of boughs,  
 Bestow the spangled slippers. None before  
 Had known where Sella hid them. Then she laid

335 The light brown tresses smooth, and in them  
 twined

The lily buds, and hastily drew forth  
 And threw across her shoulders a light robe  
 Wrought for the bridal, and with bounding steps  
 Ran toward the lodge. The youth beheld and  
 marked

340 The spot and slowly followed from afar.

Now had the marriage rite been said ; the bride  
 Stood in the blush that from her burning cheek  
 Glowed down the alabaster neck, as morn  
 Crimsons the pearly heaven halfway to the west.

345 At once the harpers struck their chords ; a gush  
 Of music broke upon the air ; the youths  
 All started to the dance. Among them moved  
 The queenly Sella with a grace that seemed  
 Caught from the swaying of the summer sea.

322. The gentle turning-point of the poem. For a moment  
 the Sella of her dreams stands before us; the idealizing of the  
 human creature has been carried to its finest limit, and is ar-  
 rested now just short of the disappearance of the human soul.

- 350 The young drew forth the elders to the dance,  
Who joined it half abashed, but when they felt  
The joyous music tingling in their veins,  
They called for quaint old measures, which they  
trod  
As gayly as in youth, and far abroad
- 355 Came through the open windows cheerful shouts  
And bursts of laughter. They who heard the  
sound  
Upon the mountain footpaths paused and said,  
“A merry wedding.” Lovers stole away  
That sunny afternoon to bowers that edged
- 360 The garden walks, and what was whispered there  
The lovers of these later times can guess.  
Meanwhile the brothers, when the merry din  
Was loudest, stole to where the slippers lay,  
And took them thence, and followed down the brook
- 365 To where a little rapid rushed between  
Its borders of smooth rock, and dropped them in.  
The rivulet, as they touched its face, flung up  
Its small bright waves like hands, and seemed to  
take  
The prize with eagerness and draw it down.
- 370 They, gleaming through the waters as they went,  
And striking with light sound the shining stones,  
Slid down the stream. The brothers looked and  
watched  
And listened with full beating hearts, till now  
The sight and sound had passed, and silently
- 375 And half repentant hastened to the lodge.  
The sun was near his set; the music rang  
Within the dwelling still, but the mirth waned;  
For groups of guests were sauntering toward their  
homes  
Across the fields, and far on hillside paths,

380 Gleamed the white robes of maidens. Sella grew  
 Weary of the long merriment ; she thought  
 Of her still haunts beneath the soundless sea,  
 And all unseen withdrew and sought the cleft  
 Where she had laid the slippers. They were gone.

385 She searched the brookside near, yet found them  
 not.

Then her heart sank within her, and she ran  
 Wild.y from place to place, and once again  
 She searched the secret cleft, and next she stooped  
 And with spread palms felt carefully beneath  
 390 The tufted herbs and bushes, and again,  
 And yet again she searched the rocky cleft.  
 " Who could have taken them ? " That question  
 cleared

The mystery. She remembered suddenly  
 That when the dance was in its gayest whirl,  
 395 Her brothers were not seen, and when, at length,  
 They reappeared, the elder joined the sports  
 With shouts of boisterous mirth, and from her eye  
 The younger shrank in silence. " Now, I know  
 The guilty ones," she said, and left the spot,  
 400 And stood before the youths with such a look  
 Of anguish and reproach that well they knew  
 Her thought, and almost wished the deed undone.

Frankly they owned the charge : " And pardon  
 us ;

We did it all in love ; we could not bear  
 405 That the cold world of waters and the strange  
 Beings that dwell within it should beguile  
 Our sister from us." Then they told her all ;  
 How they had seen her stealthily bestow  
 The slippers in the cleft, and how by stealth  
 410 They took them thence and bore them down the  
 brook,

- And dropped them in, and how the eager waves  
Gathered and drew them down: but at that word  
The maiden shrieked — a broken-hearted shriek —  
And all who heard it shuddered and turned pale  
415 At the despairing cry, and “ They are gone,”  
She said, “ gone — gone forever. Cruel ones!  
’T is you who shut me out eternally  
From that serener world which I had learned  
To love so well. Why took ye not my life?  
420 Ye cannot know what ye have done.” She spake  
And hurried to her chamber, and the guests  
Who yet had lingered silently withdrew.  
The brothers followed to the maiden’s bower,  
But with a calm demeanor, as they came,  
425 She met them at the door. “ The wrong is great,”  
She said, “ that ye have done me, but no power  
Have ye to make it less, nor yet to soothe  
My sorrow ; I shall bear it as I may,  
The better for the hours that I have passed  
430 In the calm region of the middle sea.  
Go, then. I need you not.” They, overawed,  
Withdrew from that grave presence. Then her  
tears  
Broke forth a flood, as when the August cloud,  
Darkening beside the mountain, suddenly  
435 Melts into streams of rain. That weary night  
She paced her chamber, murmuring as she walked  
“ O peaceful region of the middle sea!  
O azure bowers and grotts, in which I loved  
To roam and rest! Am I to long for you,  
440 And think how strangely beautiful ye are,  
Yet never see you more? And dearer yet,  
Ye gentle ones in whose sweet company  
I trod the shelly pavements of the deep,  
And swam its currents, creatures with calm eyes

- 445 Looking the tenderest love, and voices soft  
 As ripple of light waves along the shore,  
 Uttering the tenderest words! Oh! ne'er again  
 Shall I, in your mild aspects, read the peace  
 That dwells within, and vainly shall I pine  
 450 To hear your sweet low voices. Haply now  
 Ye miss me in your deep-sea home, and think  
 Of me with pity, as of one condemned  
 To haunt this upper world, with its harsh sounds  
 And glaring lights, its withering heats, its frosts,  
 455 Cruel and killing, its delirious strifes,  
 And all its feverish passions, till I die."  
     So mourned she the long night, and when the  
     morn  
 Brightened the mountains, from her lattice looked  
 The maiden on a world that was to her  
 460 A desolate and dreary waste. That day  
 She passed in wandering by the brook that oft  
 Had been her pathway to the sea, and still  
 Seemed, with its cheerful murmur, to invite  
 Her footsteps thither. "Well may'st thou re-  
     joice,  
 465 Fortunate stream!" she said, "and dance along  
 Thy bed, and make thy course one ceaseless strain  
 Of music, for thou journeyest toward the deep,  
 To which I shall return no more." The night  
 Brought her to her lone chamber, and she knelt  
 470 And prayed, with many tears, to Him whose hand  
 Touches the wounded heart and it is healed.  
 With prayer there came new thoughts and new  
     desires.  
 She asked for patience and a deeper love  
 For those with whom her lot was henceforth cast,  
 475 And that in acts of mercy she might lose  
 The sense of her own sorrow. When she rose

- A weight was lifted from her heart. She sought  
Her couch, and slept a long and peaceful sleep.  
At morn she woke to a new life. Her days  
480 Henceforth were given to quiet tasks of good  
In the great world. Men hearkened to her words,  
And wondered at their wisdom and obeyed,  
And saw how beautiful the law of love  
Can make the cares and toils of daily life.
- 485 Still did she love to haunt the springs and  
brooks,  
As in her cheerful childhood, and she taught  
The skill to pierce the soil and meet the veins  
Of clear cold water winding underneath,  
And call them forth to daylight. From afar  
490 She bade men bring the rivers on long rows  
Of pillared arches to the sultry town,  
And on the hot air of the summer fling  
The spray of dashing fountains. To relieve  
Their weary hands, she showed them how to tame  
495 The rushing stream, and make him drive the  
wheel  
That whirls the humming millstone and that  
wields  
The ponderous sledge. The waters of the cloud,  
That drench the hillside in the time of rains,  
Were gathered at her bidding into pools,  
500 And in the months of drought led forth again,  
In glimmering rivulets, to refresh the vales,  
Till the sky darkened with returning showers.  
So passed her life, a long and blameless life,  
And far and near her name was named with love

479. In the new life to which Sella awakes, one notes that it is the old world in which she had lived endowed now with those gifts which her ripened soul brought from the ideal world in which she had hoped to lose herself.

- 505 And reverence. Still she kept, as age came on,  
 Her stately presence ; still her eyes looked forth  
 From under their calm brows as brightly clear  
 As the transparent wells by which she sat  
 So oft in childhood. Still she kept her fair  
 510 Unwrinkled features, though her locks were white.  
 A hundred times had summer since her birth  
 Opened the water lily on the lakes,  
 So old traditions tell, before she died.  
 A hundred cities mourned her, and her death  
 515 Saddened the pastoral valleys. By the brook,  
 That bickering ran beside the cottage door  
 Where she was born, they reared her monument.  
 Ere long the current parted and flowed round  
 The marble base, forming a little isle,  
 520 And there the flowers that love the running stream,  
 Iris and orchis, and the cardinal flower,  
 Crowded and hung caressingly around  
 The stone engraved with Sella's honored name.

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## II.

### THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE SNOW.

[IN this tender fancy Bryant has treated the personality of the snow with a kinder, more sympathetic touch than poets have been wont to give it. With many the cruelty of cold or its treacherous nature is most significant. Hans Christian Andersen, for example, in the story of *The Ice Maiden* has taken a similar theme, but has emphasized the seductive treachery of the Spirit of Cold. Here



Bryant has given the true fairy, innocent of evil purpose, yet inflicting grievous wrong through its nature; sorrowing over the dead Eva, but without the remorse of human beings. The time of the story is placed in legendary antiquity by the exclusion of historic times in lines 35-41, and the antiquity is still more positively affirmed by the lines at the close accounting for our not now seeing the Little People of the Snow. The children had asked for a fairy tale, and it is made more real by being placed at so ethereal a distance.]

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*Alice.* One of your old world stories, Uncle John,

Such as you tell us by the winter fire,  
Till we all wonder it has grown so late.

*Uncle John.* The story of the witch that ground  
to death

5 Two children in her mill, or will you have  
The tale of Goody Cutpurse?

*Alice.* Nay now, nay;

Those stories are too childish, Uncle John,  
Too childish even for little Willy here,  
And I am older, two good years, than he;

10 No, let us have a tale of elves that ride  
By night with jingling reins, or gnomes of the  
mine,

• Or water-fairies, such as you know how  
To spin, till Willy's eyes forget to wink,

6. Goody Cut-purse, or Moll Cut-purse, was a famous highway woman of Shakapere's time who robbed people as audaciously as did Jack Sheppard.

And good Aunt Mary, busy as she is,  
Lays down her knitting.

- 15 *Uncle John.* Listen to me, then.  
'T was in the olden time, long, long ago,  
And long before the great oak at our door  
Was yet an acorn, on a mountain's side  
Lived, with his wife, a cottager. They dwelt  
20 Beside a glen and near a dashing brook,  
A pleasant spot in spring, where first the wren  
Was heard to chatter, and, among the grass,  
Flowers opened earliest ; but, when winter came,  
'That little brook was fringed with other flowers, —  
25 White flowers, with crystal leaf and stem, that  
grew

- In clear November nights. And, later still,  
That mountain glen was filled with drifted snows  
From side to side, that one might walk across,  
While, many a fathom deep, below, the brook  
30 Sang to itself, and leapt and trotted on  
Unfrozen, o'er its pebbles, toward the vale.

*Alice.* A mountain's side, you said ; the Alps,  
perhaps,  
Or our own Alleghanies.

- Uncle John.* Not so fast,  
My young geographer, for then the Alps,  
35 With their broad pastures, haply were untrod  
Of herdsman's foot, and never human voice  
Had sounded in the woods that overhang  
Our Alleghany's streams. I think it was  
Upon the slopes of the great Caucasus,  
40 Or where the rivulets of Ararat  
Seek the Armenian vales. That mountain rose  
So high, that, on its top, the winter snow  
Was never melted, and the cottagers  
Among the summer blossoms, far below,  
45 Saw its white peaks in August from their door.

One little maiden, in that cottage home,  
Dwelt with her parents, light of heart and limb,  
Bright, restless, thoughtless, flitting here and there,  
Like sunshine on the uneasy ocean waves,  
50 And sometimes she forgot what she was bid,  
As Alice does.

*Alice.* Or Willy, quite as oft.

*Uncle John.* But you are older, Alice, two good  
years,

And should be wiser. Eva was the name  
Of this young maiden, now twelve summers old.  
55 Now you must know that, in those early times,  
When autumn days grew pale, there came a troop  
Of childlike forms from that cold mountain top ;  
With trailing garments through the air they came,  
Or walked the ground with girded loins, and threw  
60 Spangles of silvery frost upon the grass,  
And edged the brook with glistening parapets,  
And built it crystal bridges, touched the pool,  
And turned its face to glass, or, rising thence,  
They shook, from their full laps, the soft, light  
snow,  
65 And buried the great earth, as autumn winds  
Bury the forest floor in heaps of leaves.

A beautiful race were they, with baby brows,  
And fair, bright locks, and voices like the sound  
Of steps on the crisp snow, in which they talked  
70 With man, as friend with friend. A merry sight  
It was, when, crowding round the traveller,  
They smote him with their heaviest snow flakes,  
flung

Needles of frost in handfuls at his cheeks,  
And, of the light wreaths of his smoking breath,  
75 Wove a white fringe for his brown beard, and  
laughed

Their slender laugh to see him wink and grin  
And make grim faces as he floundered on.

But, when the spring came on, what terror  
reigned

Among these Little People of the Snow!

80 To them the sun's warm beams were shafts of fire,  
And the soft south wind was the wind of death.

Away they flew, all with a pretty scowl  
Upon their childish faces, to the north,  
Or scampered upward to the mountain's top,

85 And there defied their enemy, the Spring;  
Skipping and dancing on the frozen peaks,  
And moulding little snow-balls in their palms,  
And rolling them, to crush her flowers below,  
Down the steep snow-fields.

Alice. That, too, must have been  
A merry sight to look at.

90 Uncle John. You are right,  
But I must speak of graver matters now.

Mid-winter was the time, and Eva stood  
Within the cottage, all prepared to dare  
The outer cold, with ample furry robe

95 Close belted round her waist, and boots of fur,  
And a broad kerchief, which her mother's hand  
Had closely drawn about her ruddy cheek.

"Now, stay not long abroad," said the good dame,

"For sharp is the outer air, and, mark me well,

100 Go not upon the snow beyond the spot  
Where the great linden bounds the neighboring  
field."

The little maiden promised, and went forth,  
And climbed the rounded snow-swells firm with  
frost

Beneath her feet, and slid, with balancing arms,  
105 Into the hollows. Once, as up a drift

She slowly rose, before her, in the way,  
She saw a little creature lily-cheeked,  
With flowing flaxen locks, and faint blue eyes,  
That gleamed like ice, and robe that only seemed  
110 Of a more shadowy whiteness than her cheek.  
On a smooth bank she sat.

*Alice.*

She must have been  
One of your Little People of the Snow.

*Uncle John.* She was so, and, as Eva now  
drew near,

The tiny creature bounded from her seat;  
115 "And come," she said, "my pretty friend; to-  
day

We will be playmates. I have watched thee long,  
And seen how well thou lov'st to walk these drifts,  
And scoop their fair sides into little cells,  
And carve them with quaint figures, huge-limbed  
men,

120 Lions, and griffins. We will have, to-day,  
A merry ramble over these bright fields,  
And thou shalt see what thou hast never seen."

On went the pair, until they reached the bound  
Where the great linden stood, set deep in snow,  
25 Up to the lower branches. "Here we stop,"  
Said Eva, "for my mother has my word  
That I will go no further than this tree."  
Then the snow-maiden laughed; "And what is  
this?

This fear of the pure snow, the innocent snow,  
130 That never harmed ought living? Thou may'st  
roam

For leagues beyond this garden, and return  
In safety; here the grim wolf never prowls,  
And here the eagle of our mountain crags  
Preys not in winter. I will show the way

- 135 And bring thee safely home. Thy mother, sure,  
Counselled thee thus because thou hadst no guide."  
By such smooth words was Eva won to break  
Her promise, and went on with her new friend,  
Over the glistening snow and down a bank  
140 Where a white shelf, wrought by the eddying wind,  
Like to a billow's crest in the great sea,  
Curtained an opening. "Look, we enter here."  
And straight, beneath the fair o'erhanging fold,  
Entered the little pair that hill of snow,  
145 Walking along a passage with white walls,  
And a white vault above where snow-stars shed  
A wintry twilight. Eva moved in awe,  
And held her peace, but the snow-maiden smiled,  
And talked and tripped along, as, down the way,  
150 Deeper they went into that mountainous drift.  
And now the white walls widened, and the vault  
Swelled upward, like some vast cathedral dome,  
Such as the Florentine, who bore the name  
Of Heaven's most potent angel, reared, long since,  
155 Or the unknown builder of that wondrous fane,  
The glory of Burgos. Here a garden lay,  
In which the Little People of the Snow  
Were wont to take their pastime when their tasks

137. The idea of sin is very lightly touched in the poem, and there is no conscious temptation to evil on the part of the Snow-maiden. The absence of a moral sense in the Little People of the Snow is very delicately assumed here. It is with fairies that the poet is dealing, and not with diminutive human beings.

146. The star form of the snow-crystal gives a peculiar truthfulness to the poet's fancy

154. *Michael Angelo*, the great Florentine architect, sculptor, and painter.

156. In Bryant's *Letters of a Traveller*, second series, will be found an account of Burgos Cathedral.

- Upon the mountain's side and in the clouds  
160 Were ended. Here they taught the silent frost  
To mock, in stem and spray, and leaf and flower,  
The growths of summer. Here the palm up  
reared  
Its white columnar trunk and spotless sheaf  
Of plume-like leaves; here cedars, huge as those  
165 Of Lebanon, stretched far their level boughs,  
Yet pale and shadowless; the sturdy oak  
Stood, with its huge gnarled roots of seeming  
strength,  
Fast anchored in the glistening bank; light sprays  
Of myrtle, roses in their bud and bloom,  
170 Drooped by the winding walks; yet all seemed  
wrought  
Of stainless alabaster; up the trees  
Ran the lithe jessamine, with stalk and leaf  
Colorless as her flowers. "Go softly on,"  
Said the snow-maiden; "touch not, with thy hand,  
175 The frail creation round thee, and beware  
To sweep it with thy skirts. Now look above.  
How sumptuously these bowers are lighted up  
With shifting gleams that softly come and go.  
These are the northern lights, such as thou seest  
180 In the midwinter nights, cold, wandering flames,  
That float, with our processions, through the air;  
And, here within our winter palaces,  
Mimic the glorious daybreak." Then she told  
How, when the wind, in the long winter nights,  
185 Swept the light snows into the hollow dell,  
She and her comrades guided to its place  
Each wandering flake, and piled them quaintly up,  
In shapely colonnade and glistening arch,  
With shadowy aisles between, or bade them grow  
190 Beneath their little hands, to bowery walks

- In gardens such as these, and, o'er them all,  
Built the broad roof. "But thou hast yet to see  
A fairer sight," she said, and led the way  
To where a window of pellucid ice  
195 Stood in the wall of snow, beside their path.  
"Look, but thou may'st not enter." Eva looked,  
And lo! a glorious hall, from whose high vault  
Stripes of soft light, ruddy, and delicate green,  
And tender blue, flowed downward to the floor  
200 And far around, as if the aerial hosts,  
That march on high by night, with beamy spears,  
And streaming banners, to that place had brought  
Their radiant flags to grace a festival.  
And in that hall a joyous multitude  
205 Of those by whom its glistening walls were reared,  
Whirled in a merry dance to silvery sounds,  
That rang from cymbals of transparent ice,  
And ice-cups, quivering to the skilful touch  
Of little fingers. Round and round they flew,  
210 As when, in spring, about a chimney top,  
A cloud of twittering swallows, just returned,  
Wheel round and round, and turn and wheel again,  
Unwinding their swift track. So rapidly  
Flowed the meandering stream of that fair dance,  
215 Beneath that dome of light. Bright eyes that  
looked  
From under lily brows, and gauzy scarfs  
Sparkling like snow-wreaths in the early sun,  
Shot by the window in their mazy whirl.  
And there stood Eva, wondering at the sight  
220 Of those bright revellers and that graceful sweep  
Of motion as they passed her;—long she gazed,  
And listened long to the sweet sounds that thrilled  
The frosty air, till now the encroaching cold  
Recalled her to herself. "Too long, too long



- 225 I linger here," she said, and then she sprang  
Into the path, and with a hurried step  
Followed it upward. Ever by her side  
Her little guide kept pace. As on they went  
Eva bemoaned her fault: "What must they think —
- 230 The dear ones in the cottage, while so long,  
Hour after hour, I stay without? I know  
That they will seek me far and near, and weep  
To find me not. How could I, wickedly,  
Neglect the charge they gave me?" As she spoke,
- 235 The hot tears started to her eyes; she knelt  
In the mid path. "Father! forgive this sin;  
Forgive myself I cannot" — thus she prayed,  
And rose and hastened onward. When, at last,  
They reached the outer air, the clear north breathed
- 240 A bitter cold, from which she shrank with dread,  
But the snow-maiden bounded as she felt  
The cutting blast, and uttered shouts of joy,  
And skipped, with boundless glee, from drift to  
drift,  
And danced round Eva, as she labored up
- 245 The mounds of snow, "Ah me! I feel my eyes  
Grow heavy," Eva said; "they swim with sleep;  
I cannot walk for utter weariness,  
And I must rest a moment on this bank,  
But let it not be long." As thus she spoke,
- 250 In half-formed words, she sank on the smooth  
snow,  
With closing lids. Her guide composed the robe  
About her limbs, and said, "A pleasant spot  
Is this to slumber in; on such a couch  
Oft have I slept away the winter night,
- 255 And had the sweetest dreams." So Eva slept,  
But slept in death; for when the power of frost  
Locks up the motions of the living frame,

- The victim passes to the realm of Death  
Through the dim porch of Sleep. The little guide,  
260 Watching beside her, saw the hues of life  
Fade from the fair smooth brow and rounded cheek,  
As fades the crimson from a morning cloud,  
Till they were white as marble, and the breath  
Had ceased to come and go, yet knew she not  
265 At first that this was death. But when she  
marked  
How deep the paleness was, how motionless  
That once lithe form, a fear came over her.  
She strove to wake the sleeper, plucked her robe,  
And shouted in her ear, but all in vain ;  
270 The life had passed away from those young limbs.  
Then the snow-maiden raised a wailing cry,  
Such as the dweller in some lonely wild,  
Sleepless through all the long December night,  
Hears when the mournful East begins to blow.  
275 But suddenly was heard the sound of steps,  
Grating on the crisp snow; the cottagers  
Were seeking Eva; from afar they saw  
The twain, and hurried toward them. As they  
came,  
With gentle chidings ready on their lips,  
280 And marked that deathlike sleep, and heard the  
tale  
Of the snow-maiden, mortal anguish fell  
Upon their hearts, and bitter words of grief  
And blame were uttered: "Cruel, cruel one,  
To tempt our daughter thus, and cruel we,  
285 Who suffered her to wander forth alone  
In this fierce cold." They lifted the dear child,  
And bore her home and chafed her tender limbs,  
And strove, by all the simple arts they knew,  
To make the chilled blood move, and win the  
breath

290 Back to her bosom; fruitlessly they strove.  
The little maid was dead. In blank despair  
They stood, and gazed at her who never more  
Should look on them. "Why die we not with  
her?"

They said; "without her life is bitterness."

295 Now came the funeral day; the simple folk  
Of all that pastoral region gathered round,  
To share the sorrow of the cottagers.  
They carved a way into the mound of snow  
To the glen's side, and dug a little grave  
300 In the smooth slope, and, following the bier,  
In long procession from the silent door,  
Chanted a sad and solemn melody.

"Lay her away to rest within the ground.

Yea, lay her down whose pure and innocent life  
305 Was spotless as these snows; for she was reared  
In love, and passed in love life's pleasant spring,  
And all that now our tenderest love can do  
Is to give burial to her lifeless limbs."

They paused. A thousand slender voices round,  
310 Like echoes softly flung from rock and hill,  
Took up the strain, and all the hollow air  
Seemed mourning for the dead; for, on that day,  
The Little People of the Snow had come,  
From mountain peak, and cloud, and icy hall,  
315 To Eva's burial. As the murmur died,  
The funeral train renewed the solemn chant.

"Thou, Lord, hast taken her to be with Eve,  
Whose gentle name was given her. Even so,  
For so Thy wisdom saw that it was best  
320 For her and us. We bring our bleeding hearts,  
And ask the touch of healing from Thy hand,  
As, with submissive tears, we render back  
The lovely and beloved to Him who gave."

- They ceased. Again the plaintive murmur rose.  
325 From shadowy skirts of low-hung cloud it came,  
And wide white fields, and fir-trees capped with  
snow,  
Shivering to the sad sounds. They sank away  
To silence in the dim-seen distant woods.  
The little grave was closed; the funeral train  
330 Departed; winter wore away; the spring  
Steeped, with her quickening rains, the violet  
tufts,  
By fond hands planted where the maiden slept.  
But, after Eva's burial, never more  
The Little People of the Snow were seen  
335 By human eye, nor ever human ear  
Heard from their lips articulate speech again;  
For a decree went forth to cut them off,  
Forever, from communion with mankind.  
The winter clouds, along the mountain-side,  
340 Rolled downward toward the vale, but no fair  
form  
Leaned from their folds, and, in the icy glens,  
And aged woods, under snow-loaded pines,  
Where once they made their haunt, was empti-  
ness.  
But ever, when the wintry days drew near,  
345 Around that little grave, in the long night,  
Frost-wreaths were laid, and tufts of silvery rime  
In shape like blades and blossoms of the field,  
As one would scatter flowers upon a bier.

## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

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### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 29, 1809. The old house in which he was born, still standing near the colleges, has a historic interest as having been the headquarters of General Artemas Ward, and of the Committee of Safety in the days just before the Revolution. Upon the steps of the house stood President Langdon of Harvard College, tradition says, and prayed for the men who, halting there a few moments, marched forward under Colonel Prescott's lead to throw up intrenchments on Bunker Hill on the night of June 16, 1775. Dr. Holmes's father carried forward the traditions of the old house, for he was Rev. Dr. Abiel Holmes whose *American Annals* was the first careful record of American history, written after the Revolution.

Born and bred in the midst of historic associations, Holmes had from the first a lively interest in American history and politics, and though possessed of strong humorous gifts, has often turned his song into patriotic channels, while the current of his literary life has been distinctly American.

He began to write poetry when in college at Cambridge, and some of his best known early pieces, like *Evening by a Tailor*, *The Meeting of the Dryads*, *The Spectre Pig*, were contributed to the *Collegian*, an undergraduate journal, while he was studying law the year after his graduation. At this same time he wrote the well-known poem *Old Ironsides*, a protest against the proposed breaking up of the frigate Constitution; the poem was printed in the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, and its indignation and fervor carried it through the country and raised such a popular feeling that the ship was saved from an ignominious destruction. Holmes shortly gave up the study of law, went abroad to study medicine and returned to take his degree at Harvard in 1836. At the same time he delivered a poem, *Poetry, a Metrical Essay*, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard, and ever since his profession of medicine and his love of literature have received his united care and thought. In 1838 he was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Dartmouth College, but remained there only a year or two, when he returned to Boston, married and practised medicine. In 1847 he was made Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Medical School of Harvard College, a position which he still holds.

In 1857, when the *Atlantic Monthly* was established, Professor Lowell, who was asked to be editor, consented on condition that Dr. Holmes should be a regular contributor. Dr. Holmes at that time

was known as the author of a number of poems of grace, life, and wit, and he had published several professional papers and books, but his brilliancy as a talker gave him a strong local reputation, and Lowell shrewdly guessed that he would bring to the new magazine a singularly fresh and unusual power. He was right, for *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table* beginning in the first number unquestionably insured the *Atlantic* its early success. The readers of the day had forgotten that Holmes, twenty-five years before, had begun a series with the same title in Buckingham's *New England Magazine*, a periodical of short life, so they did not at first understand why he should begin his first article, "I was just going to say, when I was interrupted." From that time Dr. Holmes was a frequent contributor to the magazine, and in it appeared successively, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, *Elsie Venner*, *The Professor's Story*, *The Guardian Angel*, *The Poet at the Breakfast-Table*, — prose papers, and stories with occasional insertion of verse; here also have been printed the many poems which he has so freely and happily written for festivals and public occasions, including the frequent poems at the yearly meetings of his college class. The wit and humor which have made his poetry so well known would never have given him his high rank had they not been associated with an admirable art which makes every word necessary and felicitous, and a generous nature which is quick to seize upon what touches a common life.

## I.

### GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER HILL BATTLE.

AS SHE SAW IT FROM THE BELFRY.

[THIS poem was first published in 1875, in connection with the centenary of the battle of Bunker Hill. The belfry could hardly have been that of Christ Church, since tradition says that General Gage was stationed there watching the battle, and we may make it to be what was known as the new Brick Church, built in 1721, on Hanover, corner of Richmond Street, Boston, rebuilt of stone in 1845, and pulled down at the widening of Hanover Street in 1871. There are many narratives of the battle of Bunker Hill. Frothingham's *History of the Siege of Boston* is one of the most comprehensive accounts, and has furnished material for many popular narratives. The centennial celebration of the battle called out magazine and newspaper articles, which give the story with little variation. There are not many disputed points in connection with the event, the principal one being the discussion as to who was the chief officer.]



'Tis like stirring living embers when, at eighty,  
 one remembers  
 All the achings and the quakings of "the times  
 that tried men's souls";  
 When I talk of *Whig* and *Tory*, when I tell the  
*Rebel* story,  
 To you the words are ashes, but to me they're  
 burning coals.

5 I had heard the muskets' rattle of the April run-  
 ning battle;  
 Lord Percy's hunted soldiers, I can see their red  
 coats still;

2. In December, 1776, Thomas Paine, whose *Common Sense* had so remarkable a popularity as the first homely expression of public opinion on Independence, began issuing a series of tracts called *The Crisis*, eighteen numbers of which appeared. The familiar words quoted by the grandmother must often have been heard and used by her. They begin the first number of *The Crisis*: "These are the times that try men's souls: the summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman."

3. The terms *Whig* and *Tory* were applied to the two parties in England who represented, respectively, the Whigs political and religious liberty, the Tories royal prerogative and ecclesiastical authority. The names first came into use in 1679 in the struggles at the close of Charles II.'s reign, and continued in use until a generation or so ago, when they gave place to somewhat corresponding terms of Liberal and Conservative. At the breaking out of the war for Independence, the Whigs in England opposed the measures taken by the crown in the management of the American colonies, while the Tories supported the crown. The names were naturally applied in America to the patriotic party, who were termed Whigs, and the loyalist party, termed Tories. The Tories in turn called the patriots rebels.

5. The Lexington and Concord affair of April 19, 1775, when Lord Percy's soldiers retreated in a disorderly manner

But a deadly chill comes o'er me, as the day looms  
up before me,  
When a thousand men lay bleeding on the slopes  
of Bunker's Hill.

'T was a peaceful summer's morning, when the  
first thing gave us warning  
10 Was the booming of the cannon from the river  
and the shore :  
" Child," says grandma, " what 's the matter,  
what is all this noise and clatter ?  
Have those scalping Indian devils come to murder  
us once more ? "

Poor old soul! my sides were shaking in the midst  
of all my quaking,  
To hear her talk of Indians when the guns began  
to roar:  
15 She had seen the burning village, and the  
slaughter and the pillage,  
When the Mohawks killed her father with their  
bullets through his door.

Then I said, " Now, dear old granny, don't you  
fret and worry any,  
For I'll soon come back and tell you whether this  
is work or play;

to Charlestown, annoyed on the way by the Americans who  
followed and accompanied them.

16. The Mohawks, a formidable part of the Six Nations, were  
held in great dread, as they were the most cruel and warlike of  
all the tribes. In connection with the French they fell upon the  
frontier settlements during Queen Anne's war, early in the eight-  
eenth century, and committed terrible deeds, long remembered  
in New England households.

There can't be mischief in it, so I won't be gone  
a minute" —

20 For a minute then I started. I was gone the live-  
long day.

No time for bodice-lacing or for looking-glass  
grimacing ;

Down my hair went as I hurried, tumbling half-  
way to my heels ;

God forbid your ever knowing, when there's blood  
around her flowing,

How the lonely, helpless daughter of a quiet  
household feels!

25 In the street I heard a thumping ; and I knew it  
was the stumping

Of the Corporal, our old neighbor, on that wooden  
leg he wore,

With a knot of women round him, — it was lucky  
I had found him,

So I followed with the others, and the Corporal  
marched before.

They were making for the steeple, — the old sol-  
dier and his people ;

30 The pigeons circled round us as we climbed the  
creaking stair,

Just across the narrow river — Oh, so close it  
made me shiver ! —

Stood a fortress on the hill-top that but yesterday  
was bare.

Not slow our eyes to find it; well we knew who  
stood behind it,

Though the earthwork hid them from us, and the  
stubborn walls were dumb:

- 35 Here were sister, wife, and mother, looking wild  
upon each other,  
And their lips were white with terror as they said,  
THE HOUR HAS COME!

- The morning slowly wasted, not a morsel had we  
tasted,  
And our heads were almost splitting with the can-  
nons' deafening thrill,  
When a figure tall and stately round the rampart  
strode sedately ;  
40 It was PRESCOTT, one since told me ; he com-  
manded on the hill.

Every woman's heart grew bigger when we saw  
his manly figure,  
With the banyan buckled round it, standing up so  
straight and tall ;  
Like a gentleman of leisure who is strolling out  
for pleasure,  
Through the storm of shells and cannon-shot he  
walked around the wall.

- 45 At eleven the streets were swarming, for the red-  
coats' ranks were forming ;  
At noon in marching order they were moving to  
the piers ;

40. Colonel William Prescott, who commanded the detach-  
ment which marched from Cambridge June 16, 1775, to fortify  
Breed's hill, was the grandfather of William Hickling Prescott,  
the historian. He was in the field during the entire battle of  
the 17th in command of the redoubt.

42. *Banyan* — a flowered morning gown which Prescott is said  
to have worn during the hot day, a good illustration of the un-

How the bayonets gleamed and glistened, as we  
looked far down, and listened  
To the trampling and the drum-beat of the belted  
grenadiers!

At length the men have started, with a cheer (it  
seemed faint-hearted),  
50 In their scarlet regimentals, with their knapsacks  
on their backs,  
And the reddening, rippling water, as after a sea-  
fight's slaughter,  
Round the barges gliding onward blushed like  
blood along their tracks.

So they crossed to the other border, and again  
they formed in order ;  
And the boats came back for soldiers, came for  
soldiers, soldiers still:  
55 The time seemed everlasting to us women faint  
and fasting, —  
At last they're moving, marching, marching  
proudly up the hill.

We can see the bright steel glancing all along the  
lines advancing —  
Now the front rank fires a volley — they have  
thrown away their shot;  
For behind their earthwork lying, all the balls  
above them flying,  
60 Our people need not hurry; so they wait and an-  
swer not.

military appearance of the soldiers engaged. His nonchalant  
walk upon the parapets is also a historic fact, and was for the  
encouragement of the troops within the redoubt.

Then the Corporal, our old cripple (he would  
 swear sometimes and tittle), —  
 He had heard the bullets whistle (in the old  
 French war) before, —  
 Calls out in words of jeering, just as if they all  
 were hearing, —  
 And his wooden leg thumps fiercely on the dusty  
 belfry floor: —

65 "Oh! fire away, ye villains, and earn King  
 George's shillin's,  
 But ye'll waste a ton of powder afore a 'rebel'  
 falls;  
 You may bang the dirt and welcome, they're as  
 safe as Dan'l Malcolm  
 Ten foot beneath the gravestone that you've  
 splintered with your balls!"

62. Many of the officers as well as men on the American side  
 had become familiarized with service through the old French  
 war, which came to an end in 1763.

67. Dr. Holmes makes the following note to this line: "The  
 following epitaph is still to be read on a tall gravestone, stand-  
 ing as yet undisturbed among the transplanted monuments of  
 the dead in Copp's Hill Burial Ground, one of the three city  
 [Boston] cemeteries which have been desecrated and ruined  
 within my own remembrance: —

"Here lies buried in a  
 Stone Grave 10 feet deep,  
 Capt. DANIEL MALCOLM Mercht  
 Who departed this Life  
 October 23, 1769,  
 Aged 44 years,  
 A true son of Liberty,  
 A Friend to the Publick,  
 An Enemy to oppression,  
 And one of the foremost  
 In opposing the Revenue Acts  
 On America."

In the hush of expectation, in the awe and trepidation

70 Of the dread approaching moment, we are well-nigh breathless all;

Though the rotten bars are failing on the rickety belfry railing,

We are crowding up against them like the waves against a wall.

Just a glimpse (the air is clearer), they are nearer,  
— nearer, — nearer,

When a flash — a curling smoke-wreath — then a crash — the steeple shakes —

75 The deadly truce is ended; the tempest's shroud is rended;

Like a morning mist it gathered, like a thunder-cloud it breaks!

O the sight our eyes discover as the blue-black smoke blows over!

The red-coats stretched in windrows as a mower rakes his hay;

Here a scarlet heap is lying, there a headlong crowd is flying

80 Like a billow that has broken and is shivered into spray.

Then we cried, "The troops are routed! they are beat — it can't be doubted!

God be thanked, the fight is over!" — Ah! the grim old soldier's smile!

"Tell us, tell us why you look so?" (we could hardly speak, we shook so), —

"Are they beaten? Are they beaten? *Are they beaten?*" — "Wait a while."

85 O the trembling and the terror! for too soon we  
saw our error:

They are baffled, not defeated; we have driven  
them back in vain;

And the columns that were scattered, round the  
colors that were tattered,

Toward the sullen silent fortress turn their belted  
breasts again.

All at once, as we are gazing, lo the roofs of  
Charlestown blazing!

90 They have fired the harmless village; in an hour  
it will be down!

The Lord in heaven confound them, rain his fire  
and brimstone round them,—

The robbing, murdering red-coats, that would burn  
a peaceful town!

They are marching, stern and solemn; we can see  
each massive column

As they near the naked earth-mound with the  
slanting walls so steep.

95 Have our soldiers got faint-hearted, and in noise-  
less haste departed?

Are they panic-struck and helpless? Are they  
palsied or asleep?

Now! the walls they 're almost under! scarce a rod  
the foes asunder!

Not a firelock flashed against them! up the earth-  
work they will swarm!

But the words have scarce been spoken, when the  
ominous calm is broken,

'00 And a bellowing crash has emptied all the ven-  
geance of the storm!



So again, with murderous slaughter, pelted back-  
wards to the water,  
Fly Pigot's running heroes and the frightened  
braves of Howe;  
And we shout, "At last they're done for, it's  
their barges they have run for:  
They are beaten, beaten, beaten; and the battle's  
over now!"

105 And we looked, poor timid creatures, on the rough  
old soldier's features,  
Our lips afraid to question, but he knew what we  
would ask:  
"Not sure," he said; "keep quiet, — once more,  
I guess, they'll try it —  
Here's damnation to the cut-throats!" — then  
he handed me his flask,

Saying, "Gal, you're looking shaky; have a drop  
of old Jamaiky;  
110 I'm afeard there'll be more trouble afore the job  
is done";  
So I took one scorching swallow; dreadful faint I  
felt and hollow,  
Standing there from early morning when the fir-  
ing was begun.

All through those hours of trial I had watched a  
calm clock dial,  
As the hands kept creeping, creeping, — they were  
creeping round to four,  
115 When the old man said, "They're forming with  
their bagonets fixed for storming:

102. The generals on the British side were Howe, Clinton.  
and Pigot.

It's the death-grip that's a coming, — they will  
try the works once more."

With brazen trumpets blaring, the flames behind  
them glaring,  
The deadly wall before them, in close array they  
come;  
Still onward, upward toiling, like a dragon's fold  
uncoiling, —  
120 Like the rattlesnake's shrill warning the reverber-  
ating drum!

Over heaps all torn and gory — shall I tell the  
fearful story,  
How they surged above the breastwork, as a sea  
breaks over a deck;  
How, driven, yet scarce defeated, our worn-out  
men retreated,  
With their powder-horns all emptied, like the  
swimmers from a wreck?

125 It has all been told and painted; as for me, they  
say I fainted,  
And the wooden-legged old Corporal stumped with  
me down the stair:  
When I woke from dreams affrighted the evening  
lamps were lighted, —  
On the floor a youth was lying; his bleeding breast  
was bare.

And I heard through all the flurry, "Send for  
WARREN! hurry! hurry!

129. Dr. Joseph Warren, of equal note at the time as a medi-  
cal man and a patriot. He was a volunteer in the battle, and  
fell there, the most serious loss on the American side.

130 Tell him here 's a soldier bleeding, and he 'll come  
and dress his wound!"

Ah, we knew not till the morrow told its tale of  
death and sorrow,

How the starlight found him stiffened on the dark  
and bloody ground.

Who the youth was, what his name was, where the  
place from which he came was,

Who had brought him from the battle, and had  
left him at our door,

135 He could not speak to tell us; but 't was one of our  
brave fellows,

As the homespun plainly showed us which the  
dying soldier wore.

For they all thought he was dying, as they gathered  
round him crying,—

And they said, " Oh, how they 'll miss him!" and,  
" What *will* his mother do?"

Then, his eyelids just unclosing like a child's that  
has been dozing,

140 He faintly murmured, " Mother!" — and — I  
saw his eyes were blue.

— " Why, grandma, how you 're winking!" — Ah,  
my child, it sets me thinking

Of a story not like this one. Well, he somehow  
lived along;

So we came to know each other, and I nursed him  
like a — mother,

Till at last he stood before me, tall, and rosy  
cheeked, and strong.

145 And we sometimes walked together in the pleasant  
summer weather;

—“Please to tell us what his name was? —Just  
your own, my little dear, —  
There’s his picture Copley painted: we became  
so well acquainted,  
That—in short, that’s why I’m grandma, and  
you children all are here!”

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## II.

## THE SCHOOL-BOY.

[PHILLIPS ACADEMY at Andover, Massachusetts, was founded in 1778, by Judge Samuel Phillips, assisted by two uncles, who also established nearly at the time Phillips Exeter Academy, at Exeter, New Hampshire. The centennial anniversary of the founding of Phillips Academy was celebrated at Andover, in June, 1878, and Dr. Holmes, who had been a boy in the school more than fifty years before, read the following poem.]

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THESE hallowed precincts, long to memory dear,  
Smile with fresh welcome as our feet draw near;  
With softer gales the opening leaves are fanned,  
With fairer hues the kindling flowers expand,

147. John Singleton Copley was a portrait painter of celebrity who was born in America in 1737 and painted many famous portraits, which hang in private and public galleries in Boston and vicinity chiefly. He lived in England the latter half of his life, dying there in 1815.

- 5 The rose-bush reddens with the blush of June,  
 The groves are vocal with their minstrel's tune,  
 The mighty elm, beneath whose arching shade  
 The wandering children of the forest strayed,  
 Greets the glad morning in its bridal dress,  
 10 And spreads its arms the gladsome dawn to bless.  
     Is it an idle dream that nature shares  
     Our joys, our griefs, our pastimes, and our cares?  
     Is there no summons, when at morning's call,  
     The sable vestments of the darkness fall?  
 15 Does not meek evening's low-voiced *Ave* blend  
     With the soft vesper as its notes ascend?  
     Is there no whisper in the perfumed air,  
     When the sweet bosom of the rose is bare?  
     Does not the sunshine call us to rejoice?  
 20 Is there no meaning in the storm-cloud's voice?  
     No silent message when from midnight skies  
     Heaven looks upon us with its myriad eyes?  
     Or shift the mirror; say our dreams diffuse  
     O'er life's pale landscape their celestial hues,  
 25 Lend heaven the rainbow it has never known,  
     And robe the earth in glories not its own,  
     Sing their own music in the summer breeze,  
     With fresher foliage clothe the stately trees,  
     Stain the June blossoms with a livelier dye  
 30 And spread a bluer azure on the sky, —  
     Blest be the power that works its lawless will  
     And finds the weediest patch an Eden still;  
     No walls so fair as those our fancies build, —  
     No views so bright as those our visions gild!  
 35 So ran my lines, as pen and paper met,  
     The truant goose-quill travelling like *Planchette*;  
     15. The vesper bells of the church-call to the prayers which  
     begin *Ave Maria*, Hail, Mary.  
     36. *Planchette* was a toy in the shape of a spherical triangle

Too ready servant, whose deceitful ways  
 Full many a slipshod line, alas! betrays;  
 Hence of the rhyming thousand not a few  
 40 Have builded worse — a great deal — than they  
 knew.

What need of idle fancy to adorn  
 Our mother's birthplace on her birthday morn?  
 Hers are the blossoms of eternal spring,  
 From these green boughs her new-fledged birds  
 take wing,  
 45 These echoes hear their earliest carols sung,  
 In this old nest the brood is ever young.  
 If some tired wanderer, resting from his flight,  
 Amid the gay young choristers alight,  
 These gather round him, mark his faded plumes  
 50 That faintly still the far-off grove perfumes,  
 And listen, wondering if some feeble note  
 Yet lingers, quavering in his weary throat:—  
 I, whose fresh voice yon red-faced temple knew,  
 What tune is left me, fit to sing to you?  
 55 Ask not the grandeurs of a labored song,  
 But let my easy couplets slide along;

mounted upon three legs, which was greatly in vogue about ten years ago, on account of its supposed property of guiding the hand that rested upon it to write in obedience to another power.

40. In playful travesty of Emerson's line in *The Problem*:—

"The hand that rounded Peter's dome,  
 And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,  
 Wrought in a sad sincerity;  
 Himself from God he could not free;  
 He builded better than he knew;—  
 The conscious stone to beauty grew."

50. That the far-off grove still faintly perfumes.

53. The old Phillips Academy building, now used for a gymnasium, is of red brick.

Much I could tell you that you know too well;  
 Much I remember, but I will not tell;  
 Age brings experience; graybeards oft are wise,  
 60 But oh! how sharp a youngster's ears and eyes!

My cheek was bare of adolescent down  
 When first I sought the Academic town:  
 Slow rolls the coach along the dusty road,  
 Big with its filial and parental load;  
 65 The frequent hills, the lonely woods are past,  
 The school-boy's chosen home is reached at last.  
 I see it now, the same unchanging spot,  
 The swinging gate, the little garden-plot,  
 The narrow yard, the rock that made its floor,  
 70 The flat, pale house, the knocker-garnished door,  
 The small, trim parlor, neat, decorous, chill,  
 The strange, new faces, kind, but grave and still  
 Two, creased with age, — or what I then called  
 age, —

Life's volume open at its fiftieth page;  
 75 One a shy maiden's, pallid, placid, sweet  
 As the first snow-drop which the sunbeams greet;  
 One the last nursling's; slight she was, and fair,  
 Her smooth white forehead warmed with auburn  
 hair;

Last came the virgin Hymen long had spared,  
 80 Whose daily cares the grateful household shared,  
 Strong, patient, humble; her substantial frame  
 Stretched the chaste draperies I forbear to name.

Brave, but with effort, had the school-boy come  
 To the cold comfort of a stranger's home;  
 85 How like a dagger to my sinking heart  
 Came the dry summons, "it is time to part;

71. The rhythm shows the true pronunciation of *decorous*  
 An analogous word is *sonorous*. See note to p. 18, l. 99.

"Good-by!" "Goo-ood-by!" one fond maternal  
kiss. . . .

Homesick as death! Was ever pang like this? . . .

Too young as yet with willing feet to stray  
90 From the tame fireside, glad to get away, —  
Too old to let my watery grief appear, —  
And what so bitter as a swallowed tear!

One figure still my vagrant thoughts pursue;  
First boy to greet me, Ariel, where are you?

95 Imp of all mischief, heaven alone knows how  
You learned it all, — are you an angel now,  
Or tottering gently down the slope of years,  
Your face grown sober in the vale of tears?  
Forgive my freedom if you are breathing still;  
100 If in a happier world, I know you will.  
You were a school-boy — what beneath the sun  
So like a monkey? I was also one.

Strange, sure enough, to see what curious  
shoots

The nursery raises from the study's roots!

105 In those old days the very, very good  
Took up more room — a little — than they should,  
Something too much one's eyes encountered then  
Of serious youth and funeral-visaged men;  
The solemn elders saw life's mournful half, —  
110 Heaven sent this boy, whose mission was to laugh,  
Drollest of buffos, Nature's odd protest,  
A catbird squealing in a blackbird's nest.

Kind, faithful Nature! While the sour-eyed  
Scot, —

Her cheerful smiles forbidden or forgot, —

115 Talks only of his preacher and his kirk, —

94. Ariel is a tricky sprite in Shakspeare's *The Tempest*. The reference is to a son of James Murdock, with whom Holmes lived when he first went to Andover. •



- Hears five-hour sermons for his Sunday work, —  
 Praying and fasting till his meagre face  
 Gains its due length, the genuine sign of grace, —  
 An Ayrshire mother in the land of Knox
- 120 Her embryo poet in his cradle rocks; —  
 Nature, long shivering in her dim eclipse,  
 Steals in a sunbeam to those baby lips;  
 So to its home her banished smile returns,  
 And Scotland sweetens with the song of Burns!
- 125 The morning came; I reached the classic hall;  
 A clock-face eyed me, staring from the wall;  
 Beneath its hands a printed line I read:  
 YOUTH IS LIFE'S SEED-TIME; so the clock-face  
 said:  
 Some took its counsel, as the sequel showed, —
- 130 Sowed — their wild oats, and reaped as they had  
 sowed.  
 How all comes back! the upward slanting floor —  
 The masters' thrones that flank the central door —  
 The long, outstretching alleys that divide  
 The rows of desks that stand on either side —
- 135 The staring boys, a face to every desk,  
 Bright, dull, pale, blooming, common, picturesque  
 Grave is the Master's look; his forehead wears  
 Thick rows of wrinkles, prints of worrying cares  
 Uneasy lie the heads of all that rule,
- 140 His most of all whose kingdom is a school.  
 Supreme he sits; before the awful frown  
 That bends his brows the boldest eye goes down;  
 Not more submissive Israel heard and saw  
 At Sinai's foot the Giver of the Law.

137. The master of Dr. Holmes's day was Dr. John Adams.

139. An echo of Shakspeare's line: —

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

*King Henry IV. Pt. II. Act III. Scene 1.*

- 145 Less stern he seems, who sits in equal state  
On the twin throne and shares the empire's  
weight;  
Around his lips the subtle life that plays  
Steals quaintly forth in many a jesting phrase;  
A lightsome nature, not so hard to chafe,  
150 Pleasant when pleased; rough-handled, not so  
safe;  
Some tingling memories vaguely I recall,  
But to forgive him. God forgive us all !  
One yet remains, whose well-remembered name  
Pleads in my grateful heart its tender claim;  
155 His was the charm magnetic, the bright look  
That sheds its sunshine on the dreariest book;  
A loving soul to every task he brought  
That sweetly mingled with the lore he taught;  
Sprung from a saintly race that never could  
160 From youth to age be anything but good,  
His few brief years in holiest labors spent,  
Earth lost too soon the treasure heaven had lent.  
Kindest of teachers, studious to divine  
Some hint of promise in my earliest line,  
165 These faint and faltering words thou canst not  
hear  
Throb from a heart that holds thy memory dear.  
As to the traveller's eye the varied plain  
Shows through the window of the flying train,

145. Rev. Jonathan Clement, D. D., of Norwich, Vt.; formerly of Woodstock. He married one of the Phillips family.

146. There were two master's desks in little inclosures, facing the school and at equal distances from the centre.

153. Rev. Samuel H. Stearns, at one time pastor of the Old South Church, Boston. He was a brother of President Stearns of Amherst College, and the family, in various members, was very intimately connected with Phillips Academy.

A mingled landscape, rather felt than seen,  
170 A gravelly bank, a sudden flash of green,  
A tangled wood, a glittering stream that flows  
Through the cleft summit where the cliff once rose.  
All strangely blended in a hurried gleam,  
Rock, wood, waste, meadow, village, hillside,  
stream, —

175 So, as we look behind us, life appears,  
Seen through the vista of our bygone years.

Yet in the dead past's shadow-filled domain,  
Some vanished shapes the hues of life retain ;  
Unbidden, oft, before our dreaming eyes  
180 From the vague mists in memory's path they rise  
So comes his blooming image to my view,  
The friend of joyous days when life was new,  
Hope yet untamed, the blood of youth unchilled,  
No blank arrear of promise unfulfilled,

185 Life's flower yet hidden in its sheltering fold,  
Its pictured canvas yet to be unrolled.  
His the frank smile I vainly look to greet,  
His the warm grasp my clasping hand should meet  
How would our lips renew their school-boy talk,

190 Our feet retrace the old familiar walk !  
For thee no more earth's cheerful morning shines  
Through the green fringes of thy tented pines;  
Ah me! is heaven so far thou canst not hear,  
Or is thy viewless spirit hovering near,

195 A fair young presence, bright with morning's glow,  
The fresh-cheeked boy of fifty years ago ?

Yes, fifty years, with all their circling suns,  
Behind them all my glance reverted runs ;  
Where now that time remote, its griefs, its joys,  
200 Where are its gray-haired men, its bright-haired  
boys ?

182. Judge Phinehas Barnes, of Portland, Maine.

Where is the patriarch time could hardly tire, —  
 The good old, wrinkled, immemorial "squire"?  
 (An honest treasurer, like a black-plumed swan,  
 Not every day our eyes may look upon.)

205 Where the tough champion who, with Calvin's  
 sword,

In wordy conflicts battled for the Lord?  
 Where the grave scholar, lonely, calm, austere,  
 Whose voice like music charmed the listening ear,  
 Whose light rekindled, like the morning star

210 Still shines upon us through the gates ajar?  
 Where the still, solemn, weary, sad-eyed man,  
 Whose care-worn face my wondering eyes would  
 scan, —

His features wasted in the lingering strife  
 With the pale foe that drains the student's life?

215 Where my old friend, the scholar, teacher, saint,  
 Whose creed, some hinted, showed a speck of taint,  
 He broached his own opinion, which is not  
 Lightly to be forgiven or forgot;

Some riddle's point, — I scarce remember now, —

220 *Homoi*, perhaps, where they said *homo* — *ou*.  
 (If the unlettered greatly wish to know  
 Where lies the difference betwixt *oi* and *o*,

202. Squire Farrar.

205. Rev. Leonard Woods, D. D., then Professor of Theology  
 in the Seminary.

207. The reference is to Moses Stuart, who was Professor in  
 the Theological School, and grandfather to Miss Elizabeth  
 Stuart Phelps.

211. Ebenezer Porter.

215. James Murdock.

222. There was an old doctrinal dispute, turning upon a  
 divergence in meaning between two Greek words which dif-  
 fered only by the vowels *oi*, and *o*; two parties sprang up called  
 respectively *Homoiousians* and *Homocousians*.

- Those of the curious who have time may search  
Among the stale conundrums of their church.) —
- 225 Beneath his roof his peaceful life I shared,  
And for his modes of faith I little cared, —  
I, taught to judge men's dogmas by their deeds,  
Long ere the days of india-rubber creeds.  
Why should we look one common faith to find,
- 230 Where one in every score is color-blind?  
If here on earth they know not red from green,  
Will they see better into things unseen?  
Once more to time's old grave-yard I return  
And scrape the moss from memory's pictured  
urn.
- 235 Who, in these days when all things go by steam.  
Recalls the stage-coach with its four-horse team?  
Its sturdy driver, — who remembers him?  
Or the old landlord, saturnine and grim,  
Who left our hill-top for a new abode
- 240 And reared his sign-post farther down the road?  
Still in the waters of the dark Shawshine  
Do the young bathers splash and think they're  
clean?  
Do pilgrims find their way to Indian Ridge,  
Or journey onward to the far-off bridge.
- 245 And bring to younger ears the story back  
Of the broad stream, the mighty Merrimack?  
Are there still truant feet that stray beyond  
These circling bounds to Pomp's or Haggett's  
pond,  
Or where the legendary name recalls
- 250 The forest's earlier tenant — "Deer-jump Falls"?
230. Dr. B. Joy Jeffries in his recent work on *Color-Blindness* takes lines 229-232 for his motto.
243. A singular formation like an embankment running for some distance through the woods near Andover.

- Yes, every nook these youthful feet explore,  
 Just as our sires and grandsires did of yore;  
 So all life's opening paths, where nature led  
 Their fathers' feet, the children's children tread.
- 255 Roll the round century's five score years away,  
 Call from our storied past that earliest day  
 When great Eliphalet (I can see him now, —  
 Big name, big frame, big voice and beetling brow),  
 Then *young* Eliphalet — ruled the rows of boys
- 260 In homespun gray or old world corduroys, —  
 And save for fashion's whims, the benches show  
 The self-same youths, the very boys we know.  
 Time works strange marvels ; since I trod the  
     green  
 And swung the gates, what wonders I have seen!
- 265 But come what will, — the sky itself may fall —  
 As things of course the boy accepts them all.  
 The prophet's chariot, drawn by steeds of flame,  
 For daily use our travelling millions claim ;  
 The face we love a sunbeam makes our own ;
- 270 No more the surgeon hears the sufferer's groan ;  
 What unwrit histories wrapped in darkness lay  
 Till shovelling Schliemann bared them to the day  
 Your Richelieu says, and says it well, my lord,  
 The pen is (sometimes) mightier than the sword ;
- 275 Great is the goosequill, say we all ; Amen !  
*Sometimes* the spade is mightier than the pen ;  
 It shows where Babel's terraced walls were raised,

257. Eliphalet Pearson, the first principal of the school, and in later life, professor in the Theological Seminary.

274. " Beneath the rule of men entirely great  
 The pen is mightier than the sword."

Edward Bulwer Lytton's drama of *Richelieu*, Act II. Scene 2.

277. Layard between 1845 and 1850 unearthed Nineveh. The results of his excavations are published in the very interesting work, *Nineveh and its Remains*.

- The slabs that cracked when Nimrod's palace  
 blazed,  
 Unearths Mycenæ, rediscovers Troy, —  
 280 Calmly he listens, that immortal boy.  
 A new Prometheus tips our wands with fire,  
 A mightier Orpheus strains the whispering wire,  
 Whose lightning thrills the lazy winds outrun  
 And hold the hours as Joshua stayed the sun, —  
 285 So swift, in truth, we hardly find a place  
 For those dim fictions known as time and space.  
 Still a new miracle each year supplies, —  
 See at his work the chemist of the skies,  
 Who questions Sirius in his tortured rays  
 290 And steals the secret of the solar blaze.  
 Hush! while the window-rattling bugles play  
 The nation's airs a hundred miles away!  
 That wicked phonograph! hark! how it swears!  
 Turn it again and make it say its prayers!  
 295 And was it true, then, what the story said  
 Of Oxford's friar and his brazen head?

279. *Mycenæ*, the ancient royal city of Argos, and *Troy*, the scene of the *Iliad*, have been uncovered by "shovelling Schlie-  
 maun."

281. Prometheus in Greek mythology made men of clay and animated them by means of fire which he stole from heaven. The reference is to the electric light.

282. Orpheus's skill in music was so wonderful that he could make even trees and rocks follow him. The telephone and phonograph were just coming into common use when the poem was read.

290. In the spectroscope.

296. Friar Roger Bacon, who lived in the latter half of the thirteenth century was a scientific investigator, whom popular ignorance made to be a magician. He was said to have constructed a brazen head, from which great things were to be expected when it should speak, but the exact moment could not be known. While Bacon and another friar were asleep and as

- While wondering science stands, herself perplexed  
 At each day's miracle, and asks "what next?"  
 The immortal boy, the coming heir of all,  
 300 Springs from his desk to "urge the flying ball,"  
 Cleaves with his bending oar the glassy waves,  
 With sinewy arm the dashing current braves,  
 The same bright creature in these haunts of ours  
 That Eton shadowed with her "antique towers."  
 305 Boy! Where is he? the long-limbed youth in-  
 quires,  
 Whom his rough chin with manly pride inspires;  
 Ah, when the ruddy cheek no longer glows,  
 When the bright hair is white as winter snows,  
 When the dim eye has lost its lambent flame,  
 310 Sweet to his ear will be his school-boy name!  
 Nor think the difference mighty as it seems  
 Between life's morning and its evening dreams;  
 Fourscore, like twenty, has its tasks and toys;  
 In earth's wide school-house all are girls and boys.

attendant was keeping watch, the brazen head spoke the words, *Time is*. The attendant thought that too commonplace a statement to make it worth while to wake his master. *Time was*, said the head, and then *Time is past*, and with that fell to the ground with a crash and never could be set up again.

300. See Thomas Gray's *On a Distant Prospect of Eton College*:—

"Who foremost now delight to cleave,  
 With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?  
 The captive linnet which enthrall?  
 What idle progeny succeed  
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,  
 Or urge the flying ball?"

304. See the ode just cited and beginning:—

"Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,  
 That crown the watery glade,  
 Where grateful Science still adores  
 Her Henry's holy shade."



315 Brothers, forgive my wayward fancy. Who  
 Can guess beforehand what his pen will do?  
 Too light my strain for listeners such as these,  
 Whom graver thoughts and soberer speech shall  
 please.

Is he not here whose breath of holy song  
 320 Has raised the downcast eyes of faith so long?  
 Are they not here, the strangers in your gates,  
 For whom the wearied ear impatient waits, —  
 The large-brained scholars whom their toils re-  
 lease, —

The bannered heralds of the Prince of Peace?

325 Such was the gentle friend whose youth un-  
 blamed

In years long past our student-benches claimed;  
 Whose name, illumined on the sacred page,  
 Lives in the labors of his riper age;  
 Such he whose record time's destroying march  
 330 Leaves uneffaced 'on Zion's springing arch:  
 Not to the scanty phrase of measured song,  
 Cramped in its fetters, names like these belong;  
 One ray they lend to gild my slender line, —  
 Their praise I leave to sweeter lips than mine.

335 Home of our sires, where learning's temple rose,  
 While yet they struggled with their banded foes,

319. One of the visitors present was the Rev. Dr. Ray Palmer,  
 author of the well-known hymn: —

“ My faith looks up to Thee.”

325. Dr. Holmes in a pleasant paper of reminiscences, *Cinders from the Ashes* has dwelt at length on his boyish recollections of Horatio Balch Hackett, a schoolmate, and known later as the learned Biblical scholar and student of Palestine explorations.

329. The reference is to Edward Robinson, the pioneer of scientific travel in the Holy Land, one of whose best known discoveries was of the remains of an arch of an ancient bridge hereafter called “ Robinson's Arch.”

- As in the west thy century's sun descends,  
 One parting gleam its dying radiance lends.  
 Darker and deeper though the shadows fall  
 340 From the gray towers on Doubting Castle's wall,  
 Though Pope and Pagan re-array their hosts,  
 And her new armor youthful Science boasts,  
 Truth, for whose altar rose this holy shrine,  
 Shall fly for refuge to these bowers of thine;  
 345 No past shall chain her with its rusted vow,  
 No Jew's phylactery bind her Christian brow,  
 But faith shall smile to find her sister free,  
 And nobler manhood draw its life from thee.

- Long as the arching skies above thee spread,  
 350 As on thy groves the dews of heaven are shed,  
 With currents widening still from year to year,  
 And deepening channels, calm, untroubled, clear,  
 Flow the twin streamlets from thy sacred hill —  
 Pieria's fount and Siloam's shaded rill !

354. Pieria was the fabled home of the Muses and the birth-place of Orpheus; Siloam, a pool near Jerusalem, often mentioned by the prophets and in the New Testament, has passed into poetry through Milton's lines : —

“ Or if Sion-hill  
 Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook, that flowed  
 Fast by the oracle of God.”

*Paradise Lost*, Book I., l. 10.

And through the first two lines of Reginald Heber's hymn : —

“ By cool Siloam's shady rill  
 How sweet the lily grows.”

## JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

**J**AMES RUSSELL LOWELL was born February 22, 1819, at Elmwood, Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the house which he still occupies. His early life was spent in Cambridge, and he has sketched many of the scenes in it very delightfully in *Cambridge Thirty Years Ago*, in his volume of *Fireside Travels*, as well as in his early poem, *An Indian Summer Reverie*. His father was a Congregationalist minister of Boston, and the family to which he belongs has had a strong representation in Massachusetts. His grandfather, John Lowell, was an eminent jurist, the Lowell Institute of Boston owes its endowment to John Lowell, a cousin of the poet, and the city of Lowell was named after Francis Cabot Lowell, an uncle, who was one of the first to begin the manufacturing of cotton in New England.

Lowell was a student at Harvard, and was graduated in 1838, when he gave a class poem, and in 1841 his first volume of poems, *A Year's Life*, was published. His bent from the beginning was more decidedly literary than that of any contempo-

rary American poet. That is to say, the history and art of literature divided his interest with the production of literature, and he carries the unusual gift of rare critical power, joined to hearty, spontaneous creation. It may indeed be guessed that the keenness of judgment and incisiveness of wit which characterize his examination of literature have sometimes interfered with his poetic power, and made him liable to question his art when he would rather have expressed it unchecked. In connection with Robert Carter, a litterateur who has lately died, he began, in 1843, the publication of *The Pioneer, a Literary and Critical Magazine*, which lived a brilliant life of three months. A volume of poetry followed in 1844, and the next year he published *Conversations on Some of the Old Poets*, a book which is now out of print, but interesting as marking the enthusiasm of a young scholar, treading a way then almost wholly neglected in America, and intimating a line of thought and study in which he has since made most noteworthy ventures. Another series of poems followed in 1848, and in the same year *The Vision of Sir Launfal*. Perhaps it was in reaction from the marked sentiment of his poetry that he issued now a *jeu d'esprit*, *A Fable for Critics*, in which he hit off, with a rough and ready wit, the characteristics of the writers of the day, not forgetting himself in these lines : —

“ There is Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb  
With a whole bale of ~~isms~~ tied together with rhyme,  
He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,  
But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders ;

The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching  
Till he learns the distinction twixt singing and preaching;  
His lyre has some chords that would ring pretty well  
But he'd rather by half make a drum of the shell,  
And rattle away till he's old as Methusalem,  
At the head of a march to the last new Jerusalem."

This, of course, is but a half serious portrait of himself, and it touches but a single feature; others can say better that Lowell's ardent nature showed itself in the series of satirical poems which now made him famous, *The Biglow Papers*, written in a spirit of indignation and fine scorn, when the Mexican War was causing many Americans to blush with shame at the use of the country by a class for its own ignoble ends. The true patriotism which marked these and other of his early poems, burnt with a steady glow in after years, and illumined poems of which we shall speak presently.

After a year and a half spent in travel, Lowell was appointed in 1855 to the Belles Lettres professorship, lately held at Harvard by Longfellow. When the *Atlantic Monthly* was established in 1857 he was editor, and a year or two after relinquishing the post he assumed part editorship of the *North American Review*. In these two magazines, as also in *Putnam's Monthly*, he published poems, essays, and critical papers, which have been gathered into volumes. His prose writings, besides the volumes already mentioned, include two series of *Among my Books*, historical and critical studies chiefly in English literature; and *My Study Windows*, including with similar subjects observations of nature and

contemporary life. During the war for the Union he published a second series of the *Biglow Papers*, in which with the wit and fun of the earlier series there was mingled a deeper strain of feeling and a larger tone of patriotism. The limitations of his style in these satires forbade the fullest expression of his thought and emotion, but afterward in a succession of poems, occasioned by the honors paid to student-soldiers in Cambridge, the death of Agassiz, and the celebration of national anniversaries during the years 1875 and 1876, he sang in loftier, more ardent strains. The interest which readers have in Lowell is still divided between his rich, abundant prose, and his thoughtful, often passionate verse. The sentiment of his early poetry, always humane, has been enriched by larger experience, so that the themes which he has lately chosen demand and receive a broad treatment, full of sympathy with the most generous instincts of the present, and built upon historic foundations. In 1877 he went to Spain as Minister Plenipotentiary.

## I.

### THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

[AUTHOR'S NOTE. — According to the mythology of the Romancers, the San Greal, or Holy Grail, was the cup out of which Jesus Christ partook of the last supper with his disciples. It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there, an object of pilgrimage and adoration, for many years in the keeping of his lineal descendants. It was incumbent upon those who had charge of it to be chaste in thought, word, and deed; but one of the keepers, having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favorite enterprise of the Knights of Arthur's court to go in search of it. Sir Galahad was at last successful in finding it, as may be read in the seventeenth book of the Romance of King Arthur. Tennyson has made Sir Galahad the subject of one of the most exquisite of his poems.

The plot (if I may give that name to anything so slight) of the following poem is my own, and, to serve its purposes, I have enlarged the circle of competition in search of the miraculous cup in such a manner as to include not only other persons than the heroes of the Round Table, but also a period of time subsequent to the date of King Arthur's reign.]

PRELUDE TO PART FIRST.

OVER his keys the musing organist,  
 Beginning doubtfully and far away,  
 First lets his fingers wander as they list,  
 And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay;  
 5 Then, as the touch of his loved instrument  
 Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,  
 First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent  
 Along the wavering vista of his dream.

---

Not only around our infancy  
 10 Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;  
 Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,  
 We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies;  
 Against our fallen and traitor lives  
 15 The great winds utter prophecies;  
 With our faint hearts the mountain strives;  
 Its arms outstretched, the druid wood  
 Waits with its benedicite;  
 And to our age's drowsy blood  
 20 Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;  
 The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,  
 The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,  
 We bargain for the graves we lie in;

9. In allusion to Wordsworth's

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy,"

in his ode, *Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood*.



- 25 At the Devil's booth are all things sold,  
 Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold  
 For a cap and bells our lives we pay,  
 Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking  
 'T is heaven alone that is given away,  
 30 'T is only God may be had for the asking;  
 No price is set on the lavish summer;  
 June may be had by the poorest comer.

- And what is so rare as a day in June?  
 Then, if ever, come perfect days;  
 35 Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,  
 And over it softly her warm ear lays:  
 Whether we look, or whether we listen,  
 We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;  
 Every clod feels a stir of might,  
 40 An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
 And, groping blindly above it for light,  
 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;  
 The flush of life may well be seen  
 Thrilling back over hills and valleys;  
 45 The cowslip startles in meadows green,  
 The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,  
 And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean  
 To be some happy creature's palace;  
 The little bird sits at his door in the sun,  
 50 Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,  
 And lets his illumined being o'errun  
 With the deluge of summer it receives;  
 His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,

27. In the Middle Ages kings and noblemen had in their courts jesters to make sport for the company; as every one then wore a dress indicating his rank or occupation, so the jester wore a cap hung with bells. The fool of Shakspeare's plays is the king's jester at his best.

And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and  
sings ;

- 55 He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, —  
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best ?

Now is the high-tide of the year,

And whatever of life hath ebbd away  
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,

- 60 Into every bare inlet and creek and bay ;  
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,  
We are happy now because God wills it ;  
No matter how barren the past may have been,  
'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green ;

- 65 We sit in the warm shade and feel right well  
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell ;  
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing  
That skies are clear and grass is growing ;  
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,

- 70 That dandelions are blossoming near,  
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flow-  
ing,

That the river is bluer than the sky,  
That the robin is plastering his house hard by ;  
And if the breeze kept the good news back,

- 75 For other couriers we should not lack ;  
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing, —  
And hark ! how clear bold chanticleer,  
Warmed with the new wine of the year,  
Tells all in his lusty crowing !

- 80 Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how ;  
Everything is happy now,  
Everything is upward striving ;  
'T is as easy now for the heart to be true  
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue, —  
85 'T is the natural way of living :

Who knows whither the clouds have fled?  
 In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;  
 And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,  
 The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;  
 90 The soul partakes of the season's youth,  
 And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe  
 Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,  
 Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.  
 What wonder if Sir Launfal now  
 95 Remembered the keeping of his vow?

## PART FIRST.

## I.

"My golden spurs now bring to me,  
 And bring to me my richest mail,  
 For to-morrow I go over land and sea  
 In search of the Holy Grail;  
 100 Shall never a bed for me be spread,  
 Nor shall a pillow be under my head,  
 Till I begin my vow to keep;  
 Here on the rushes will I sleep,  
 And perchance there may come a vision true  
 105 Ere day create the world anew."  
 Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,  
 Slumber fell like a cloud on him,  
 And into his soul the vision flew.

## II.

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,  
 110 In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,  
 The little birds sang as if it were  
 The one day of summer in all the year,  
 And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees;

- The castle alone in the landscape lay  
115 Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray;  
'T was the proudest hall in the North Countree,  
And never its gates might opened be,  
Save to lord or lady of high degree;  
Summer besieged it on every side,  
120 But the churlish stone her assaults defied;  
She could not scale the chilly wall,  
Though around it for leagues her pavilions tall  
Stretched left and right,  
Over the hills and out of sight;  
125 Green and broad was every tent,  
And out of each a murmur went  
Till the breeze fell off at night.

III.

- The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,  
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,  
130 Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,  
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright  
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all  
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall  
In his siege of three hundred summers long,  
135 And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,  
Had cast them forth: so, young and strong,  
And lightsome as a locust-leaf,  
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,  
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

IV.

- 140 It was morning on hill and stream and tree,  
And morning in the young knight's heart;  
Only the castle moodily  
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,  
And gloomed by itself apart;

- 145 The season brimmed all other things up  
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

## V.

- As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome  
gate,  
He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,  
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he  
sate ;  
150 And a loathing over Sir Launfal came ;  
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,  
The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and  
crawl,  
And midway its leap his heart stood still  
Like a frozen waterfall ;  
155 For this man, so foul and bent of stature,  
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,  
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn, —  
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

## VI.

- The leper raised not the gold from the dust:  
160 " Better to me the poor man's crust,  
Better the blessing of the poor,  
Though I turn me empty from his door ;  
That is no true alms which the hand can hold ;  
He gives nothing but worthless gold  
165 Who gives from a sense of duty ;  
But he who gives but a slender mite,  
And gives to that which is out of sight,  
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty  
Which runs through all and doth all unite, —  
170 The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,  
The heart outstretches its eager palms,  
For a god goes with it and makes it store  
To the soul that was starving in darkness before

PRELUDE TO PART SECOND.

- Down swept the chill wind from the mountain  
peak,  
175 From the snow five thousand summers old;  
On open wold and hill-top bleak  
It had gathered all the cold,  
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's check;  
It carried a shiver everywhere  
180 From the unleaved boughs and pastures bare;  
The little brook heard it and built a roof  
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;  
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams  
He groined his arches and matched his beams;  
185 Slender and clear were his crystal spars  
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;  
He sculptured every summer delight  
In his halls and chambers out of sight;  
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt  
190 Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,  
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees  
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;  
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew  
But silvery mosses that downward grew;  
195 Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief  
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;  
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear  
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and  
here  
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops  
200 And hung them thickly with diamond drops,

174. Note the different moods that are indicated by the two preludes. The one is of June, the other of snow and winter. By these preludes the poet, like an organist, strikes a key which he holds in the subsequent part.

That crystallled the beams of moon and sun,  
 And made a star of every one:  
 No mortal builder's most rare device  
 Could match this winter-palace of ice;  
 205 'T was as if every image that mirrored lay  
 In his depths serene through the summer day,  
 Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,  
     Lest the happy model should be lost,  
 Had been mimicked in fairy masonry  
 210 By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter,  
     The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,  
 And sprouting is every corbel and rafter  
     With lightsome green of ivy and holly;  
 215 Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide  
 Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;  
 The broad flame-pennons droop and flap  
     And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;  
 Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,  
 220 Hunted to death in its galleries blind;  
 And swift little troops of silent sparks,  
     Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,  
 Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks  
     Like herds of startled deer.

203. The Empress of Russia, Catherine II., in a magnificent freak, built a palace of ice, which was a nine-days' wonder. Cowper has given a poetical description of it in *The Task*, Book V. lines 131-176.

216. The Yule-log was anciently a huge log burned at the feast of Juul by our Scandinavian ancestors in honor of the god Thor. Juul-tid corresponded in time to Christmas tide, and when Christian festivities took the place of pagan, many ceremonies remained. The great log, still called the Yule-log, was dragged in and burned in the fire-place after Thor had been forgotten.

- 225 But the wind without was eager and sharp,  
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,  
And rattles and wrings  
The icy strings,  
Singing, in dreary monotone,  
230 A Christmas carol of its own,  
Whose burden still, as he might guess,  
Was — "Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"  
The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch  
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,  
235 And he sat in the gateway and saw all night  
The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,  
Through the window-slits of the castle old,  
Build out its piers of ruddy light  
Against the drift of the cold.

PART SECOND.

I.

- 240 THERE was never a leaf on bush or tree,  
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;  
The river was dumb and could not speak,  
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;  
A single crow on the tree-top bleak  
245 From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;  
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,  
As if her veins were sapless and old,  
And she rose up decrepitley  
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

II.

- 250 Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,  
For another heir in the earldom sate;  
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,  
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;



Little he recked of his earldom's loss,  
 255 No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,  
 But deep in his soul the sign he wore,  
 The badge of the suffering and the poor.

## III.

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare  
 Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,  
 260 For it was just at the Christmas time;  
 So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,  
 And sought for a shelter from cold and snow  
 In the light and warmth of long-ago;  
 He sees the snake-like caravan crawl  
 265 O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,  
 Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,  
 He can count the camels in the sun,  
 As over the red-hot sands they pass  
 To where, in its slender necklace of grass,  
 270 The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,  
 And with its own self like an infant played,  
 And waved its signal of palms.

## IV.

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms;" —  
 The happy camels may reach the spring,  
 275 But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,  
 The leper, lank as the rain-blanch'd bone,  
 That cowers beside him, a thing as lone  
 And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas  
 In the desolate horror of his disease.

## V.

280 And Sir Launfal said, — "I behold in thee  
 An image of Him who died on the tree;  
 Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns, —

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Thou also hast had the world's buffets and  
scorns, —

And to thy life were not denied

285 The wounds in the hands and feet and side :

Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;

Behold, through him, I give to Thee!"

VI.

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes

And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he

290 Remembered in what a haughtier guise

He had flung an alms to leprosie,

When he girt his young life up in gilded mail

And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.

The heart within him was ashes and dust;

295 He parted in twain his single crust,

He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,

And gave the leper to eat and drink,

'T was a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,

'T was water out of a wooden bowl, —

300 Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,

And 't was red wine he drank with his thirsty  
soul.

VII.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,

A light shone round about the place;

The leper no longer crouched at his side,

305 But stood before him glorified,

Shining and tall and fair and straight

As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate, —

Himself the Gate whereby men can

Enter the temple of God in Man.

## VIII.

- 310 His words were shed softer than leaves from the  
 pine,  
 And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the  
 brine,  
 That mingle their softness and quiet in one  
 With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;  
 And the voice that was calmer than silence said,  
 315 "Lo it is I, be not afraid!  
 In many climes, without avail,  
 Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;  
 Behold, it is here, — this cup which thou  
 Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;  
 320 This crust is my body broken for thee,  
 This water His blood that died on the tree  
 The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,  
 In whatso we share with another's need:  
 Not what we give, but what we share, —  
 325 For the gift without the giver is bare;  
 Who gives himself with his alms feeds three, —  
 Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

## IX.

- Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoon: —  
 "The Grail in my castle here is found!  
 330 Hang my idle armor up on the wall,  
 Let it be the spider's banquet-hall;  
 He must be fenced with stronger mail  
 Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

## X.

- The castle gate stands open now,  
 335 And the wanderer is welcome to the hall  
 As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough;  
 No longer scowl the turrets tall,

- The Summer's long siege at last is o'er ;  
 When the first poor outcast went in at the door,  
 340 She entered with him in disguise,  
 And mastered the fortress by surprise ;  
 There is no spot she loves so well on ground,  
 She lingers and smiles there the whole year round ;  
 The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land  
 345 Has hall and bower at his command ;  
 And there's no poor man in the North Countree  
 But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

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II.

UNDER THE WILLOWS.

- FRANK-HEARTED hostess of the field and wood,  
 Gypsy, whose roof is every spreading tree,  
 June is the pearl of our New England year.  
 Still a surprisal, though expected long,  
 5 Her coming startles. Long she lies in wait,  
 Makes many a feint, peeps forth, draws coyly back,  
 Then, from some southern ambush in the sky,  
 With one great gush of blossom storms the world.  
 A week ago the sparrow was divine ;  
 10 The bluebird, shifting his light load of song  
 From post to post along the cheerless fence,  
 Was as a rhymers ere the poet come ;  
 But now, O rapture ! sunshine winged and voiced,  
 Pipe blown through by the warm wild breath of the  
 West  
 15 Shepherding his soft droves of fleecy cloud,  
 Gladness of woods, skies, waters, all in one,

The bobolink has come, and, like the soul  
 Of the sweet season vocal in a bird,  
 Gurgles in ecstasy we know not what  
 20 Save *June!* Dear *June!* Now God be praised for  
*June.*

May is a pious fraud of the almanac,  
 A ghastly parody of real Spring  
 Shaped out of snow and breathed with eastern  
 wind;  
 Or if, o'er-confident, she trust the date,  
 25 And, with her handful of anemones,  
 Herself as shivery, steal into the sun,  
 The season need but turn his hour-glass round,  
 And Winter suddenly, like crazy Lear,  
 Reels back, and brings the dead May in his arms,  
 30 Her budding breasts and wan dislusted front  
 With frosty streaks and drifts of his white beard  
 All overblown. Then, warmly walled with books,  
 While my wood-fire supplies the sun's defect,  
 Whispering old forest-sagas in its dreams,  
 35 I take my May down from the happy shelf  
 Where perch the world's rare song-birds in a row,

17. Bryant has a charming poem, *Robert of Lincoln*, in which the light-hearted song of the bird gets a homelier but no less delightful interpretation. See, also, Lowell's lines in *Suthin' in the Pastoral Line*, No. VI. of the second series of *The Biglow Papers*:—

"'Nuff sed, June's bridesman, poet o' the year,  
 Gladness on wings, the bobolink is here;  
 Half-hid in tip-top apple-blooms he swings,  
 Or climbs aginst the breeze with quiverin' wings,  
 Or, givin' way to 't in a mock despair,  
 Runs down, a brook o' laughter, thru the air."

28. In the fifth act of Shakspeare's *King Lear*, Lear enters with Cordelia dead in his arms.

Waiting my choice to open with full breast,  
And beg an alms of spring-time, ne'er denied  
In-doors by vernal Chaucer, whose fresh woods  
40 Throb thick with merle and mavis all the year.

July breathes hot, sal lows the crispy fields,  
Curls up the wan leaves of the lilac-hedge,  
And every eve cheats us with show of clouds  
That braze the horizon's western rim, or hang  
45 Motionless, with heaped canvas drooping idly,  
Like a dim fleet by starving men besieged,  
Conjectured half, and half descried afar,  
Helpless of wind, and seeming to slip back  
Adown the smooth curve of the oily sea.

50 But June is full of invitations sweet,  
Forth from the chimney's yawn and thrice-read  
tomes

To leisurely delights and sauntering thoughts  
That brook no ceiling narrower than the blue.  
The cherry, drest for bridal, at my pane  
55 Brushes, then listens, *Will he come?* The bee,  
All dusty as a miller, takes his toll  
Of powdery gold, and grumbles. What a day  
To sun me and do nothing! Nay, I think  
Merely to bask and ripen is sometimes

60 The student's wiser business; the brain  
That forages all climes to line its cells,  
Ranging both worlds on lightest wings of wish,  
Will not distil the juices it has sucked  
To the sweet substance of pellucid thought,  
65 Except for him who hath the secret learned  
To mix his blood with sunshine, and to take

44. *I. e.*, that give a brazen hue and hardness to the western  
sky at sunset.

The winds into his pulses. Hush! 't is he!  
My oriole, my glance of summer fire,  
Is come at last, and, ever on the watch,  
70 Twitches the pack-thread I had lightly wound  
About the bough to help his housekeeping, —  
Twitches and scouts by turns, blessing his luck,  
Yet fearing me who laid it in his way,  
Nor, more than wiser we in our affairs,  
75 Divines the providence that hides and helps.  
*Heave, ho! Heave, ho!* he whistles as the twine  
Slackens its hold; *once more, now!* and a flash  
Lightens across the sunlight to the elm  
Where his mate dangles at her cup of felt.  
80 Nor all his booty is the thread; he trails  
My loosened thought with it along the air,  
And I must follow, would I ever find  
The inward rhyme to all this wealth of life.

I care not how men trace their ancestry,  
85 To ape or Adam; let them please their whim;  
But I in June am midway to believe  
A tree among my far progenitors,  
Such sympathy is mine with all the race,  
Such mutual recognition vaguely sweet  
90 There is between us. Surely there are times  
When they consent to own me of their kin,  
And condescend to me, and call me cousin,  
Murmuring faint lullabies of eldest time,  
Forgotten, and yet dumbly felt with thrills  
95 Moving the lips, though fruitless of the words.  
And I have many a life-long leafy friend,  
Never estranged nor careful of my soul,  
That knows I hate the axe, and welcomes me  
Within his tent as if I were a bird,  
Or other free companion of the earth,

- Yet undegenerate to the shifts of men.  
 Among them one, an ancient willow, spreads  
 Eight balanced limbs, springing at once all round  
 His deep-ridged trunk with upward slant diverse,  
 105 In outline like enormous beaker, fit  
 For hand of Jotun, where, 'mid snow and mist  
 He holds unwieldy revel. This tree, spared,  
 I know not by what grace, — for in the blood  
 Of our New World subduers lingers yet  
 110 Hereditary feud with trees, they being  
 (They and the red-man most) our fathers' foes, —  
 Is one of six, a willow Pleiades,  
 The seventh fallen, that lean along the brink  
 Where the steep upland dips into the marsh,  
 115 Their roots, like molten metal cooled in flowing,  
 Stiffened in coils and runnels down the bank.  
 The friend of all the winds, wide-armed he towers  
 And glints his steely aglets in the sun,  
 Or whitens fitfully with sudden bloom  
 120 Of leaves breeze-lifted, much as when a shoal  
 Of devious minnows wheel from where a pike  
 Lurks balanced 'neath the lily-pads, and whirl  
 A rood of silver bellies to the day.

- Alas! no acorn from the British oak  
 125 'Neath which slim fairies tripping wrought those  
                     rings  
 Of greenest emerald, wherewith fireside life  
 Did with the invisible spirit of Nature wed,

106. Jotun is a giant in the Scandinavian mythology.  
 112. The Pleiades were seven daughters of Atlas and Pleione;  
 to escape the hunter Orion, they begged to be changed in form,  
 and were made a constellation in the heavens. Only six were  
 visible to the naked eye, so the seventh was held to be a lost  
 Pleiad, and several stories were told to account for the loss.



- Was ever planted here! No darnel fancy  
 Might choke one useful blade in Puritan fields;  
 130 With horn and hoof the good old Devil came,  
 The witch's broomstick was not contraband,  
 But all that superstition had of fair,  
 Or piety of native sweat, was doomed.  
 And if there be who nurse unholy faiths,  
 135 Fearing their god as if he were a wolf  
 That snuffed round every home and was not seen,  
 There should be some to watch and keep alive  
 All beautiful beliefs. And such was that, —  
 By solitary shepherd first surmised  
 140 Under Thessalian oaks, loved by some maid  
 Of royal stirp, that silent came and vanished,  
 As near her nest the hermit thrush, nor dared  
 Confess a mortal name, — that faith which gave  
 A Hamadryad to each tree; and I  
 145 Will hold it true that in this willow dwells  
 The open-handed spirit, frank and blithe,  
 Of ancient Hospitality, long since,  
 With ceremonious thrift, bowed out of doors.

- In June 'tis good to lie beneath a tree  
 150 While the blithe season comforts every sense,  
 Steeps all the brain in rest, and heals the heart,  
 Brimming it o'er with sweetness unawares,  
 Fragrant and silent as that rosy snow  
 Wherewith the pitying apple-tree fills up  
 55 And tenderly lines some last-year robin's nest.  
 There muse I of old times, old hopes, old  
 friends, —  
 Old friends! The writing of those words has borne  
 My fancy backward to the gracious past,  
 The generous past, when all was possible,  
 160 For all was then untried; the years between

- Have taught some sweet, some bitter lessons, none  
 Wiser than this, — to spend in all things else,  
 But of old friends to be most miserly.  
 Each year to ancient friendships adds a ring,  
 165 As to an oak, and precious more and more,  
 Without deservingness or help of ours,  
 They grow, and, silent, wider spread, each year,  
 Their unbought ring of shelter or of shade.  
 Sacred to me the lichens on the bark,  
 170 Which Nature's milliners would scrape away;  
 Most dear and sacred every withered limb!  
 'Tis good to set them early, for our faith  
 Pines as we age, and, after wrinkles come,  
 Few plant, but water dead ones with vain tears.  
 175 This willow is as old to me as life;  
 And under it full often have I stretched,  
 Feeling the warm earth like a thing alive,  
 And gathering virtue in at every pore  
 Till it possessed me wholly, and thought ceased,  
 180 Or was transfused in something to which thought  
 Is coarse and dull of sense. Myself was lost,  
 Gone from me like an ache, and what remained  
 Became a part of the universal joy.  
 My soul went forth, and, mingling with the tree,  
 185 Danced in the leaves; or, floating in the cloud,  
 Saw its white double in the stream below;  
 Or else, sublimed to purer ecstasy,  
 Dilated in the broad blue over all.  
 I was the wind that dappled the lush grass,  
 190 The tide that crept with coolness to its roots,  
 The thin-winged swallow skating on the air;  
 The life that gladdened everything was mine.  
 Was I then truly all that I beheld?  
 Or is this stream of being but a glass  
 95 Where the mind see its visionary self,

As, when the kingfisher flits o'er his bay,  
Across the river's hollow heaven below,  
His picture flits, — another, yet the same?  
But suddenly the sound of human voice  
200 Or footfall, like the drop a chemist pours,  
Doth in opacous cloud precipitate  
The consciousness that seemed but now dissolved  
Into an essence rarer than its own,  
And I am narrowed to myself once more.

205 For here not long is solitude secure,  
Nor Fantasy left vacant to her spell.  
Here, sometimes, in this paradise of shade,  
Rippled with western winds, the dusty Tramp,  
Seeing the treeless causey burn beyond,  
210 Halts to unroll his bundle of strange food  
And munch an unearned meal. I cannot help  
Liking this creature, lavish Summer's bedesman,  
Who from the almshouse steals when nights grow  
warm.

Himself his large estate and only charge,  
 215 To be the guest of haystack or of hedge,  
 Nobly superior to the household gear  
 That forfeits us our privilege of nature.  
 I bait him with my match-box and my pouch,  
 Nor grudge the uncostly sympathy of smoke,  
 220 His equal now, divinely unemployed.  
 Some smack of Robin Hood is in the man,  
 Some secret league with wild wood-wandering  
 things;

He is our ragged Duke, our barefoot Earl,  
By right of birth exonerate from toil,  
125 Who levies rent from us his tenants all,  
And serves the state by merely being. Here,  
The Scissors-grinder, pausing, doffs his hat,

- And lets the kind breeze, with its delicate fan,  
 Winnow the heat from out his dank gray hair, —  
 230 A grimy Ulysses, a much-wandered man,  
 Whose feet are known to all the populous ways,  
 And many men and manners he hath seen,  
 Not without fruit of solitary thought.  
 He, as the habit is of lonely men, —  
 235 Unused to try the temper of their mind  
 In fence with others, — positive and shy,  
 Yet knows to put an edge upon his speech,  
 Pithily Saxon in unwilling talk.  
 Him I entrap with my long-suffering knife,  
 240 And, while its poor blade hums away in sparks,  
 Sharpen my wit upon his gritty mind,  
 In motion set obsequious to his wheel,  
 And in its quality not much unlike.
- Nor wants my tree more punctual visitors.  
 245 The children, they who are the only rich,  
 Creating for the moment, and possessing  
 Whate'er they choose to feign, — for still with  
 them  
 Kind Fancy plays the fairy godmother,  
 Strewing their lives with cheap material  
 250 For wingèd horses and Aladdin's lamps,  
 Pure elfin-gold, by manhood's touch profane  
 To dead leaves disenchanted, — long ago  
 Between the branches of the tree fixed seats,  
 Making an o'erturned box their table. Oft  
 255 The shrilling girls sit here between school hours,

230. *Ulysses*, the hero of Homer's *Odyssey*, receives the epithet *much wandered* in the first line of that poem, an epithet often repeated, and is described as one who had seen many cities of men, and known many minds.

And play at *What's my thought like?* while the  
 boys,  
 With whom the age chivalric ever bides,  
 Pricked on by knightly spur of female eyes,  
 Climb high to swing and shout on perilous boughs,  
 260 Or, from the willow's armory equipped  
 With musket dumb, green banner, edgeless sword,  
 Make good the rampart of their tree-redoubt  
 'Gainst eager British storming from below,  
 And keep alive the tale of Bunker's Hill.

265 Here, too, the men that mend our village ways,  
 Vexing McAdam's ghost with pounded slate,  
 Their nooning take; much noisy talk they spend  
 On horses and their ills; and, as John Bull  
 Tells of Lord This or That, who was his friend,  
 270 So these make boast of intimacies long  
 With famous teams, and add large estimates,  
 By competition swelled from mouth to mouth,  
 Of how much they could draw, till one, ill pleased  
 To have his legend overbid, retorts :  
 275 " You take and stretch truck-horses in a string  
 From here to Long Wharf end, one thing I know,  
 Not heavy neither, they could never draw, —  
 Ensign's long bow!" Then laughter loud and  
 long.

So they in their leaf-shadowed microcosm  
 280 Image the larger world; for wheresoe'er  
 Ten men are gathered, the observant eye  
 Will find mankind in little, as the stars  
 Glide up and set, and all the heavens revolve  
 In the small welkin of a drop of dew.

266. Macadamized roads have kept alive the name of Sir John  
 Loudon Macadam, who introduced the mode at the beginning  
 of this century.

- 285 I love to enter pleasure by a poertern,  
 Not the broad popular gate that gulps the mob ;  
 To find my theatres in roadside nooks,  
 Where men are actors, and suspect it not ;  
 Where Nature all unconscious works her will,  
 290 And every passion moves with human gait,  
 Unhampered by the buskin or the train.  
 Hating the crowd, where we gregarious men  
 Lead lonely lives, I love society,  
 Nor seldom find the best with simple souls  
 295 Unswerved by culture from their native bent,  
 The ground we meet on being primal man  
 And nearer the deep bases of our lives.

- But oh, half heavenly, earthly half, my soul,  
 Canst thou from those late ecstasies descend,  
 300 Thy lips still wet with the miraculous wine  
 That transubstantiates all thy baser stuff  
 To such divinity that soul and sense,  
 Once more commingled in their source, are lost, —  
 Canst thou descend to quench a vulgar thirst  
 305 With the mere dregs and rinsings of the world ?  
 Well, if my nature find her pleasure so,  
 I am content, nor need to blush ; I take  
 My little gift of being clean from God,  
 Not haggling for a better, holding it  
 310 Good as was ever any in the world,  
 My days as good and full of miracle.  
 I pluck my nutriment from any bush,  
 Finding out poison as the first men did  
 By tasting and then suffering, if I must.  
 315 Sometimes my bush burns, and sometimes it is  
 A leafless wilding shivering by the wall ;  
 But I have known when winter barberries

315. As did Moses's bush.

Pricked the effeminate palate with surprise  
Of savor whose mere harshness seemed divine.

- 320 Oh, benediction of the higher mood  
And human-kindness of the lower! for both  
I will be grateful while I live, nor question  
The wisdom that hath made us what we are,  
With such large range as from the ale-house bench  
425 Can reach the stars and be with both at home.  
They tell us we have fallen on prosy days,  
Condemned to glean the leavings of earth's feast  
Where gods and heroes took delight of old;  
But though our lives, moving in one dull round  
330 Of repetition infinite, become  
Stale as a newspaper once read, and though  
History herself, seen in her workshop, seem  
To have lost the art that dyed those glorious panes,  
Rich with memorial shapes of saint and sage,  
335 That pave with splendor the Past's dusky aisles, —  
Panels that enchant the light of common day  
With colors costly as the blood of kings,  
Till with ideal hues it edge our thought, —  
Yet while the world is left, while nature lasts,  
340 And man the best of nature, there shall be  
Somewhere contentment for these human hearts,  
Some freshness, some unused material  
For wonder and for song. I lose myself  
In other ways where solemn guide-posts say,  
345 *This way to Knowledge, This way to Repose,*  
But here, here only, I am ne'er betrayed,  
For every by-path leads me to my love.

- God's passionless reformers, influences,  
That purify and heal and are not seen,  
350 Shall man say whence your virtue is, or how

Ye make medicinal the wayside weed ?  
 I know that sunshine, through whatever rift  
 How shaped it matters not, upon my walls  
 Paints discs as perfect-rounded as its source,  
 355 And, like its antitype, the ray divine,  
 However finding entrance, perfect still,  
 Repeats the image unimpaired of God.

We, who by shipwreck only find the shores  
 Of divine wisdom, can but kneel at first ;  
 360 Can but exult to feel beneath our feet,  
 That long stretched vainly down the yielding  
                   deeps,  
 The shock and sustenance of solid earth ;  
 Inland afar we see what temples gleam  
 Through immemorial stems of sacred groves,  
 365 And we conjecture shining shapes therein ;  
 Yet for a space we love to wonder here  
 Among the shells and sea-weed of the beach.

So mused I once within my willow-tent  
 One brave June morning, when the bluff north-  
                   west,  
 370 Thrusting aside a dank and snuffing day  
 That made us bitter at our neighbors' sins,  
 Brimmed the great cup of heaven with sparkling  
                   cheer  
 And roared a lusty stave ; the sliding Charles,  
 Blue toward the west, and bluer and more blue,  
 375 Living and lustrous as a woman's eyes  
 Look once and look no more, with southward  
                   curve  
 Ran crinkling sunniness, like Helen's hair  
 Glimpsed in Elysium, insubstantial gold ;  
 From blossom-clouded orchards, far away



- 380 The bobolink tinkled; the deep meadows flowed  
 With multitudinous pulse of light and shade  
 Against the bases of the southern hills,  
 While here and there a drowsy island rick  
 Slept and its shadow slept; the wooden bridge  
 385 Thundered, and then was silent; on the roofs  
 The sun-warped shingles rippled with the heat;  
 Summer on field and hill, in heart and brain,  
 All life washed clean in this high tide of June.
- 

## III.

## UNDER THE OLD ELM.

[NEAR Cambridge Common stands an old elm, having at its base a stone with the inscription, "Under this tree Washington first took command of the American Army, July 3d, 1775." Upon the one hundredth anniversary of this day the citizens of Cambridge held a celebration under the tree, and Mr. Lowell read the following poem.]

## I.

## 1.

WORDS pass as wind, but where great deeds were  
 done

A power abides transfused from sire to son :  
 The boy feels deeper meanings thrill his ear,  
 That tingling through his pulse life-long shall run,

- 5 With sure impulsion to keep honor clear,  
 When, pointing down, his father whispers, "Here,  
 Here, where we stand, stood he, the purely Great,  
 Whose soul no siren passion could unsphere,  
 Then nameless, now a power and mixed with  
 fate."  
 10 Historic town, thou holdest sacred dust,  
 Once known to men as pious, learned, just,  
 And one memorial pile that dares to last;  
 But Memory greets with reverential kiss  
 No spot in all thy circuit sweet as this,  
 15 Touched by that modest glory as it past,  
 O'er which yon elm hath piously displayed  
 These hundred years its monumental shade.

2.

- Of our swift passage through this scenery  
 Of life and death, more durable than we,  
 20 What landmark so congenial as a tree  
 Repeating its green legend every spring,  
 And, with a yearly ring,  
 Recording the fair seasons as they flee,  
 Type of our brief but still-renewed mortality?  
 25 We fall as leaves: the immortal trunk remains,  
 Buildd with costly juice of hearts and brains  
 Gone to the mould now, whither all that be  
 Vanish returnless, yet are procreant still  
 In human lives to come of good or ill,  
 30 And feed unseen the roots of Destiny.

12. Memorial Hall, built by the alumni of Harvard, in memory of those who fell in the war for union, a building of more serious thought than any in Cambridge, and among the few in the country built to endure.

## II.

## 1.

Men's monuments, grown old, forget their names  
They should eternize, but the place  
Where shining souls have passed imbibes a grace  
Beyond mere earth; some sweetness of their  
fames

- 35 Leaves in the soil its unextinguished trace,  
Pungent, pathetic, sad with nobler aims,  
That penetrates our lives and heightens them or  
shames.

This insubstantial world and fleet  
Seems solid for a moment when we stand

- 40 On dust ennobled by heroic feet  
Once mighty to sustain a tottering land,  
And mighty still such burthen to upbear,  
Nor doomed to tread the path of things that merely  
were:

Our sense, refined with virtue of the spot,

- 45 Across the mists of Lethe's sleepy stream  
Recalls him, the sole chief without a blot,  
No more a pallid image and a dream,  
But as he dwelt with men decorously supreme.

## 2.

Our grosser minds need this terrestrial hint

- 50 To raise long-buried days from tombs of print:  
"Here stood he," softly we repeat,  
And lo, the statue shrined and still  
In that gray minster-front we call the Past,  
Feels in its frozen veins our pulses thrill,  
55 Breathes living air and mocks at Death's deceit.  
It warms, it stirs, comes down to us at last,

Its features human with familiar light,  
A man, beyond the historian's art to kill,  
Or sculptor's to efface with patient chisel-blight.

3.

- 60 Sure the dumb earth hath memory, for naught  
Was Fancy given, on whose enchanted loom  
Present and Past commingle, fruit and bloom  
Of one fair bough, inseparably wrought  
Into the seamless tapestry of thought.  
65 So charmed, with undeluded eye we see  
In history's fragmentary tale  
Bright clews of continuity,  
Learn that high natures over Time prevail,  
And feel ourselves a link in that entail  
70 That binds all ages past with all that are to be.

III.

1.

- Beneath our consecrated elm  
A century ago he stood,  
Famed vaguely for that old fight in the wood  
Whose red surge sought, but could not overwhelm  
75 The life foredoomed to wield our rough-hewn  
helm :—  
From colleges, where now the gown

73. Referring to Braddock's defeat, when Washington wrote to his brother: "By the all-powerful dispensations of Providence I have been protected beyond all human probability or expectation; for I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me, yet I escaped unhurt, although death was levelling my companions on every side of me."

76. Study in Cambridge was suspended, the buildings used as barracks, and the students sent to Concord.

- To arms had yielded, from the town,  
 Our rude self-summoned levies flocked to see  
 The new-come chiefs and wonder which was he.  
 80 No need to question long; close-lipped and tall,  
 Long trained in murder-brooding forests lone  
 To bridle others' clamors and his own,  
 Firmly erect, he towered above them all,  
 The incarnate discipline that was to free  
 85 With iron curb that armed democracy.

## 2.

- A motley rout was that which came to stare,  
 In raiment tanned by years of sun and storm,  
 Of every shape that was not uniform,  
 Dotted with regimentals here and there;  
 90 An army all of captains, used to pray  
 And stiff in fight, but serious drill's despair,  
 Skilled to debate their orders, not obey;  
 Deacons were there, selectmen, men of note  
 In half-tamed hamlets ambushed round with woods,  
 95 Ready to settle Freewill by a vote,  
 But largely liberal to its private moods;  
 Prompt to assert by manners, voice, or pen,  
 Or ruder arms, their rights as Englishmen,  
 Nor much fastidious as to how and when:  
 100 Yet seasoned stuff and fittest to create  
 A thought-staid army or a lasting state:  
 Haughty they said he was, at first; severe;  
 But owned, as all men own, the steady hand  
 Upon the bridle patient to command,

86. The letters of Washington and of other generals in the early part of the Revolutionary war, bear repeated witness to the undisciplined character of the troops. "I found a mixed multitude of people here," writes Washington, July 27th, "under very little discipline, order, or government."

- 105 Prized, as all prize, the justice pure from fear,  
 And learned to honor first, then love him, then  
     revere.  
 Such power there is in clear-eyed self-restraint  
 And purpose clean as light from every selfish taint.

3.

- Musing beneath the legendary tree,  
 110 The years between furl off: I seem to see  
     The sun-flecks, shaken the stirred foliage through,  
     Dapple with gold his sober buff and blue  
     And weave prophetic aureoles round the head  
     That shines our beacon now nor darkens with the  
     dead.  
 115 O man of silent mood,  
     A stranger among strangers then,  
     How art thou since renowned the Great, the Good,  
     Familiar as the day in all the homes of men!  
     The wingèd years, that winnow praise and blame,  
 120 Blow many names out: they but fan to flame  
     The self-renewing splendors of thy fame.

IV.

1.

- How many subtlest influences unite,  
 With spiritual touch of joy or pain,  
 Invisible as air and soft as light,  
 125 To body forth that image of the brain

112. The American colors in the Revolution were buff and blue. Fox wore them in Parliament, as did Burke also on occasion. There is discussion as to the origin of the colors, for which see Stanhope's *Miscellanies*, First Series, pp. 116-122, and *Proc. Mass. Hist. Soc.* Jan. 1859, pp. 149-154.

- We call our Country, visionary shape,  
 Loved more than woman, fuller of fire than wine,  
 Whose charm can none define,  
 Nor any, though he flee it, can escape!  
 130 All party-colored threads the weaver Time  
 Sets in his web, now trivial, now sublime,  
 All memories, all forebodings, hopes and fears,  
 Mountain and river, forest, prairie, sea,  
 A hill, a rock, a homestead, field, or tree,  
 135 The casual gleanings of unreckoned years,  
 Take goddess-shape at last and there is She,  
 Old at our birth, new as the springing hours,  
 Shrine of our weakness, fortress of our powers,  
 Consoler, kindler, peerless 'mid her peers,  
 140 A force that 'neath our conscious being stirs,  
 A life to give ours permanence, when we  
 Are borne to mingle our poor earth with hers,  
 And all this glowing world goes with us on our  
 biers.

## 2.

- Nations are long results, by ruder ways  
 145 Gathering the might that warrants length of days;  
 They may be pieced of half-reluctant shares  
 Welded by hammer-strokes of broad-brained kings,  
 Or from a doughty people grow, the heirs  
 Of wise traditions widening cautious rings;  
 50 At best they are computable things,  
 A strength behind us making us feel bold  
 In right, or, as may chance, in wrong;  
 Whose force by figures may be summed and told  
 So many soldiers, ships, and dollars strong,  
 155 And we but drops that bear compulsory part  
 In the dumb throb of a mechanic heart;  
 But Country is a shape of each man's mind

- Sacred from definition, unconfined  
 By the cramped walls where daily drudgeries  
 grind;  
 160 An inward vision, yet an outward birth  
 Of sweet familiar heaven and earth;  
 A brooding Presence that stirs motions blind  
 Of wings within our embryo being's shell  
 That wait but her completer spell  
 165 To make us eagle-natured, fit to dare  
 Life's nobler spaces and untarnished air.

3.

- You, who hold dear this self-conceived ideal,  
 Whose faith and works alone can make it real,  
 Bring all your fairest gifts to deck her shrine  
 170 Who lifts our lives away from Thine and Mine  
 And feeds the lamp of manhood more divine  
 With fragrant oils of quenchless constancy.  
 When all have done their utmost, surely he  
 Hath given the best who gives a character  
 175 Erect and constant, which nor any shock  
 Of loosened elements, nor the forceful sea  
 Of flowing or of ebbing fates, can stir  
 From its deep bases in the living rock  
 Of ancient manhood's sweet security:  
 180 And this he gave, serenely far from pride  
 As baseness, boon with prosperous stars allied,  
 Part of what nobler seed shall in our loins abide

4.

- No bond of men as common pride so strong,  
 In names time-filtered for the lips of song,  
 85 Still operant, with the primal Forces bound,  
 Whose currents, on their spiritual round,  
 Transfuse our mortal will nor are gainsaid:



These are their arsenals, these the exhaustless  
mines

That give a constant heart in great designs;

- 190 These are the stuff whereof such dreams are made  
As make heroic men: thus surely he  
Still holds in place the massy blocks he laid  
'Neath our new frame, enforcing soberly  
The self-control that makes and keeps a people  
free.

## V.

## 1.

- 195 Oh for a drop of that Cornelian ink  
Which gave Agricola dateless length of days,  
To celebrate him fitly, neither swerve  
To phrase unkempt, nor pass discretion's brink  
With him so statue-like in sad reserve,  
200 So diffident to claim, so forward to deserve!  
Nor need I shun due influence of his fame  
Who, mortal among mortals, seemed as now  
The equestrian shape with unimpassioned brow,  
That paces silent on through vistas of acclaim.

## 2.

- 205 What figure more immovably august  
Than that grave strength so patient and so pure,  
Calm in good fortune, when it wavered, sure,  
That mind serene, impenetrably just,

190. A reminiscence of Shakspeare's lines, —

We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

*The Tempest, Act IV. Scene 1.*

195. It was Caius Cornelius Tacitus who wrote in imperish-  
able words the life of Agricola.

- Modelled on classic lines so simple they endure?  
 210 That soul so softly radiant and so white  
 The track it left seems less of fire than light,  
 Cold but to such as love distemperature?  
 And if pure light, as some deem, be the force  
 That drives rejoicing planets on their course,  
 215 Why for his power benign seek an impurer source?  
 His was the true enthusiasm that burns long,  
 Domestically bright,  
 Fed from itself and shy of human sight,  
 The hidden force that makes a lifetime strong,  
 220 And not the short-lived fuel of a song.  
 Passionless, say you? What is passion for  
 But to sublime our natures and control  
 To front heroic toils with late return,  
 Or none, or such as shames the conqueror?  
 225 That fire was fed with substance of the soul  
 And not with holiday stubble, that could burn,  
 Unpraised of men who after bonfires run,  
 Through seven slow years of unadvancing war,  
 Equal when fields were lost or fields were won,  
 230 With breath of popular applause or blame,  
 Nor fanned nor damped, unquenchably the same,  
 Too inward to be reached by flaws of idle fame.

3.

- Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;  
 High-poised example of great duties done  
 235 Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn  
 As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;  
 Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,  
 But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,  
 Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,  
 240 Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;

239. At Valley Forge.

- Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed  
 Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;  
 Never seduced through show of present good  
 By other than unsetting lights to steer  
 245 New-trimmed in Heaven, nor than his steadfast  
       mood  
 More steadfast, far from rashness as from fear;  
 Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still  
 In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will;  
 Not honored then or now because he wooed  
 250 The popular voice, but that he still withstood;  
 Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one  
 Who was all this and ours, and all men's, —  
       WASHINGTON.

## 4.

- Minds strong by fits, irregularly great,  
 That flash and darken like revolving lights,  
 255 Catch more the vulgar eye unschooled to wait  
 On the long curve of patient days and nights  
 Rounding a whole life to the circle fair  
 Of orbéd fulfilment; and this balanced soul,  
 So simple in its grandeur, coldly bare  
 260 Of draperies theatric, standing there  
 In perfect symmetry of self-control,  
 Seems not so great at first, but greater grows  
 Still as we look, and by experience learn  
 How grand this quiet is, how nobly stern  
 265 The discipline that wrought through life-long  
       throes  
 That energetic passion of repose.

## 5.

A nature too decorous and severe,  
 Too self-respectful in its griefs and joys,

267. See note to *The School-Boy*, p. 336, l. 71.

- For ardent girls and boys  
270 Who find no genius in a mind so clear  
That its grave depths seem obvious and near,  
Nor a soul great that made so little noise.  
They feel no force in that calm-cadenced phrase,  
The habitual full-dress of his well-bred mind,  
275 That seems to pace the minuet's courtly maze  
And tell of ampler leisures, roomier length of  
days.  
His firm-based brain, to self so little kind  
That no tumultuary blood could blind,  
Formed to control men, not amaze,  
280 Looms not like those that borrow height of haze:  
It was a world of statelier movement then  
Than this we fret in, he a denizen  
Of that ideal Rome that made a man for men.

## VI.

## I.

- The longer on this earth we live  
285 And weigh the various qualities of men,  
Seeing how most are fugitive,  
Or fitful gifts, at best, of now and then,  
Wind-wavered corpse-lights, daughters of the fen,  
The more we feel the high stern-featured beauty  
290 Of plain devotedness to duty,  
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,  
But finding amplest recompense  
For life's ungarlanded expense  
In work done squarely and unwasted days.

288. *The daughters of the fen*, — will-o'-the-wisps. The Welsh call the same phenomenon *corpse-lights*, because it was supposed to forbode death, and to show the road that the corpse would take.

295 For this we honor him, that he could know  
How sweet the service and how free  
Of her, God's eldest daughter here below,  
And choose in meanest raiment which was she.

## 2.

Placid completeness, life without a fall  
300 From faith or highest aims, truth's breachless  
wall,  
Surely if any fame can bear the touch,  
His will say "Here!" at the last trumpet's call,  
The unexpressive man whose life expressed so  
much.

## VII.

## 1.

Never to see a nation born  
305 Hath been given to mortal man,  
Unless to those who, on that summer morn,  
Gazed silent when the great Virginian  
Unsheathed the sword whose fatal flash  
Shot union through the incoherent clash  
310 Of our loose atoms, crystallizing them  
Around a single will's unpliant stem,  
And making purpose of emotion rash.  
Out of that scabbard sprang, as from its womb,  
Nebulous at first but hardening to a star,  
315 Through mutual share of sunburst and of gloom,  
The common faith that made us what we are.

## 2.

That lifted blade transformed our jangling clans,  
Till then provincial, to Americans,  
And made a unity of wildering plans;

- 320 Here was the doom fixed: here is marked the date  
 When the New World awoke to man's estate,  
 Burnt its last ship and ceased to look behind:  
 Nor thoughtless was the choice; no love or hate  
 Could from its poise move that deliberate mind,  
 325 Weighing between too early and too late  
 Those pitfalls of the man refused by Fate:  
 His was the impartial vision of the great  
 Who see not as they wish, but as they find.  
 He saw the dangers of defeat, nor less  
 330 The incomputable perils of success;  
 The sacred past thrown by, an empty rind;  
 The future, cloud-land, snare of prophets blind;  
 The waste of war, the ignominy of peace;  
 On either hand a sullen rear of woes,  
 335 Whose garnered lightnings none could guess,  
 Piling its thunder-heads and muttering "Cease!"  
 Yet drew not back his hand, but bravely chose  
 The seeming-desperate task whence our new nation  
 rose.

3.

- A noble choice and of immortal seed!  
 340 Nor deem that acts heroic wait on chance  
 Or easy were as in a boy's romance;  
 The man's whole life preludes the single deed  
 That shall decide if his inheritance  
 Be with the sifted few of matchless breed,  
 345 Our race's sap and sustenance,  
 Or with the unmotivated herd that only sleep and  
 feed.  
 Choice seems a thing indifferent; thus or so,  
 What matters it? The Fates with mocking face  
 Look on inexorable, nor seem to know  
 350 Where the lot lurks that gives life's foremost  
 place.

- Yet Duty's leaden casket holds it still,  
 And but two ways are offered to our will,  
 Toil with rare triumph, ease with safe disgrace,  
 'The problem still for us and all of human race.
- 355 He chose, as men choose, where most danger  
       showed,  
 Nor ever faltered 'neath the load  
 Of petty cares, that gall great hearts the most,  
 But kept right on the strenuous up-hill road,  
 Strong to the end, above complaint or boast:
- 360 The popular tempest on his rock-mailed coast  
 Wasted its wind-borne spray,  
 The noisy marvel of a day;  
 His soul sate still in its unstormed abode.

## VIII.

- Virginia gave us this imperial man
- 365 Cast in the massive mould  
 Of those high-statured ages old  
 Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran;  
 She gave us this unblemished gentleman:  
 What shall we give her back but love and praise
- 370 As in the dear old unestranged days  
 Before the inevitable wrong began?  
 Mother of States and undiminished men,  
 Thou gavest us a country, giving him,  
 And we owe alway what we owed thee then:
- 375 The boon thou wouldst have snatched from us  
       again  
 Shines as before with no abatement dim.  
 A great man's memory is the only thing

351. See Shakspeare's play of *The Merchant of Venice* with its three caskets of gold, silver, and lead, from which the suitors of Portia were to choose fate.

- With influence to outlast the present whim  
 And bind us as when here he knit our golden ring.  
 380 All of him that was subject to the hours  
 Lies in thy soil and makes it part of ours:  
 Across more recent graves,  
 Where unresentful Nature waves  
 Her pennons o'er the shot-ploughed sod,  
 385 Proclaiming the sweet Truce of God,  
 We from this consecrated plain stretch out  
 Our hands as free from afterthought or doubt  
 As here the united North  
 Poured her embrownèd manhood forth  
 390 In welcome of our saviour and thy son.  
 Through battle we have better learned thy worth,  
 The long-breathed valor and undaunted will,  
 Which, like his own, the day's disaster done,  
 Could, safe in manhood, suffer and be still.  
 395 Both thine and ours the victory hardly won;  
 If ever with distempered voice or pen  
 We have misdeemed thee, here we take it back,  
 And for the dead of both don common black.  
 Be to us evermore as thou wast then,  
 400 As we forget thou hast not always been,  
 Mother of States and unpolluted men,  
 Virginia, fitly named from England's manly queen!



## IV.

## AGASSIZ.

[LOUIS JOHN RUDOLPH AGASSIZ was of Swiss birth, having been born in Canton Vaud, Switzerland, in 1807 (see Longfellow's pleasing poem, *The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz*), and had already made a name as a naturalist, when he came to this country to pursue investigations in 1846. Here he was persuaded to remain, and after that identified himself with American life and learning. He was a masterly teacher, and by his personal enthusiasm and influence did more than any one man in America to stimulate study in natural history.<sup>1</sup> Through his name a great institution, the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, was established at Cambridge, in association with Harvard University, and he remained at the head of it until his death in 1874. His home was in Cambridge, and he endeared himself to all with whom he was associated by the unselfishness of his ambition, the generosity of his affection, and the liberality of his nature. Lowell was in Florence at the time of Agassiz's death, and sent home this poem, which was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, 1874. Longfellow, besides in the poem mentioned above, has written of Agassiz in his sonnets, *Three Friends of Mine*, III.,

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix.

and Whittier also wrote *The Prayer of Agassiz*. These poems are well worth comparing, as indicating characteristic strains of the three poets.]

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Come  
 Dicesti egli ebbe? non viv' egli ancora?  
 Non fiere gli occhi suoi lo dolce lome?  
 Dante, *Inferno*, Canto X. lines 67-69  
 [How  
 Saidst thou, — he had? Is he not still alive?  
 Does not the sweet light strike upon his eye?  
 Longfellow, *Translation*.]

## I.

## 1.

THE electric nerve, whose instantaneous thrill  
 Makes next-door gossips of the antipodes,  
 Confutes poor Hope's last fallacy of ease, —  
 The distance that divided her from ill:  
 5 Earth sentient seems again as when of old  
     The horny foot of Pan  
 Stamped, and the conscious horror ran  
 Beneath men's feet through all her fibres cold:  
 Space's blue walls are mined; we feel the throe  
 10 From underground of our night-mantled foe:  
     The flame-winged feet  
 Of Trade's new Mercury, that dry-shod run  
 Through briny abysses dreamless of the sun,  
     Are mercilessly fleet,

6. Since Pan was the deity supposed to pervade all nature, the mysterious noises which issued from rocks or caves in mountainous regions were ascribed to him, and an unreasonable fear springing from sudden or unexplained causes came to be called a *panic*.

12 Mercury, the messenger of the gods, and fabled to have

- 15       And at a bound annihilate  
           Ocean's prerogative of short reprieve;  
           Surely ill news might wait,  
           And man be patient of delay to grieve:  
           Letters have sympathies  
 20       And tell-tale faces that reveal,  
           To senses finer than the eyes,  
           Their errand's purport ere we break the seal;  
           They wind a sorrow round with circumstance  
           To stay its feet, nor all unwarned displace  
 25       The veil that darkened from our sidelong glance  
           The inexorable face:  
           But now Fate stuns as with a mace;  
           The savage of the skies, that men have caught  
           And some scant use of language taught,  
 30       Tells only what he must, —  
           The steel cold fact in one laconic thrust.

## 2.

- So thought I, as, with vague, mechanic eyes,  
           I scanned the festering news we half despise  
           Yet scramble for no less,  
 35       And read of public scandal, private fraud,  
           Crime flaunting scot-free while the mob applaud,  
           Office made vile to bribe unworthiness,  
           And all the unwholesome mess  
           The Land of Broken Promise serves of late  
 40       To teach the Old World how to wait,  
           When suddenly,

winged sandals, was the tutelar divinity of merchants, so that in a double way the modern application to the spirit of the electric telegraph becomes fit.

39. At the time when this poem was written there was a succession of terrible disclosures in America of public and private corruption; loud vaunts were made of dishonoring the nationa

- As happens if the brain, from overweight  
 Of blood, infect the eye,  
 Three tiny words grew lurid as I read,  
 45 And reeled commingling : *Agassiz is dead.*  
 As when, beneath the street's familiar jar,  
 An earthquake's alien omen rumbles far,  
 Men listen and forebode, I hung my head,  
 And strove the present to recall,  
 50 As if the blow that stunned were yet to fall.

## 3.

Uprooted is our mountain oak,  
 That promised long security of shade

word in financial matters, and there were few who did not look almost with despair upon the condition of public affairs. The aspect was even more sharply defined to those Americans who, travelling in Europe, found themselves openly or silently regarded as representatives of a nation that seemed to be disgracing itself. Lowell's bitter words were part of the goadings of conscience which worked so sharply in America in the years immediately following. He was reproached by some for such words as this line contains, and, when he published his *Three Memorial Poems*, made this noble self-defence which stands in the front of that little book :—

" If I let fall a word of bitter mirth  
 When public shames more shameful pardon won,  
 Some have misjudged me, and my service done,  
 If small, yet faithful, deemed of little worth :  
 Through veins that drew their life from Western earth  
 Two hundred years and more my blood hath run  
 In no polluted course from sire to son ;  
 And thus was I predestined ere my birth  
 To love the soil wherewith my fibres own  
 Instinctive sympathies ; yet love it so  
 As honor would, nor lightly to dethrone  
 Judgment, the stamp of manhood, nor forego  
 The son's right to a mother dearer grown  
 With growing knowledge and more chaste than snow."

- And brooding-place for many a wingèd thought;  
 Not by Time's softly warning stroke  
 55 By pauses of relenting pity stayed,  
 But ere a root seemed sapt, a bough decayed,  
 From sudden ambush by the whirlwind caught  
 And in his broad maturity betrayed!

## 4.

- Well might I, as of old, appeal to you,  
 60 O mountains, woods, and streams,  
 To help us mourn him, for ye loved him too;  
 But simpler moods befit our modern themes,  
 And no less perfect birth of nature can,  
 Though they yearn tow'rds him, sympathize with  
 man,  
 65 Save as dumb fellow-prisoners through a wall;  
 Answer ye rather to my call,  
 Strong poets of a more outspoken day,  
 Too much for softer arts forgotten since  
 That teach our forthright tongue to lisp and  
 mince,  
 70 Lead me some steps in your directer way,  
 Teach me those words that strike a solid root

59. In classical mythology Adonis was fabled as a lovely youth, killed by a boar, and lamented long by Venus who was inconsolable for his loss. The poets used this story for a symbol of grief and when mourning the loss of a human being were wont to call on nature to join in the lamentation. This classic form of mourning descended in literature and at different times has found very beautiful expression, as in Milton's *Lycidas* and Shelley's *Adonais* which is a lament over the dead poet Keats. Here the poet might justly call on nature to lament the death of her great student, but he turns from the form as too classic and artificial and remote from his warmer sympathy. In his own strong sense of human life he demands a fellowship of grief from no lower order of nature than man himself.

- Within the ears of men ;  
 Ye chiefly, virile both to think and feel,  
 Deep-chested Chapman and firm-footed Ben, —  
 75 For he was masculine from head and heel.  
 Nay, let himself stand undiminished by  
 With those clear parts of him that will not die.  
 Himself from out the recent dark I claim  
 To hear, and, if I flatter him, to blame;  
 80 To show himself, as still I seem to see,  
 A mortal, built upon the antique plan,  
 Brimful of lusty blood as ever ran,  
 And taking life as simply as a tree!  
 To claim my foiled good-by let him appear,  
 85 Large-limbed and human as I saw him near,  
 Loosed from the stiffening uniform of fame:  
 And let me treat him largely: I should fear,  
 (If with too prying lens I chanced to err,  
 Mistaking catalogue for character,)  
 90 His wise forefinger raised in smiling blame.  
 Nor would I scant him with judicial breath  
 And turn mere critic in an epitaph;  
 I choose the wheat, incurious of the chaff  
 That swells fame living, chokes it after death.  
 95 And would but memorize the shining half  
 Of his large nature that was turned to me:  
 Fain had I joined with those that honored him  
 With eyes that darkened because his were dim,  
 And now been silent: but it might not be.

74. Chapman and Ben Jonson were contemporaries of Shakspeare. The former is best known by his rich, picturesque translation of Homer. Lowell may easily have had in mind among Jonson's *Elegies*, his majestic ode, *On the Death of Sir Lucius Cary and Sir H. Morison*. He rightly claims for the poets of the Elizabethan age a frankness and largeness of speech rarely heard in our more refined and restrained time.

84. Since the poet could not be by Agassiz at the last.

## II.

## 1.

- 100 In some the genius is a thing apart,  
     A pillared hermit of the brain,  
     Hoarding with incommunicable art  
         Its intellectual gain;  
     Man's web of circumstance and fate  
 105 They from their perch of self observe,  
     Indifferent as the figures on a slate  
         Are to the planet's sun-swung curve  
         Whose bright returns they calculate;  
         Their nice adjustment, part to part,  
 110 Were shaken from its serviceable mood  
     By unpremediated stirs of heart  
         Or jar of human neighborhood:  
     Some find their natural selves, and only then,  
     In furloughs of divine escape from men,  
 115 And when, by that brief ecstasy left bare,  
     Driven by some instinct of desire,  
     They wander worldward, 't is to blink and stare,  
     Like wild things of the wood about the fire,  
     Dazed of the social glow they cannot share;  
 120 His nature brooked no lonely lair,  
     But basked and bourgeoned in copartnery,  
     Companionship, and open-windowed glee:  
         He knew, for he had tried,

118. Travellers in the wilderness find their camp-fires the attraction of the beasts that prowl about the camp.

123. "Agassiz was a born metaphysician, and moreover had pursued severe studies in philosophy. Those who knew him well were constantly surprised at the ease with which he handled the more intricate problems of thought." Theodore Lyman, in *Recollections of Agassiz*, *Atlantic Monthly*, February 1874.

- Those speculative heights that lure  
 125 The unpractised foot, impatient of a guide,  
 Tow'rd's ether too attenuately pure  
 For sweet unconscious breath, though dear to  
 pride,  
 But better loved the foothold sure  
 Of paths that wind by old abodes of men  
 130 Who hope at last the churchyard's peace secure,  
 And follow time-worn rules, that them suffice,  
 Learned from their sires, traditionally wise,  
 Careful of honest custom's how and when ;  
 His mind, too brave to look on Truth askance,  
 135 No more those habitudes of faith could share,  
 But, tinged with sweetness of the old Swiss manse  
 Lingered around them still and fain would spare.  
 Patient to spy a sullen egg for weeks,  
 The enigma of creation to surprise,  
 140 His truer instinct sought the life that speaks  
 Without a mystery from kindly eyes ;  
 In no self-woven silk of prudence wound,  
 He by the touch of men was best inspired,  
 And caught his native greatness at rebound  
 145 From generosities itself had fired ;  
 Then how the heat through every fibre ran,  
 Felt in the gathering presence of the man,  
 While the apt word and gesture came unbid !  
 Virtues and faults it to one metal wrought,  
 150 Fined all his blood to thought,  
 And ran the molten man in all he said or did.  
 All Tully's rules and all Quintilian's too  
 He by the light of listening faces knew,

152. Tully is the now somewhat old-fashioned English way of referring to Marcus Tullius Cicero, whose book *De Oratore* and Quintilian's *Institutiones Oratorie* were the most celebrated ancient works on rhetoric.



- And his rapt audience all unconscious lent  
 155 Their own roused force to make him eloquent;  
 Persuasion fondled in his look and tone;  
 Our speech (with strangers prudish) he could bring  
 To find new charms in accents not her own;  
 Her coy constraints and icy hindrances  
 60 Melted upon his lips to natural ease,  
 As a brook's fetters swell the dance of spring.  
 Nor yet all sweetness: not in vain he wore,  
 Nor in the sheath of ceremony, controlled  
 By velvet courtesy or caution cold,  
 165 That sword of honest anger prized of old,  
       But, with two-handed wrath,  
 If baseness or pretension crossed his path,  
       Struck once nor needed to strike more.

## 2.

- His magic was not far to seek, —  
 170 He was so human! whether strong or weak,  
 Far from his kind he neither sank nor soared,  
 But sate an equal guest at every board:  
 No beggar ever felt him condescend,  
 No prince presume; for still himself he bare  
 175 At manhood's simple level, and where'er  
 He met a stranger, there he left a friend.  
 How large an aspect! nobly unsevere,  
 With freshness round him of Olympian cheer,  
 Like visits of those earthly gods he came;  
 180 His look, wherever its good-fortune fell,  
 Doubled the feast without a miracle,  
 And on the hearthstone danced a happier flame;  
 Philemon's crabbed vintage grew benign;  
 Amphitryon's gold-juice humanized to wine.

183. For the stories of *Philemon* and *Amphitryon*, see Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, viii. 631, and vi. 112.

## III.

## 1.

- 185       The garrulous memories  
       Gather again from all their far-flown nooks,  
       Singly at first, and then by twos and threes,  
       Then in a throng innumerable, as the rooks  
           Thicken their twilight files  
 190 Tow'rds Tintern's gray repose of roofless aisles:  
       Once more I see him at the table's head  
       When Saturday her monthly banquet spread  
           To scholars, poets, wits,  
       All choice, some famous, loving things, not names.  
 195 And so without a twinge at others' fames,  
       Such company as wisest moods befits,  
       Yet with no pedant blindness to the worth  
           Of undeliberate mirth,  
       Natures benignly mixed of air and earth,  
 200 Now with the stars and now with equal zest  
       Tracing the eccentric orbit of a jest.

## 2.

- I see in vision the warm-lighted hall,  
       The living and the dead I see again,  
       And but one chair is empty of them all; —  
 205 'T is I that seem the dead: they all remain  
       Immortal, changeless creatures of the brain:  
       Well-nigh I doubt which world is real most,

190. Tintern Abbey on the river Wye is one of the most famous ruins in England. About this as other ruins and shaded buildings the rooks make their home.

192. A club known as the Saturday Club has for many years met in Boston, and some of the prominent members are intimated in the following lines.

- Of sense or spirit, to the truly sane ;  
 In this abstraction it were light to deem  
 210 Myself the figment of some stronger dream ;  
 They are the real things, and I the ghost  
 That glide unhindered through the solid door,  
 Vainly for recognition seek from chair to chair,  
 And strive to speak and am but futile air,  
 215 As truly most of us are little more.

## 3.

- Him most I see whom we most dearly miss,  
     The latest parted thence,  
 His features poised in genial armistice  
 And armed neutrality of self-defence  
 220 Beneath the forehead's walled preëminence,  
 While Tyro, plucking facts with careless reach,  
 Settles off-hand our human how and whence ;  
 The long-trained veteran scarcely wincing hears  
 The infallible strategy of volunteers  
 225 Making through Nature's walls its easy breach,  
 And seems to learn where he alone could teach.  
 Ample and ruddy, the room's end he fills  
 As he our fireside were, our light and heat,  
 Centre where minds diverse and various skills  
 230 Find their warm nook and stretch unhampere<sup>d</sup>  
     feet ;  
 I see the firm benignity of face,  
 Wide-smiling champaign without tameness sweet,  
 The mass Teutonic toned to Gallic grace,  
 The eyes whose sunshine runs before the lips  
 235 While Holmes's rockets curve their long ellipse,  
 And burst in seeds of fire that burst again  
     To drop in scintillating rain.

216. Agassiz himself.

## 4.

- There too the face half-rustic, half-divine,  
 Self-poised, sagacious, freaked with humor fine,  
 240 Of him who taught us not to mow and mope  
 About our fancied selves, but seek our scope  
 In Nature's world and Man's, nor fade to hollow trope;  
 Listening with eyes averse I see him sit  
 Pricked with the cider of the judge's wit  
 245 (Ripe-hearted homebrew, fresh and fresh again),  
 While the wise nose's firm-built aquiline  
       Curves sharper to restrain  
 The merriment whose most unruly moods  
 Pass not the dumb laugh learned in listening woods  
 250       Of silence-shedding pine :  
 Hard by is he whose art's consoling spell  
 Has given both worlds a whiff of asphodel,  
 His look still vernal 'mid the wintry ring  
 Of petals that remember, not foretell,  
 255 The paler primrose of a second spring.

## 5.

And more there are : but other forms arise  
 And seen as clear, albeit with dimmer eyes :  
 First he from sympathy still held apart

238. Ralph Waldo Emerson. The words *half-rustic*, *half-divine*, recall Lowell's earlier characterization in his *Fable for Critics* : —

" A Greek head on right Yankee shoulders, whose range  
 Has Olympus for one pole, for t' other the Exchange ;  
 He seems, to my thinking (although I am afraid  
 The comparison, must, long ere this, have been made),  
 A Plotinus Montaigne, where the Egyptian's gold mist  
 And the Gascon's shrewd wit creak by jowl co-exist."

244. Judge E. R. Hoar.

251. Longfellow.

258. Nathaniel Hawthorne. He was buried in Concord, May 24, 1864.

- By shrinking over-eagerness of heart,  
 260 Cloud charged with searching fire, whose shadow's  
      sweep  
      Heightened mean things with sense of brooding ill,  
      And steeped in doom familiar field and hill, —  
      New England's poet, soul reserved and deep,  
      November nature with a name of May,  
 265 Whom high o'er Concord plains we laid to sleep,  
      While the orchards mocked us in their white ar-  
      ray,  
      And building robins wondered at our tears,  
      Snatched in his prime, the shape august  
      That should have stood unbent 'neath fourscore  
      years,  
 270 The noble head, the eyes of furtive trust,  
      All gone to speechless dust;  
      And he our passing guest,  
      Shy nature, too, and stung with life's unrest,  
      Whom we too briefly had but could not hold,  
 275 Who brought ripe Oxford's culture to our board,  
      The Past's incalculable hoard,  
      Mellowed by scutcheoned panes in cloisters old,  
      Seclusions ivy-hushed, and pavements sweet  
      With immemorial lisp of musing feet;  
 280 Young head time-tensured smoother than a friar's,  
      Boy face, but grave with answerless desires,  
      Poet in all that poets have of best,  
      But foiled with riddles dark and cloudy aims.  
      Who now hath found sure rest,

272. Arthur Hugh Clough, an English poet, author of the *Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*, and editor of *Dryden's Translation of Plutarch's Lives*, who came to this country in 1852 with some purpose of making it his home, but returned to England in less than a year. He lived while here in Cambridge, and strong attachments grew up between him and the men of letters in Cambridge and Concord.

- 285 Not by still Isis or historic Thames,  
 Nor by the Charles he tried to love with me,  
 But, not misplaced, by Arno's hallowed brim,  
 Nor scorned by Santa Croce's neighboring fames,  
     Haply not mindless, wheresoe'er he be,  
 290 Of violets that to-day I scattered over him :  
     He, too, is there,  
     After the good centurion fitly named,  
     Whom learning dulled not, nor convention tamed,  
     Shaking with burly mirth his hyacinthine hair,  
 295 Our hearty Grecian of Homeric ways,  
 Still found the surer friend where least he hoped the  
     praise.

## 6.

- Yea truly, as the fallowing years  
 Fall from us faster, like frost-loosened leaves  
 Pushed by the misty touch of shortening days,  
 300 And that unwakened winter nears,  
     'T is the void chair our surest guests receives,  
     'T is lips long cold that give the warmest kiss,  
     'T is the lost voice comes oftenest to our ears;  
     We count our rosary by the beads we miss :  
 305 To me, at least, it seemeth so,  
     An exile in the land once found divine,  
     While my starved fire burns low,

287. Clough died in his forty-third year, November 13, 1861, and was buried in the little Protestant cemetery outside the walls of Florence.

288. *Santa Croce* is the church in Florence where many illustrious dead are buried, among them Michelangelo, Machiavelli, Galileo, Alfieri.

291. Cornelius Conway Felton Professor of Greek Language and Literature in Harvard College, and afterward President until his death in 1862.

And homeless winds at the loose casement whine  
 Shrill ditties of the snow-roofed Apennine.

## IV.

## 1.

- 310 Now forth into the darkness all are gone,  
 But memory, still unsated, follows on,  
 Retracing step by step our homeward waik,  
 With many a laugh among our serious talk,  
 Across the bridge where, on the dimpling tide,  
 315 The long red streamers from the windows glide,  
 Or the dim western moon  
 Rocks her skiff's image on the broad lagoon,  
 And Boston shows a soft Venetian side  
 In that Arcadian light when roof and tree,  
 320 Hard prose by daylight, dream in Italy;  
 Or haply in the sky's cold chambers wide  
 Shivered the winter stars, while all below,  
 As if an end were come of human ill,  
 The world was wrapt in innocence of snow  
 325 And the cast-iron bay was blind and still;  
 These were our poetry; in him perhaps  
 Science had barred the gate that lets in dream,  
 And he would rather count the perch and bream  
 Than with the current's idle fancy lapse;  
 330 And yet he had the poet's open eye  
 That takes a frank delight in all it sees,  
 Nor was earth voiceless, nor the mystic sky,  
 To him the life-long friend of fields and trees:

315. In walking over West Boston bridge at night one sees the lights from the houses on Beacon Street reflected in the water below and seeming to make one long light where flame and reflection join.

- Then came the prose of the suburban street,  
 335 Its silence deepened by our echoing feet,  
 And converse such as rambling hazard finds;  
 Then he who many cities knew and many minds  
 And men once world-noised, now mere Ossian  
       forms  
 Of misty memory, bade them live anew  
 340 As when they shared earth's manifold delight,  
 In shape, in gait, in voice, in gesture true,  
 And, with an accent heightening as he warms,  
 Would stop forgetful of the shortening night,  
 Drop my confining arm, and pour profuse  
 345 Much wordly wisdom kept for others' use,  
 Not for his own, for he was rash and free,  
 His purse or knowledge all men's, like the sea.  
 Still can I hear his voice's shrilling might  
 (With pauses broken, while the fitful spark  
 350 He blew more hotly rounded on the dark  
 To hint his features with a Rembrandt light).  
 Call Oken back, or Humboldt, or Lamarck,  
 Or Cuvier's taller shade, and many more  
 Whom he had seen, or knew from others' sight,  
 355 And make them men to me as ne'er before :

337. See note to p. 373, l. 230.

338. *Ossian* was a fabulous Celtic warrior poet known chiefly through the pretended poems of Ossian of James MacPherson who lived in Scotland the latter half of the eighteenth century. There has been much controversy over the exact relation of Macpherson to the poems, which are Scotch crags looming out of Scotch mists.

352. Naturalists of renown. *Oken* was a remarkable and eccentric Swiss naturalist, 1779-1851; *Humboldt* a great naturalist and traveller, known by his *Koemos*, 1769-1859; *Lamarck*, 1744-1829; *Cuvier*, in some respects the father of modern classification, and Agassiz's teacher, 1769-1832; all these were personally known to Agassiz.



Not seldom, as the undeadened fibre stirred  
 Of noble friendships knit beyond the sea,  
 German or French thrust by the lagging word,  
 For a good leash of mother-tongues had he.  
 360 At last, arrived at where our paths divide,  
 "Good night!" and, ere the distance grew too  
     wide,  
 "Good night!" again; and now with cheated ear  
 I half hear his who mine shall never hear.

## 2.

Sometimes it seemed as if New England air  
 365 For his large lungs too parsimonious were,  
 As if those empty rooms of dogma drear  
 Where the ghost shivers of a faith austere  
     Counting the horns o'er of the Beast,  
 Still scaring those whose faith in it is least,  
 370 As if those snaps o' th' moral atmosphere  
 That sharpen all the needles of the East,  
     Had been to him like death,  
 Accustomed to draw Europe's freer breath  
     In a more stable element;  
 375 Nay, even our landscape, half the year morose,  
 Our practical horizon grimly pent,  
 Our air, sincere of ceremonious haze,  
 Forcing hard outlines mercilessly close,  
 Our social monotone of level days,  
 380 Might make our best seem banishment,  
     But it was nothing so;  
     Haply his instinct might divine,  
 Beneath our drift of puritanic snow,  
     The marvel sensitive and fine  
 385 Of sanguinaria overrash to blow  
 And warm its shyness in an air benign;  
 Well might he prize truth's warranty and pledge

In the grim outcrop of our granite edge,  
 The Hebrew fervor flashing forth at need  
 390 In the stiff sons of Calvin's iron breed,  
 As prompt to give as skilled to win and keep;  
 But, though such intuitions might not cheer,  
 Yet life was good to him, and, there or here,  
 With that sufficing joy, the day was never cheap;  
 395 Thereto his mind was its own ample sphere,  
 And, like those buildings great that through the  
       year  
 Carry one temperature, his nature large  
 Made its own climate, nor could any marge  
 Traced by convention stay him from his bent:  
 400 He had a habitude of mountain air;  
 He brought wide outlook where he went,  
       And could on sunny uplands dwell  
 Of prospect sweeter than the pastures fair  
       High-hung of viny Neufchâtel,  
 405       Nor, surely, did he miss  
       Some pale, imaginary bliss  
 Of earlier sights whose inner landscape still was Swiss.

## V.

## 1.

I cannot think he wished so soon to die  
 With all his senses full of eager heat,  
 410 And rosy years that stood expectant by  
 To buckle the winged sandals on their feet,—  
 He that was friends with earth, and all her sweet  
 Took with both hands unsparingly:  
 Truly this life is precious to the root,

397. This is said of St. Peter's in Rome.

411. See note to p. 395, l. 12.

- 415 And good the feel of grass beneath the foot;  
 To lie in buttercups and clover-bloom,  
 Tenants in common with the bees,  
 And watch the white clouds drift through gulfs of  
 trees,  
 Is better than long waiting in the tomb;  
 420 Only once more to feel the coming spring  
 As the birds feel it when it makes them sing,  
 Only once more to see the moon  
 Through leaf-fringed abbey-arches of the elms  
 Curve her mild sickle in the West  
 425 Sweet with the breath of hay-cocks, were a boon  
 Worth any promise of soothsayer realms  
 Or casual hope of being elsewhere blest;  
 To take December by the beard  
 And crush the creaking snow with springy foot,  
 430 While overhead the North's dumb streamers shoot,  
 Till Winter fawn upon the cheek endeared;  
 Then the long evening ends  
 Lingered by cozy chimney-nooks,  
 With high companionship of books,  
 435 Or slippered talk of friends  
 And sweet habitual looks,  
 Is better than to stop the ears with dust.  
 Too soon the spectre comes to say, "Thou must!"

## 2.

- When toil-crooked hands are crost upon the breast,  
 440 They comfort us with sense of rest;  
 They must be glad to lie forever still;  
 Their work is ended with their day;  
 Another fills their room; 't is the World's ancient way  
 Whether for good or ill;  
 445 But the deft spinners of the brain,  
 Who love each added day and find it gain,

- Them overtakes the doom  
 To snap the half-grown flower upon the loom  
 (Trophy that was to be of life-long pain),  
 450 The thread no other skill can ever knit again.  
     'T was so with him, for he was glad to live,  
     'T was doubly so, for he left work begun;  
 Could not this eagerness of Fate forgive  
     Till all the allotted flax was spun?  
 455 It matters not; for go at night or noon,  
 A friend, whene'er he dies, has died too soon,  
 And, once we hear the hopeless *He is dead*,  
 So far as flesh hath knowledge, all is said.

## VI.

## 1.

- I seem to see the black procession go:  
 460 That crawling prose of death too well I know,  
 The vulgar paraphrase of glorious woe;  
 I see it wind through that unsightly grove,  
 Once beautiful, but long defaced  
 With granite permanence of cockney taste  
 465 And all those grim disfigurements we love:  
 There, then, we leave him: Him? such costly  
     waste  
 Nature rebels at: and it is not true  
 Of those most precious parts of him we knew:  
 Could we be conscious but as dreamers be,  
 470 'T were sweet to leave this shifting life of tents  
 Sunk in the changeless calm of Deity;  
 Nay, to be mingled with the elements,  
 The fellow-servant of creative powers,

482. Mount Auburn cemetery in Cambridge, where Agassiz  
 lies.

- Partaker in the solemn year's events,  
475 To share the work of busy-fingered hours,  
To be night's silent almoner of dew,  
To rise again in plants and breathe and grow,  
To stream as tides the ocean cavern through,  
Or with the rapture of great winds to blow  
480 About earth's shaken coignes, were not a fate  
To leave us all-disconsolate;  
Even endless slumber in the sweetening sod  
Of charitable earth  
That takes out all our mortal stains,  
485 And makes us clearer neighbors of the clod  
Methinks were better worth  
Than the poor fruit of most men's wakeful pains,  
The heart's insatiable ache:  
But such was not his faith,  
490 Nor mine: it may be he had trod  
Outside the plain old path of *God thus spake*,  
But God to him was very God,  
And not a visionary wraith  
Skulking in murky corners of the mind,  
495 And he was sure to be  
Somehow, somewhere, imperishable as He,  
Not with His essence mystically combined,  
As some high spirits long, but whole and free,  
A perfected and conscious Agassiz.  
500 And such I figure him: the wise of old  
Welcome and own him of their peaceful fold,  
Not truly with the guild enrolled.  
Of him who seeking inward guessed  
Diviner riddles than the rest,  
505 And groping in the darks of thought  
Touched the Great Hand and knew it not;

He rather shares the daily light,  
 From reason's charier fountains won,  
 Of his great chief, the slow-paced Stagyrte,  
 510 And Cuvier clasps once more his long-lost son.

## 2.

The shape erect is prone : forever stilled  
 The winning tongue ; the forehead's high-piled  
 heap,  
 A cairn which every science helped to build,  
 Unvalued will its golden secrets keep:  
 515 He knows at last if Life or Death be best :  
 Wherever he be flown, whatever vest  
 The being hath put on which lately here  
 So many-friended was, so full of cheer  
 To make men feel the Seeker's noble zest,  
 520 We have not lost him all; he is not gone  
 To the dumb herd of them that wholly die;  
 The beauty of his better self lives on  
 In minds he touched with fire, in many an eye  
 He trained to Truth's exact severity;  
 525 He was a Teacher: why be grieved for him  
 Whose living word still stimulates the air ?  
 In endless files shall loving scholars come :  
 The glow of his transmitted touch to share,  
 And trace his features with an eye less dim  
 530 Than ours whose sense familiar wont makes numb.

FLORENCE, ITALY, *February*, 1874.

509. Aristotle, so-called from his birthplace of Stagira in Macedonia.

## RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

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### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

TO many readers the name of Emerson is that of a philosophical prose writer, hard to be understood ; in time to come it will perhaps be wondered at that the introduction of his name in a volume of American Poems should seem to require an explanation or shadow of an apology ; it is likely even that his philosophy will be read and welcomed chiefly for those elements which it has in common with his poetry. His life may be called uneventful as regards external change or adventure. It was passed mainly in Boston and Concord, Massachusetts. He was born in Boston, May 25, 1803. His father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather, were all ministers, and, indeed, on both his father's and mother's side he belongs to a continuous line of ministerial descent from the seventeenth century. At the time of his birth, his father, the Rev. William Emerson, was minister of the First Church congregation, but on his death a few years afterward, Ralph Waldo Emerson, a boy of seven, went to live in the old manse at Concord, where his grandfather had lived when the Concord fight occurred.

The old manse was afterward the home at one time of Hawthorne, who wrote there the stories which he gathered into the volumes, *Mosses from an Old Manse*.

Emerson was graduated at Harvard in 1821, and after teaching a year or two gave himself to the study of divinity. From 1827 to 1832 he preached in Unitarian churches and was for four years a colleague pastor in the Second Church in Boston. He then left the ministry and afterward devoted himself to literature. He travelled abroad in 1833, in 1847, and again in 1872, making friends among the leading thinkers during his first journey, and confirming the friendships when again in Europe ; with the exception of these three journeys and occasional lecturing tours in the United States, he lived quietly at Concord until his death, April 27, 1882.

He had delivered several special addresses, and in his early manhood was an important lecturer in the Lyceum courses which were so popular, especially in New England, forty years ago, but his first published book was *Nature*, in 1839. Subsequent prose writings were his *Essays*, under that title, and in several volumes with specific titles, *Representative Men* and *English Traits*, which last embodies the results of his first two visits to England.

He wrote poems when in college, but his first publication was through *The Dial*, a magazine established in 1840, and the representative of a knot of men and women of whom Emerson was the acknowledged or unacknowledged leader. The first



volume of his poems was published in 1847, and included those by which he is best known, as *The Problem*, *The Sphinx*, *The Rhodora*, *The Humble Bee*, *Hymn Sung at the Completion of the Concord Monument*. After the establishment of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1857 he contributed to it both prose and poetry, and verses published in the early numbers, mere enigmas to some, profound revelations to others, were fruitful of discussion and thought ; his second volume of poems, *May Day and other Pieces*, was not issued until 1867. Since then a volume of his collected poetry has appeared, containing most of those published in the two volumes, and a few in addition. We are told, however, that the published writings of Emerson bear but small proportion to the unpublished. Many lectures have been delivered, but not printed ; many poems written, and a few read, which have never been published. The inference from this, borne out by the marks upon what has been published, is that Mr. Emerson set a high value upon literature, and was jealous of the prerogative of the poet. He is frequently called a seer, and this old word, indicating etymologically its original intention, is applied well to a poet who saw into nature and human life with a spiritual power which made him a marked man in his own time, and one destined to an unrivalled place in literature. He fulfilled Wordsworth's lines, —

“ With an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things.”

I.

THE ADIRONDACS.

A JOURNAL,

DEDICATED TO MY FELLOW-TRAVELLERS IN AUGUST,  
1858.

Wise and polite, — and if I drew  
Their several portraits, you would own  
Chaucer had no such worthy crew  
Nor Boccace in Decameron.

WE crossed Champlain to Keeseville with our  
friends,  
Thence, in strong country carts, rode up the forks  
Of the Ausable stream, intent to reach  
The Adirondac lakes. At Martin's Beach  
5 We chose our boats; each man a boat and guide, —  
Ten men, ten guides, our company all told.

Next morn, we swept with oars the Saranac,  
With skies of benediction, to Round Lake,  
Where all the sacred mountains drew around us,  
10 Taháwus, Seward, MacIntyre, Baldhead,  
And other Titans without muse or name.  
Pleased with these grand companions, we glide  
on,  
Instead of flowers, crowned with a wreath of  
hills,  
And made our distance wider, boat from boat,  
15 As each would hear the oracle alone.

By the bright morn the gay flotilla slid  
 Through files of flags that gleamed like bayonets,  
 Through gold-moth-haunted beds of pickerel-  
     flower,

- Through scented banks of lilies white and gold,  
 20 Where the deer feeds at night, the teal by day,  
 On through the Upper Saranac, and up  
 Père Raquette stream, to a small tortuous pass  
 Winding through grassy shallows in and out,  
 Two creeping miles of rushes, pads, and sponge,  
 25 To Follansbee Water and the Lake of Loons.

- Northward the length of Follansbee we rowed,  
 Under low mountains, whose unbroken ridge  
 Ponderous with beechen forest sloped the shore.  
 A pause and council: then, where near the head  
 30 On the east a bay makes inward to the land  
 Between two rocky arms, we climb the bank,  
 And in the twilight of the forest noon  
 Wield the first axe these echoes ever heard,  
 We cut young trees to make our poles and thwarts,  
 35 Barked the white spruce to weatherfend the roof,  
 Then struck a light, and kindled the camp-fire.

- The wood was sovran with centennial trees —  
 Oak, cedar, maple, poplar, beech and fir,  
 Linden and spruce. In strict society  
 40 Three conifers, white, pitch, and Norway pine,  
 Five-leaved, three-leaved, and two-leaved, grew  
     thereby.

Our patron pine was fifteen feet in girth,  
 The maple eight, beneath its shapely tower.

37. Milton frequently employed the form *sovran* for *sovereign*, although in many editions the spelling has been changed to the longer form.

“ Welcome! ” the wood god murmured through  
the leaves, —

- 45 “ Welcome, though late, unknowing, yet known  
to me.”

Evening drew on; stars peeped through maple-  
boughs,

Which o’erhung, like a cloud, our camping fire.  
Decayed millennial trunks, like moonlight flecks,  
Lit with phosphoric crumbs the forest floor.

- 50 Ten scholars, wonted to lie warm and soft  
In well-hung chambers daintily bestowed,  
Lie here on hemlock boughs, like Sacs and Sioux,  
And greet unanimous the joyful change.  
So fast will Nature acclimate her sons,
- 55 Though late returning to her pristine ways.  
Off soundings, seamen do not suffer cold;  
And, in the forest, delicate clerks, unbrowned,  
Sleep on the fragrant brush as on down-beds.  
Up with the dawn, they fancied the light air
- 60 That circled freshly in their forest dress  
Made them to boys again. Happier that they  
Slipped off their pack of duties, leagues behind,  
At the first mounting of the giant stairs.  
No placard on these rocks warned to the polls,
- 65 No door-bell heralded a visitor,  
No courier waits, no letter came or went,  
Nothing was ploughed, or reaped, or bought, or  
sold;  
The frost might glitter, it would blight no crop,  
The falling rain will spoil no holiday.
- 70 We were made freemen of the forest laws,  
All dressed, like Nature, fit for her own ends,  
Essaying nothing she cannot perform.

- In Adirondac lakes,  
 At morn or noon, the guide rows bareheaded ;  
 75 Shoes, flannel shirt, and kersey trousers make  
 His brief toilette : at night, or in the rain,  
 He dons a surcoat which he doffs at morn :  
 A paddle in the right hand, or an oar,  
 And in the left, a gun, his needful arms.  
 80 By turns we praised the stature of our guides,  
 Their rival strength and suppleness, their skill  
 To row, to swim, to shoot, to build a camp,  
 To climb a lofty stem, clean without boughs  
 Full fifty feet, and bring the eaglet down :  
 85 Temper to face wolf, bear, or catamount,  
 And wit to trap or take him in his lair.  
 Sound, ruddy men, frolic and innocent,  
 In winter, lumberers ; in summer, guides ;  
 Their sinewy arms pull at the oar untired  
 90 Three times ten thousand strokes, from morn to  
 eve.

- Look to yourselves, ye polished gentlemen !  
 No city airs or arts pass current here.  
 Your rank is all reversed : let men of cloth  
 Bow to the stalwart churls in overalls :  
 95 They are the doctors of the wilderness,  
 And we the low-prized laymen.  
 In sooth, red flannel is a saucy test  
 Which few can put on with impunity.  
 What make you, master, fumbling at the oar ?  
 100 Will you catch crabs ? Truth tries pretensions  
 here.  
 The sallow knows the basket-maker's thumb ;  
 The oar, the guide's. Dare you accept the task  
 He shall impose, to find a spring, trap foxes,  
 Tell the sun's time, determine the true north,

- 105 Or stumbling on through vast self-similar woods  
To thread by night the nearest way to camp?

Ask you, how went the hours?

All day we swept the lake, searched every cove,  
North from Camp Maple, south to Osprey Bay,

- 110 Watching when the loud dogs should drive in  
deer,

Or whipping its rough surface for a trout;  
Or bathers, diving from the rock at noon;  
Challenging Echo by our guns and cries;  
Or listening to the laughter of the loon;

- 115 Or, in the evening twilight's latest red,  
Beholding the procession of the pines;  
Or, later yet, beneath a lighted jack,  
In the boat's bows, a silent night-hunter  
Stealing with paddle to the feeding-grounds

- 120 Of the red deer, to aim at a square mist.  
Hark to that muffled roar! a tree in the woods  
Is fallen: but hush! it has not scared the buck

114. Thoreau, in *Walden*, has an admirable account of the loon and its habits. "His usual note was this demoniac laughter, yet somewhat like that of a water-fowl; but occasionally, when he had balked me most successfully and come up a long way off, he uttered a long drawn, unearthly howl, probably more like that of a wolf than any bird; as when a beast puts his muzzle to the ground and deliberately howls. This was his looning, — perhaps the wildest sound that is ever heard here, making the woods ring far and wide. I concluded that he laughed in derision at my efforts, confident of his own resources." Page 254.

116. One of Mr. Emerson's companions in this excursion, Stillman the artist, painted *The Procession of the Pines*, the aspect, so familiar to the woodman, of a line of pines upon a hill-top outlined against the evening sky, and seeming to be marching solemnly.

Who stands astonished at the meteor light,  
Then turns to bound away, — is it too late?

- 125 Sometimes we tried our rifles at a mark,  
Six rods, sixteen, twenty, or forty-five;  
Sometimes our wits at sally and retort,  
With laughter sudden as the crack of rifle;  
Or parties scaled the near acclivities  
130 Competing seekers of a rumored lake,  
Whose unauthenticated waves we named  
Lake Probability, — our carbuncle,  
Long sought, not found.

- Two Doctors in the camp  
Dissected the slain deer, weighed the trout's brain,  
135 Captured the lizard, salamander, shrew,  
Crab, mice, snail, dragon-fly, minnow, and moth  
Insatiate skill in water or in air  
Waved the scoop-net, and nothing came amiss;  
The while, one leaden pot of alcohol  
140 Gave an impartial tomb to all the kinds.  
Not less the ambitious botanist sought plants,  
Orchis and gentian, fern, and long whip-scirpus,  
Rosy polygonum, lake-margin's pride,  
Hypnum and hydnum, mushroom, sponge, and  
moss,  
145 Or harebell nodding in the gorge of falls.  
Above, the eagle flew, the osprey screamed,  
The raven croaked, owls hooted, the woodpecker  
Loud hammered, and the heron rose in the swamp  
As water poured through hollows of the hills  
150 To feed this wealth of lakes and rivulets,  
So Nature shed all beauty lavishly  
From her redundant horn.

132. See Hawthorne's story of *The Great Carbuncle*.

- Lords of this realm,  
Bounded by dawn and sunset, and the day  
Rounded by hours where each outdid the last
- 155 In miracles of pomp, we must be proud,  
As if associates of the sylvan gods.  
We seemed the dwellers of the zodiac,  
So pure the Alpine element we breathed,  
So light, so lofty pictures came and went.
- 160 We trode on air, contemned the distant town,  
Its timorous ways, big trifles, and we planned  
That we should build, hard-by, a spacious lodge,  
And how we should come hither with our sons,  
Hereafter, — willing they, and more adroit.
- 165 Hard fare, hard bed, and comic misery, —  
The midge, the blue-fly, and the mosquito  
Painted our necks, hands, ankles, with red bands:  
But, on the second day, we heeded them not,  
Nay, we saluted them Auxiliaries,
- 170 Whom earlier we had chid with spiteful names.  
For who defends our leafy tabernacle  
From bold intrusion of the travelling crowd, —  
Who but the midge, mosquito, and the fly,  
Which past endurance sting the tender cit,
- 175 But which we learn to scatter with a smudge,  
Or baffle by a veil, or slight by scorn?

- Our foaming ale we drank from hunters' pans,  
Ale, and a sup of wine. Our steward gave  
Venison and trout, potatoes, beans, wheat-bread;
- 180 All ate like abbots, and, if any missed  
Their wonted convenience, cheerly hid the loss  
With hunter's appetite and peals of mirth.  
And Stillman, our guides' guide, and Commodore,
183. Stillman left his own record of this excursion in a prose



Crusoe, Crusader, Pius Æneas, said aloud,  
 185 "Chronic dyspepsia never came from eating  
 Food indigestible:" — then murmured some,  
 Others applauded him who spoke the truth.

Nor doubt but visitings of graver thought  
 Checked in these souls the turbulent heyday  
 195 'Mid all the hints and glories of the home.  
 For who can tell what sudden privacies  
 Were sought and found, amid the hue and cry  
 Of scholars furloughed from their tasks, and let  
 Into this Oreads' fended Paradise,  
 195 As chapels in the city's thoroughfares,  
 Whither gaunt Labor slips to wipe his brow,  
 And meditate a moment on Heaven's rest.  
 Judge with what sweet surprises Nature spoke  
 To each apart, lifting her lovely shows  
 200 To spiritual lessons pointed home.  
 And as through dreams in watches of the night,  
 So through all creatures in their form and ways  
 Some mystic hint accosts the vigilant.  
 Not clearly voiced, but waking a new sense  
 205 Inviting to new knowledge, one with old.  
 Hark to that petulant chirp! what ails the war-  
       bler?  
 Mark his capricious ways to draw the eye.  
 Now soar again. What wilt thou, restless bird,  
 Seeking in that chaste blue a bluer light,  
 210 Thirsting in that pure for a purer sky?

And presently the sky is changed; O World!  
 What pictures and what harmonies are thine!

paper, *The Subjective of It*, published in *The Atlantic Monthly*  
 for December, 1858. In that paper he speaks of the procession  
 of the pines.

- The clouds are rich and dark, the air serene,  
So like the soul of me, what if 't were me?
- 215 A melancholy better than all mirth.  
Comes the sweet sadness at the retrospect,  
Or at the foresight of obscurer years?  
Like yon slow-sailing cloudy promontory,  
Whereon the purple iris dwells in beauty
- 220 Superior to all its gaudy skirts.  
And, that no day of life may lack romance,  
The spiritual stars rise nightly, shedding down  
A private beam into each several heart.  
Daily the bending skies solicit man,
- 225 The seasons chariot him from this exile,  
The rainbow hours bedeck his glowing chair,  
The storm-winds urge the heavy weeks along,  
Suns haste to set, that so remoter lights  
Beckon the wanderer to his vaster home.
- 230 With a vermilion pencil mark the day  
When of our little fleet three cruising skiffs  
Entering Big Tupper, bound for the foaming Falls  
Of loud Bog River, suddenly confront  
Two of our mates returning with swift oars.
- 235 One held a printed journal waving high  
Caught from a late-arriving traveller,  
Big with great news, and shouted the report  
For which the world had waited, now firm fact,  
Of the wire-cable laid beneath the sea,
- 240 And landed on our coast, and pulsating  
With ductile fire. Loud, exulting cries  
From boat to boat, and to the echoes round,
239. It will be remembered that it was in August, 1858, when  
the first Atlantic Cable was laid and the first message trans-  
mitted, proving the feasibility of the connection, though the  
cable was imperfect, and a second one became necessary.

Greet the glad miracle. Thought's new-found  
path

Shall supplement henceforth all trodden ways,

- 245 Match God's equator with a zone of art,  
And lift man's public action to a height  
Worthy the enormous cloud of witnesses,  
When linkèd hemispheres attest his deed.  
We have few moments in the longest life

- 250 Of such delight and wonder as there grew, —  
Nor yet unsuited to that solitude:

A burst of joy, as if we told the fact  
To ears intelligent; as if gray rock  
And cedar grove and cliff and lake should know

- 255 This feat of wit, this triumph of mankind;  
As if we men were talking in a voin  
Of sympathy so large, that ours was theirs,  
And a prime end of the most subtle element  
Were fairly reached at last. Wake, echoing  
caves!

- 260 Bend nearer, faint day-moon! Yon thundertops,  
Let them hear well! 't is theirs as much as ours.

A spasm throbbing through the pedestals  
Of Alp and Andes, isle and continent,  
Urging astonished Chaos with a thrill

- 265 To be a brain, or serve the brain of man.  
The lightning has run masterless too long;  
He must to school, and learn his verb and noun,  
And teach his nimbleness to earn his wage,  
Spelling with guided tongue man's messages  
270 Shot through the weltering pit of the salt sea.  
And yet I marked, even in the manly joy  
Of our great-hearted Doctor in his boat,  
(Perchance I erred,) a shade of discontent;  
Or was it for mankind a generous shame,

- 175 As of a luck not quite legitimate,  
Since fortune snatched from wit the lion's part?  
Was it a college pique of town and gown,  
As one within whose memory it burned  
That not academicians, but some lout,  
280 Found ten years since the Californian gold?  
And now, again, a hungry company  
Of traders, led by corporate sons of trade,  
Perversely borrowing from the shop the tools  
Of science, not from the philosophers,  
285 Had won the brightest laurel of all time.  
'T was always thus, and will be ; hand and head  
Are ever rivals: but, though this be swift,  
The other slow, — this the Prometheus,  
And that the Jove, — yet, howsoever hid,  
290 It was from Jove the other stole his fire,  
And, without Jove, the good had never been.  
It is not Iroquois or cannibals,  
But ever the free race with front sublime,  
And these instructed by their wisest too,  
295 Who do the feat, and lift humanity.  
Let not him mourn who best entitled was,  
Nay, mourn not one: let him exult,  
Yea, plant the tree that bears best apples, plant,  
And water it with wine, nor watch askance  
300 Whether thy sons or strangers eat the fruit :  
Enough that mankind eat, and are refreshed.

We flee away from cities, but we bring  
The best of cities with us, these learned classifiers,  
Men knowing what they seek, armed eyes of ex-  
perts.

- 305 We praise the guide, we praise the forest life;  
But will we sacrifice our dear-bought lore  
Of books and arts and trained experiment,

- Or count the Sioux a match for Agassiz?  
Oh no, not we! Witness the shout that shook  
310 Wild Tupper Lake; witness the mute all-hail  
The joyful traveller gives, when on the verge  
Of craggy Indian wilderness he hears  
From a log-cabin stream Beethoven's notes  
On the piano, played with master's hand.  
315 "Well done!" he cries: "the bear is kept at bay  
The lynx, the rattlesnake, the flood, the fire;  
All the fierce enemies, ague, hunger, cold,  
This thin spruce roof, this clayed log-wall,  
This wild plantation will suffice to chase.  
320 Now speed the gay celerities of art,  
What in the desert was impossible  
Within four walls is possible again, —  
Culture and libraries, mysteries of skill,  
Traditioned fame of masters, eager strife  
325 Of keen competing youths, joined or alone  
To outdo each other and extort applause.  
Mind wakes a new-born giant from her sleep.  
Twirl the old wheels! Time takes fresh start again  
On for a thousand years of genius more."
- 330 The holidays were fruitful, but must end;  
One August evening had a cooler breath;  
Into each mind intruding duties crept;  
Under the cinders burned the fires of home;  
Nay, letters found us in our paradise;  
335 So in the gladness of the new event  
We struck our camp, and left the happy hills.  
The fortunate star that rose on us sank not;  
The prodigal sunshine rested on the land,  
The rivers gambolled onward to the sea,  
340 And Nature the inscrutable and mute,  
Permitted on her infinite repose

Almost a smile to steal to cheer her sons,  
As if one riddle of the Sphinx were guessed.

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## II.

## THE TITMOUSE.

You shall not be overbold  
When you deal with arctic cold,  
As late I found my lukewarm blood  
Chilled wading in the snow-choked wood.  
5 How should I fight? my foeman fine  
Has million arms to one of mine:  
East, west, for aid I looked in vain,  
East, west, north, south, are his domain.  
Miles off, three dangerous miles, is home ;  
10 Must borrow his winds who there would come.  
Up and away for life ! be fleet ! —  
The frost-king ties my fumbling feet,  
Sings in my ears, my hands are stones,  
Curdles the blood to the marble bones,

343. The Sphinx in classical mythology was a monster having a human head, a lion's body, and sometimes fabled as winged. It used to propose a question to the Thebans and murder all who could not guess it. The riddle was,—

“ What goes on four feet, on two feet, and three,  
But the more feet it goes on the weaker it be ? ”

Edipus gave the answer that it was man, going on four feet as a child, and when old using a staff which made the third foot. But the Sphinx's riddle in the old poetry and in the serious modern acceptation is nothing less than the whole problem of human life.

- 15 Tugs at the heart-strings, numbs the sense,  
And hems in life with narrowing fence.  
Well, in this broad bed lie and sleep,  
The punctual stars will vigil keep,  
Embalmed by purifying cold,  
20 The winds shall sing their dead-march old,  
The snow is no ignoble shroud,  
The moon thy mourner, and the cloud.

- Softly, — but this way fate was pointing,  
'T was coming fast to such anointing,  
25 When piped a tiny voice hard by,  
Gay and polite, a cheerful cry,  
*Chic-chicadeedee!* saucy note  
Out of sound heart and merry throat,  
As if it said, " Good day, good sir !  
30 Fine afternoon, old passenger!  
Happy to meet you in these places,  
Where January brings few faces."

- This poet, though he live apart,  
Moved by his hospitable heart,  
35 Sped, when I passed his sylvan fort,  
To do the honors of his court,  
As fits a feathered lord of land ;  
Flew near, with soft wing grazed my hand,  
Hopped on the bough, then, darting low,  
40 Prints his small impress on the snow,  
Shows feats of his gymnastic play,  
Head downward, clinging to the spray.

- Here was this atom in full breath,  
Hurling defiance at vast death;  
45 This scrap of valor just for play  
Fronts the north-wind in waistcoat gray,

- As if to shame my weak behavior ;  
I greeted loud my little saviour,  
" You pet! what dost here? and what for ?  
50 In these woods, thy small Labrador,  
At this pinch, wee San Salvador!  
What fire burns in that little chest  
So frolic, stout, and self-possessed?  
Henceforth I wear no stripe but thine ;  
55 Ashes and jet all hues outshine.  
Why are not diamonds black and gray,  
To ape thy dare-devil array?  
And I affirm, the spacious North  
Exists to draw thy virtue forth.  
60 I think no virtue goes with size ;  
The reason of all cowardice  
Is, that men are overgrown,  
And, to be valiant, must come down  
To the titmouse dimension."
- 65 'Tis good-will makes intelligence,  
And I began to catch the sense  
Of my bird's song : " Live out of doors  
In the great woods, on prairie floors.  
I dine in the sun; when he sinks in the sea,  
70 I too have a hole in a hollow tree;  
And I like less when Summer beats  
With stifling beams on these retreats,  
Than noontide twilights which snow makes  
With tempest of the blinding flakes.  
75 For well the soul, if stout within,  
Can arm impregnably the skin;  
And polar frost my frame defied,  
Made of the air that blows outside."
76. The titmouse's frame made of the outer air to his fancy —  
so light, free, and strong as it is — can well defy polar frost.



- With glad remembrance of my debt,  
 80 I homeward turn; farewell, my pet!  
 When here again thy pilgrim comes,  
 He shall bring store of seeds and crumba.  
 Doubt not, so long as earth has bread,  
 Thou first and foremost shalt be fed;  
 85 The Providence that is most large  
 Takes hearts like thine in special charge,  
 Helps who for their own need are strong,  
 And the sky dotes on cheerful song.  
 Henceforth I prize thy wiry chant  
 90 O'er all that mass and minster vaunt;  
 For men mis-hear thy call in spring,  
 As 't would accost some frivolous wing,  
 Crying out of the hazel copse, *Phe-be!*  
 And, in winter, *Chic-a-dee-dee!*  
 95 I think old Cæsar must have heard  
 In northern Gaul my dauntless bird,  
 And, echoed in some frosty wold,  
 Borrowed thy battle-numbers bold.  
 And I will write our annals new,  
 100 And thank thee for a better clew,  
 I, who dreamed not when I came here  
 To find the antidote of fear,  
 Now hear thee say in Roman key,  
*Pæan! Veni, vidi, vici.*

14. Plutarch in his *Life of Julius Cæsar*, relates that, after Cæsar's victory over Pharnaces at Zela in Asia Minor, "when he gave a friend of his at Rome an account of this action, to express the promptness and rapidity of it, he used three words, 'came, saw, and conquered, which in Latin having all the same cadence, carry with them a very suitable air of brevity.'"

## III.

## MONADNOC.

THOUSAND minstrels woke within me,

"Our music's in the hills;" —

Gayest pictures rose to win me,  
Leopard-colored rills.

- 5 "Up! — If thou knew'st who calls  
To twilight parks of beech and pine,  
High over the river intervals,  
Above the ploughman's highest line,  
Over the owner's farthest walls!

- 10 Up! where the airy citadel  
O'erlooks the surging landscape's swell!  
Let not unto the stones the Day  
Her lily and rose, her sea and land display;  
Read the celestial sign'

- 15 Lo! the south answers to the north;  
Bookworm, break this sloth urbane;  
A greater spirit bids thee forth  
Than the gray dreams which thee detain.

10. Any one who has stood upon the summit of Monadnoc, in Cheshire County, southern New Hampshire, would feel the significance not only of the *surging landscape's swell*, but of the airy citadel, since the crest of the mountain is a pinnacle of stone, built up almost like a fortress.

12. That is, let not the insensate stones be the only recipients of the splendors which the light reveals.

16. The use of *urbane* is a recall of the first meaning of the word which is more distinct in *urban*. As a city (*urbs*) gives politeness, urbanity, and the country (*rus*), gives rusticity, here the sloth urbane is the indolence as regards nature which clings to a person too confined within city limits of interest.

- Mark how the climbing Oreads  
 20 Beckon thee to their arcades!  
 Youth, for a moment free as they,  
 Teach thy feet to feel the ground,  
 Ere yet arrives the wintry day  
 When Time thy feet has bound.  
 25 Take the bounty of thy birth,  
 Taste the lordship of the earth."

- I heard, and I obeyed, —  
 Assured that he who made the claim,  
 Well known, but loving not a name,  
 30 Was not to be gainsaid.

- Ere yet the summoning voice was still,  
 I turned to Cheshire's haughty hill.  
 From the fixed cone the cloud-rack flowed  
 Like ample banner flung abroad  
 35 To all the dwellers in the plains  
 Round about, a hundred miles,  
 With salutation to the sea, and to the bordering  
 isles.

- In his own loom's garment dressed,  
 By his proper bounty blessed,  
 40 Fast abides this constant giver,  
 Pouring many a cheerful river;  
 To far eyes, an aerial isle  
 Unploughed, which finer spirits pile,  
 Which morn and crimson evening paint  
 45 For bard, for lover, and for saint;

29. Though we give it no name, the longing for the free country and the mountain height is no stranger to men's hearts.

33. See note to p. 167, l. 952.

43. The rocky summit is the base upon which masses of clouds are piled high.

- The people's pride, the country's core,  
 Inspirer, prophet evermore;  
 Pillar which God aloft had set  
 So that men might it not forget;  
 50 It should be their life's ornament,  
 And mix itself with each event;  
 Gauge and calendar and dial,  
 Weatherglass and chemic phial,  
 Garden of berries, perch of birds,  
 55 Pasture of pool-haunting herds,  
 Graced by each change of sum untold,  
 Earth-baking heat, stone-cleaving cold.

- The Titan heeds his sky-affairs,  
 Rich rents and wide alliance shares;  
 60 Mysteries of color daily laid  
 By the sun in light and shade;  
 And sweet varieties of chance,  
 And the mystic seasons' dance;  
 And thief-like step of liberal hours  
 65 Thawing snow-drift into flowers.  
 Oh, wondrous craft of plant and stone  
 By eldest science wrought and shown !  
 "Happy," I said, "whose home is here !  
 Fair fortunes to the mountaineer!  
 70 Boon Nature to his poorest shed  
 Has royal pleasure-grounds outspread."  
 Intent, I searched the region round,  
 And in low hut my monarch found:—  
 Woe is me for my hope's downfall !  
 75 Is yonder squalid peasant all  
 That this proud nursery could breed  
 For God's vicegerency and stead ?

- Time out of mind, this forge of ores;  
 Quarry of spars in mountain pores;  
 80 Old cradle, hunting-ground, and bier  
 Of wolf and otter, bear and deer;  
 Well-built abode of many a race;  
 Tower of observance searching space;  
 Factory of river and of rain;  
 85 Link in the alps' globe-girding chain;  
 By million changes skilled to tell  
 What in the Eternal standeth well,  
 And what obedient Nature can; —  
 Is this colossal talisman  
 90 Kindly to plant, and blood, and kind,  
 But speechless to the master's mind?  
 I thought to find the patriots  
 In whom the stock of freedom roots;  
 To myself I oft recount  
 95 Tales of many a famous mount, —  
 Wales, Scotland, Uri, Hungary's dells;  
 Bards, Roys, Scanderbega, and Tells.  
 Here Nature shall condense her powers,  
 Her music, and her meteors,  
 100 And lifting man to the blue deep  
 Where stars their perfect courses keep,  
 Like wise preceptor, lure his eye  
 To sound the science of the sky,  
 And carry learning to its height  
 105 Of untried power and sane delight:  
 The Indian cheer, the frosty skies,  
 Rear purer wits, inventive eyes, —

96. The places of this line have their heroes in the next, bards in Wales, Rob Roy in Scotland, William Tell in Uri; Scanderbeg (Iskander-beg, i. e., Alexander the Great) is the name given by the Turks to the Robin Hood of Epirus, George Castriota, 1414-1467.

- Eyes that frame cities where none be,  
 And hands that stablish what these see;  
 110 And by the moral of his place  
 Hint summits of heroic grace;  
 Man in these crags a fastness find  
 To fight pollution of the mind;  
 In the wide thaw and ooze of wrong,  
 115 Adhere like this foundation strong,  
 The insanity of towns to stem  
 With simpleness for stratagem.  
 But if the brave old mould is broke,  
 And end in churls the mountain folk,  
 120 In tavern cheer and tavern joke,  
 Sink, O mountain, in the swamp!  
 Hide in thy skies, O sovereign lamp!  
 Perish like leaves, the highland breed;  
 No sire survive, no son succeed!
- 125 Soft! let not the offended muse  
 Toil's hard hap with scorn accuse.  
 Many hamlets sought I then,  
 Many farms of mountain men.  
 Rallying round a parish steeple  
 130 Nestle warm the highland people,  
 Coarse and boisterous, yet mild,  
 Strong as giant, slow as child.  
 Sweat and season are their arts,  
 Their talismans are ploughs and carts;  
 135 And well the youngest can command  
 Honey from the frozen land;  
 With clover heads the swamp adorn,  
 Change the running sand to corn;  
 For wolf and fox bring lowing herds,  
 140 And for cold mosses, cream and curds;  
 Weave wood to canisters and mats;  
 Drain sweet maple juice in vats.

- No bird is safe that cuts the air  
From their rifle or their snare;  
145 No fish, in river or in lake,  
But their long hands it thence will take;  
Whilst the country's flinty face,  
Like wax, their fashioning skill betrays,  
To fill the hollows, sink the hills,  
150 Bridge gulfs, drain swamps, build dams and mills  
And fit the bleak and howling waste  
For homes of virtue, sense, and taste.  
The World-soul knows his own affair,  
Forelooking, when he would prepare  
155 For the next ages, men of mould  
Well embodied, well ensouled,  
He cools the present's fiery glow,  
Sets the life-pulse strong but slow :  
Bitter winds and fasts austere  
160 His quarantines and grottos, where  
He slowly cures decrepit flesh,  
And brings it infantile and fresh.  
Toil and tempest are the toys  
And games to breathe his stalwart boys:  
165 They bide their time, and well can prove,  
If need were, their line from Jove;  
Of the same stuff, and so allayed,  
As that whereof the sun is made,  
And of the fibre, quick and strong,  
170 Whose throbs are love, whose thrills are song.

Now in sordid weeds they sleep,  
In dulness now their secret keep;  
Yet, will you learn our ancient speech,  
These the masters who can teach.

153. See Emerson's poem of the *World-Soul*.

- 175 Fourscore or a hundred words  
 All their vocal muse affords;  
 But they turn them in a fashion  
 Past clerks' or statesmen's art or passion.  
 I can spare the college bell,  
 180 And the learned lecture, well;  
 Spare the clergy and libraries,  
 Institutes and dictionaries,  
 For what hardy Saxon root  
 Thrives here, unvalued, underfoot.  
 185 Rude poets of the tavern hearth,  
 Squandering your unquoted mirth,  
 Which keeps the ground, and never soars,  
 While Jake retorts, and Reuben roars:  
 Scoff of yeoman strong and stark,  
 190 Goes like bullet to its mark;  
 While the solid curse and jeer  
 Never baulk the waiting ear.

On the summit as I stood,  
 O'er the floor of plain and flood  
 195 Seemed to me, the towering hill  
 Was not altogether still,  
 But a quiet sense conveyed;  
 If I err not, thus it said:—

175. "The vocabulary of a rich and long-cultivated language like the English may be roughly estimated at about one hundred thousand words (although this excludes a great deal which, if 'English' were understood in its widest sense, would have to be counted in); but thirty thousand is a very large estimate for the number ever used, in writing or speaking, by a well-educated man; three to five thousand, it has been carefully estimated, cover the ordinary need of cultivated intercourse; and the number acquired by persons of lowest training and narrowest information is considerably less than this." *The Life and Growth of Language*, by W. D. Whitney, p. 23.



- “Many feet in summer seek,  
200 Oft, my far-appearing peak;  
In the dreaded winter time,  
None save dappling shadows climb,  
Under clouds, my lonely head,  
Old as the sun, old almost as the shade.  
205 And comest thou  
To see strange forest and new snow,  
And tread uplifted land?  
And leavest thou thy lowland race,  
Here amid clouds to stand?  
210 And wouldst be my companion,  
Where I gaze, and still shall gaze,  
Through hoarding nights and spending days,  
When forests fall, and man is gone,  
Over tribes and over times,  
215 At the burning Lyre,  
Nearing me,  
With its stars of northern fire,  
In many a thousand years?

- “Ah! welcome, if thou bring  
220 My secret in thy brain;  
To mountain-top may Muse's wing  
With good allowance strain.  
Gentle pilgrim, if thou know  
The gamut old of Pan,  
225 And how the hills began,  
The frank blessings of the hill  
Fall on thee, as fall they will.

- “Let him heed who can and will;  
Enchantment fixed me here  
230 To stand the hurts of time, until  
In mightier chant I disappear.

- “ If thou trowest  
How the chemic eddies play,  
Pole to pole, and what they say ;  
235 And that these gray crags  
Not on crags are hung,  
But beads are of a rosary  
On prayer and music strung;  
And, credulous, through the granite seeming,  
240 Seest the smile of Reason beaming ;—  
Can thy style-discerning eye  
The hidden-working Builder spy,  
Who builds, yet makes no chips, no din,  
With hammer soft as snowflake’s flight ;—  
245 Knowest thou this ?  
O pilgrim, wandering not amiss !  
Already my rocks lie light,  
And soon my cone will spin.

- “ For the world was built in order,  
250 And the atoms march in tune ;  
Rhyme the pipe, and Time the warder,  
The sun obeys them, and the moon.  
Orb and atom forth they prance,  
When they hear from far the rune,  
255 None so backward in the troop,  
When the music and the dance  
Reach his place and circumstance,  
But knows the sun-creating sound,  
And, though a pyramid, will bound.

- 260 “ Monadnoc is a mountain strong,  
Tall and good my kind among ;  
But well I know, no mountain can,  
Zion or Meru, measure with man.

263. *Meru* is a fabulous mountain in the centre of the world, eighty thousand leagues high, the abode of Vishnu, and a per-

- For it is on zodiacs writ,  
 265 Adamant is soft to wit:  
 And when the greater comes again  
 With my secret in his brain,  
 I shall pass, as glides my shadow  
 Daily over hill and meadow.
- 270 "Through all time, in light, in gloom,  
 Well I hear the approaching feet  
 On the flinty pathway beat  
 Of him that cometh, and shall come;  
 Of him who shall as lightly bear  
 275 My daily load of woods and streams,  
 As doth this round sky-cleaving boat  
 Which never strains its rocky beams;  
 Whose timbers, as they silent float,  
 Alps and Caucasus uprear,  
 280 And the long Alleghanies here,  
 And all town-sprinkled lands that be,  
 Sailing through stars with all their history.
- "Every morn I lift my head,  
 See New England underspread,  
 285 South from Saint Lawrence to the Sound  
 From Katskill east to the sea-bound.  
 Anchored fast for many an age,  
 I await the bard and sage,  
 Who, in large thoughts, like fair pearl-seed,  
 290 Shall string Monadnoc like a bead.

fect paradise. It may be termed the Hindû Olympus. These lines are in the spirit of the German philosopher Hegel's dictum, that one thought of man outweighed all nature.

276. In this bold figure the earth, with its mountains and town-sprinkled lands, is made the image of the lofty mind which dwells among the higher thoughts, and carries the mountain in its hands as a very little thing.

- Comes that cheerful troubadour,  
 This mound shall throb his face before,  
 As when, with inward fires and pain,  
 It rose a bubble from the plain.
- 295 When he cometh, I shall shed,  
 From this wellspring in my head,  
 Fountain-drop of spicier worth .  
 Than all vintage of the earth.  
 There 's fruit upon my barren soil
- 300 Costlier far than wine or oil.  
 There 's a berry blue and gold, —  
 Autumn-ripe, its juices hold  
 Sparta's stoutness, Bethlehem's heart,  
 Asia's rancor, Athens' art,
- 305 Slowsure Britain's secular might,  
 And the German's inward sight.  
 I will give my son to eat  
 Best of Pan's immortal meat,  
 Bread to eat, and juice to drain,
- 310 So the coinage of his brain  
 Shall not be forms of stars, but stars,  
 Nor pictures pale, but Jove and Mars.  
 He comes, but not of that race bred  
 Who daily climb my specular head.
- 315 Oft as morning wreathes my scarf,  
 Fled the last plumule of the Dark,  
 Pants up hither the spruce clerk  
 From South Cove and City Wharf.  
 I take him up my rugged sides,
- 320 Half-repentant, scant of breath, —  
 Bead-eyes my granite chaos show,

†15. The *scarf* is the vesture of the mountain, and the light of the morning, revealing it, may be said to wind it about the mountain ; or it may be the wreathing vapor.

‡21. I show the little clerk with his bead-eyes my granite chaos and the glittering quartz which is my midsummer snow.

- And my midsummer snow;  
 Open the daunting map beneath, —  
 All his county, sea and land,  
 325 Dwarfed to measure of his hand;  
 His day's ride is a furlong space,  
 His city-tops a glimmering haze.  
 I plant his eyes on the sky-hoop bounding:  
 ' See there the grim gray rounding  
 330 Of the bullet of the earth  
 Whereon ye sail,  
 Tumbling steep  
 In the uncontinented deep.'  
 He looks on that, and he turns pale.  
 335 'Tis even so, this treacherous kite,  
 Farm-furrowed, town-incrusted sphere,  
 Thoughtless of its anxious freight,  
 Plunges eyeless on forever;  
 And he, poor parasite,  
 340 Cooped in a ship he cannot steer, —  
 Who is the captain he knows not,  
 Port or pilot trows not, —  
 Risk or ruin he must share.  
 I scowl on him with my cloud,  
 345 With my north wind chill his blood;  
 I lame him, clattering down the rocks;  
 And to live he is in fear.  
 Then, at last, I let him down  
 Once more into his dapper town,

329. The small-souled man whom the mountain is jeering is bidden scan the horizon and see the immensity of the universe in which his little earth is rolling. The petty soul trembles before this vastness as the looked for mighty one was to comprehend and weigh it all in his balances. The contrast is between the blind animal-man, overpowered by nature, and the god-like soul-man serenely ruling nature.

- 350 To chatter, frightened, to his clan,  
And forget me if he can."

As in the old poetic fame  
The gods are blind and lame,  
And the simular despite

- 355 Betrays the more abounding might,  
So call not waste that barren cone  
Above the floral zone,  
Where forests starve :  
It is pure use ; —

- 360 What sheaves like those which here we glean and  
bind  
Of a celestial Ceres and the Muse?

Ages are thy days,  
Thou grand affirmer of the present tense,  
And type of permanence !

- 365 Firm ensign of the fatal Being,  
Amid these coward shapes of joy and grief,  
That will not bide the seeing !  
Hither we bring

Our insect miseries to thy rocks ;

- 370 And the whole flight, with folded wing,  
Vanish, and end their murmuring, —  
Vanish beside these dedicated blocks,  
Which who can tell what mason laid ?

Spoils of a front none need restore,

- 375 Replacing frieze and architrave ; —  
Yet flowers each stone rosette and metope brave ;

362. *Fame*, common story.

374. In remote allusion to the removal to England of the Elgin marbles from the Parthenon at Athens ; there was much discussion as to the right of England to these spoils, which were granted by the Turkish government, and a murmur in Greece after independence was obtained, that they should be restored.

Still is the haughty pile erect  
Of the old building Intellect.

- Complement of human kind,  
 380 Having us at vantage still,  
 Our sumptuous indigence,  
 O barren mound, thy plenties fill !  
 We fool and prate ;  
 Thou art silent and sedate.  
 385 To myriad kinds and times one sense  
 The constant mountain doth dispense ;  
 Shedding on all its snows and leaves,  
 One joy it joys, one grief it grieves.  
 Thou seest, O watchman tall,  
 390 Our towns and races grow and fall,  
 And imagest the stable good  
 In shifting form the formless mind,  
 And though the substance us elude,  
 We in thee the shadow find.  
 395 Thou, in our astronomy  
 An opaker star,  
 Seen haply from afar,  
 Above the horizon's hoop,  
 A moment, by the railway troop,  
 400 As o'er some bolder height they speed, —  
 By circumspect ambition,  
 By errant gain,  
 By feasters and the frivolous, —  
 Recallest us,  
 405 And makest sane.

393. The mountain is but the image of the stable good : that good is the invisible substance, of which the mountain is the visible shadow. The good is ever shifting to us, but the type of good is fixed.

401. *Circumspect ambition, errant, i. e., travelling gain, feasters, and frivolous*, — these are all part of the railway troop.

Mute orator! well skilled to plead,  
And send conviction without phrase,  
Thou dost succor and remede  
The shortness of our days,  
410 And promise, on thy Founder's truth,  
Long morrow to this mortal youth.



## APPENDIX.

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[LOWELL's poem on Agassiz presents many aspects of that remarkable man. The stimulus which he gave in this country to scientific research was followed by results in other departments of human learning, for the method employed in scientific study finds an application in history and literature also. In the study of literature the first lesson is in the power of seeing what lies before the student on the printed page, and the following sketch, which was published shortly after Agassiz's death, is given here, both because it is so entertaining an account of a student's experience, and because it points so clearly to the secret of all success in study, both of science and of literature.]

### IN THE LABORATORY WITH AGASSIZ.

BY A FORMER PUPIL.

IT WAS more than fifteen years ago that I entered the laboratory of Professor Agassiz, and told him I had enrolled my name in the scientific school as a student of natural history. He asked me a few questions about my object in coming, my antecedents generally, the mode in which I afterwards proposed to use the knowledge I might acquire, and finally, whether I wished to study any special branch. To the latter I replied that while I wished to be well grounded in all departments of zoölogy, I purposed to devote myself specially to insects.

"When do you wish to begin?" he asked.

"Now," I replied.

This seemed to please him, and with an energetic "Very well," he reached from a shelf a huge jar of specimens in yellow alcohol.

"Take this *fish*," said he, "and look at it; we call it a *Hæmulon*; by and by I will ask what you have seen."

With that he left me, but in a moment returned with explicit instructions as to the care of the object intrusted to me.

"No man is fit to be a naturalist," said he, "who does not know how to take care of specimens."

I was to keep the fish before me in a tin tray, and occasionally moisten the surface with alcohol from the jar, always taking care to replace the stopper tightly. Those were not the days of ground glass stoppers, and elegantly shaped exhibition jars; all the old students will recall the huge, neckless glass bottles with their leaky, wax-besmeared corks, half eaten by insects and begrimed with cellar dust. Entomology was a cleaner science than ichthyology, but the example of the professor who had unhesitatingly plunged to the bottom of the jar to produce the fish was infectious; and though this alcohol had "a very ancient and fish-like smell," I really dared not show any aversion within these sacred precincts, and treated the alcohol as though it were pure water. Still I was conscious of a passing feeling of disappointment, for gazing at a fish did not commend itself to an ardent entomologist. My friends at home, too, were annoyed, when they discovered that no amount of eau de cologne would drown the perfume which haunted me like a shadow.

In ten minutes I had seen all that could be seen in that fish, and started in search of the professor, who had, however, left the museum; and when I returned, after lingering over some of the odd animals stored in the upper apartment, my specimen was dry all over. I dashed the fluid over the fish as if to resuscitate the beast from a fainting-fit, and looked with anxiety for a return of the normal, sloppy appearance. This little excitement over, nothing was to be done but return to a steadfast gaze at my mute companion. Half an hour passed, — an hour, — another hour; the fish began to look loathsome. I turned it over and around; looked it in the face, — ghastly; from behind, beneath, above, sideways. at a three quarters' view, — just as

ghastly. I was in despair; at an early hour I concluded that lunch was necessary; so, with infinite relief, the fish was carefully replaced in the jar, and for an hour I was free.

On my return, I learned that Professor Agassiz had been at the museum, but had gone and would not return for several hours. My fellow-students were too busy to be disturbed by continued conversation. Slowly I drew forth that hideous fish, and with a feeling of desperation again looked at it. I might not use a magnifying glass; instruments of all kinds were interdicted. My two hands, my two eyes, and the fish; it seemed a most limited field. I pushed my finger down its throat to feel how sharp the teeth were. I began to count the scales in the different rows until I was convinced that that was nonsense. At last a happy thought struck me—I would draw the fish; and now with surprise I began to discover new features in the creature. Just then the professor returned.

"That is right," said he; "a pencil is one of the best of eyes. I am glad to notice, too, that you keep your specimen wet and your bottle corked."

With these encouraging words, he added, —

"Well, what is it like?"

He listened attentively to my brief rehearsal of the structure of parts whose names were still unknown to me: the fringed gill-arches and movable operculum; the pores of the head, fleshy lips, and lidless eyes; the lateral line, the spinous fins, and forked tail; the compressed and arched body. When I had finished, he waited as if expecting more, and then, with an air of disappointment, —

"You have not looked very carefully; why," he continued, more earnestly, "you have n't even seen one of the most conspicuous features of the animal, which is as plainly before your eyes as the fish itself; look again, look again!" and he left me to my misery.

I was piqued; I was mortified. Still more of that wretched fish? But now I set myself to my task with a will, and discovered one new thing after another, until I saw how just the professor's criticism had been. The afternoon passed quickly, and when, toward its close, the professor inquired, —

"Do you see it yet?"

"No," I replied, "I am certain I do not, but I see how little I saw before."

"That is next best," said he, earnestly, "but I won't hear you now; put away your fish and go home; perhaps you will be ready with a better answer in the morning. I will examine you before you look at the fish."

This was disconcerting; not only must I think of my fish all night, studying, without the object before me, what this unknown but most visible feature might be, but also, without reviewing my new discoveries, I must give an exact account of them the next day. I had a bad memory; so I walked home by Charles River in a distracted state, with my two perplexities.

The cordial greeting from the professor the next morning was reassuring; here was a man who seemed to be quite as anxious as I, that I should see for myself what he saw.

"Do you perhaps mean," I asked, "that the fish has symmetrical sides with paired organs?"

His thoroughly pleased, "Of course, of course!" repaid the wakeful hours of the previous night. After he had discoursed most happily and enthusiastically — as he always did — upon the importance of this point, I ventured to ask what I should do next.

"Oh, look at your fish!" he said, and left me again to my own devices. In a little more than an hour he returned and heard my new catalogue.

"That is good, that is good!" he repeated; but that is not all; go on;" and so for three long days he placed that fish before my eyes, forbidding me to look at anything else, or to use any artificial aid. "Look, look, look," was his repeated injunction.

This was the best entomological lesson I ever had, — a lesson whose influence has extended to the details of every subsequent study; a legacy the professor has left to me, as he left it to many others, of inestimable value, which we could not buy, with which we cannot part.

A year afterwards, some of us were amusing ourselves with chalking outlandish beasts upon the museum blackboard. We drew prancing star-fishes; frogs in mortal combat; hydra-headed worms; stately crawfishes, standing on their tails, bearing aloft umbrellas; and grotesque fishes with gaping mouths and staring eyes. The professor came in shortly after, and was as amused as any at our experiments. He looked at the fishes.

"Hæmulons, every one of them," he said; "Mr. ——— drew them."

True; and to this day, if I attempt a fish, I can draw nothing but Hæmulons.

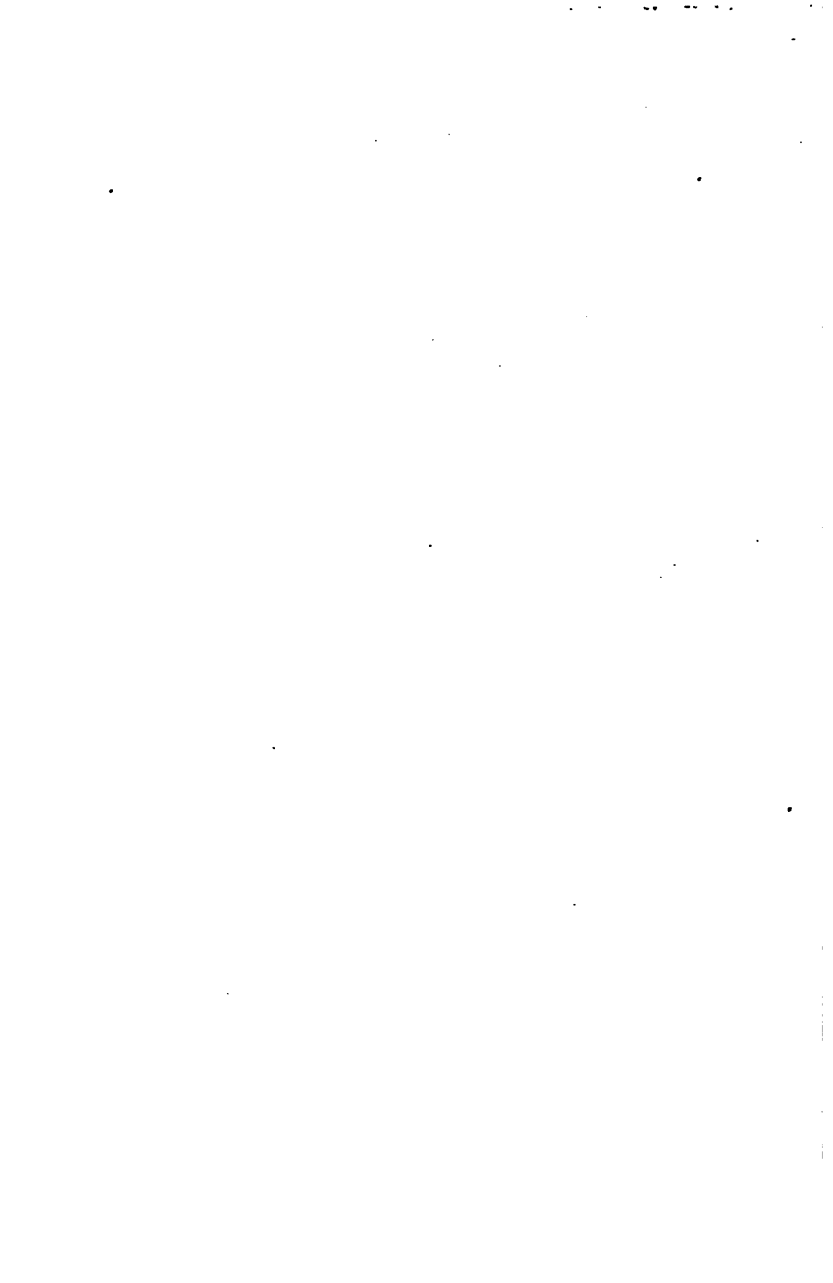
The fourth day, a second fish of the same group was placed beside the first, and I was bidden to point out the resemblances and differences between the two; another and another followed, until the entire family lay before me, and a whole legion of jars covered the table and surrounding shelves; the odor had become a pleasant perfume: and even now, the sight of an old, six-inch, worm-eaten cork brings fragrant memories!

The whole group of Hæmulons was thus brought in review: and, whether engaged upon the dissection of the internal organs, the preparation and examination of the bony frame-work, or the description of the various parts, Agassiz's training in the method of observing facts and their orderly arrangement was ever accompanied by the urgent exhortation not to be content with them.

"Facts are stupid things," he would say, "until brought into connection with some general law."

At the end of eight months, it was almost with reluctance that I left these friends and turned to insects: but what I had gained by this outside experience has been of greater value than years of later investigation in my favorite groups.











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